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My great Grandfather David Boris Nilus was born in Kaisiadorys , Lithuania. The Czar of Russia occupied the country. When a person had two sons, one had to serve in the army for 25 years, starting at age twelve. The Czar's government would send the soldier's far away from home. Places such as the Ural region or Siberia. Those regions would be inaccessible to anyone else but the army. The worst fear of army service was that a son would be forced to eat non-kosher food; if that was not bad enough; there was the possibility that he would be converted to the Greco-Orthodox religion. It did not take long for a twelve year old, removed from all family ties to be quickly converted. It was easy to bribe the officials of the army, who were very corrupt, to change the last name of one of a families two sons to avoid army service for one of the children. My Grandfather was Joshua Nilus. His brother was Jacob Nilus. My great grandfather bribed the army to change my grandfather's name from Joshua Nilus to Joshua Liberman.

My Grandfather, Rabbi Joshua Liberman had a beautiful voice and got a position in Majszegola as a chazzan or Cantor, a circumcision man (moil) and a rabbi. Majszegola was twenty kilometers from Vilnius. Joshua made a nice living performing all different aspects of his profession. Joshua services were in constant demand in all the surrounding towns, as most rabbis could not perform all services. At this time the government had "catchers" who would enforce the army service. These "catchers" would kidnap a son and forced them in the army. My grandfather was not scared of the "catchers" because he had changed the last name of his son Joshua. My uncle Michael attended the Yeshiva academy in Wilna. Unexpectedly, Grandfather Joshua's wife died. The Rabbi from Kaisiadory then introduced Joshua to my Grandmother, Frieda Jankelewich from Kaisiadory They were married. Ten years later they had a son, Boris David (my father). My grandfather performed the circumcised of his own son what is considered a mitzvah, or blessing. Joshua's oldest son Michael finished the Yeshiva or Talmudic academy, got (ordained) as a Rabbi, a Shoykhet (kosher kill animals). He could slaughter animals according to the Judaic laws. I was very young when my Grandfather died. My father Boris David Liberman was born in Majszegola in 1895 and my aunt Fejgele Liberman was born in 1905. The closest high school was in Wilna. At the time a daughter could not live alone, so my Grandfather wanted to move to Wilna so she could attend high school. He went to the chief Rabbi and asked him for his blessing or approval to allow them to move. The Rabbi would not give his blessing and did not approve the move. The Rabbi said there are no jobs in Wilna. My Grandfather told the chief Rabbi that he already had a job as a moil. The chief Rabbi said show me you can hold knife and I will allow you to move to Wilna. My grandfather said I would only show you if you swear on your beard and paces that you would honestly tell me if I perform well with the knife. This in after

my Grandfather worked and performed thousand of religious circumcsions. The chief rabbi said "No my child I can't do it because Majszegola could never find a Rabbi with as much talent as you have." My Grandfather was very disappointed.

They moved to Wilna, even without the chief Rabbi's blessing. Fejgele was a brilliant student. Her marks were always the highest in school. In 1928 she finished the Jewish Real high school (Gimnazium) and then went to the Wilna University.

Fejgele finished the Jewish Real Gimnazium with a golden diploma. The teacher sad to Fejgele if I could I would give you a 6 not all fives (the highest grade possible). It's the first time I have ever had a student like you in the 37 years I've been a teacher. My Grandfather got a working position as a Rabbi. Michael the older son finished the Yeshiva, and got a job in a small community to be a Hebrew teacher to a family which had sons, and doughtier. He worked for the Goldblats family for a few years and fall in love with their daughter Shifra. Hi married and

lived in Sudervia. Rabbi Michael Liberman did ritual slaughtering of animals according of the Jewish religion. They had twelve children, three doughtier and nine sons. Rikle, Bernice, and Libke. After living for many years in Sudervia when the children got in their teens my aunkle and his family moved to Wilno. They bought a house and opened a grocery store in Wilkomierska 123 .My house was on 127 later changed to 151 almost every house had a grocery store or a hardware store there was also a grocery store on the other side from as. The cousin was very shy and not friendly. They dressed like peasants. Did not have any friends. Rikle married a very nice neighbor; the wedding was in the biggest place in Wilna of course it was strictly kosher. All our friends and relatives came. I was probably 8 or 9 years old really a special occasion. They were religious people like my uncle and at that time in our St mostly everyone was very religious and after three years she had three children. The oldest doughtier Shoshana was four years old and the next son was three then two, and one when he was born Rikle and her mother Shire which was 48 years old had also a son My aunt was forty eight and her doughtier Rikle was twenty three in 1939 when the Natzi hordes invaded Poland many soldiers were killed, and their bodies were in the River Wisla and Wiljia. Jews on Friday Jews always cooked fish. The fish eat the dead bodies and many people got Typhus Rikle eats the fish and died of Typhus she was pregnant with the fourth child. Shire the grandmother never invaded the children to her house to eat or wash the up. The children all three waked from the father's house to his stepmother, which helped to take care of the children. Mrs. Shifre Liberman was a cold hurtles person. Three houses from Shire. Lived her sister Masha Kessel she never went to see her or invited her for tea. Shire was dressed in black long dresses. She and her children were not friendly people, maybe that have come from living in a village.

I never spoke to her she was my aunt only Rabbi Michael and Rabbi Mejer came to our house The children did not have friends. In the house was a long black table, my uncle was at the had of the table siting surrounded by all nine sons, even the four year one was already studding the bible. They had no bicycles no toys no recreation. No sledding any skates. They just went to school, wore plain cloth the dresses looked like peasant from the village Shifra never had a smile on her face She was very tall tin and never had a friend. Shifra had very nice features. Now I think maybe having so many children took aunt the life from my aunt. Shifra and the

many children did the work. In their house was no help. At that time a made cost ten zlotys a month. The second daughter Brani married had three children. Married a businessman, and had a paint store two kilometers from as. She her children husband and lost more then hundred forty-eight members. Lost was also my aunts Zeldas Jezierski gifted son, which study Tora with a famous Rabbi. Zelda smart gifted daughter Rosa survived the war in the partisans. Rosa Jezierski was in Ghetto and a wealthy Jewish men came to her, and sad. Rosa I entrust you my son, if anybody will survive you will of cause be the one, the entire neighbor's knew that she was very smart. When her mother died of cancer Rosa was eleven years old at the cemetery she cried and spoke mother all the flowers came now out of the ground and you go in the ground, her mother died in May. When Rosa mother died she went into business, in the military as a glazer she put all the windows in the military bases in a time when the anti Semitism was at highest point, in Poland. Rosa was very successful made money and went into giving money on interest and supported the whole family. Her father was in the same business but working in the military he started drinking with them. He remarried had a baby girl and died in 1942 in Ponary with all of his family and four year old daughter. On the Kalwariska St all the neighbors knew the gifted Rosa.

Neighbor Mr. Katz gave Rosa money for a gun, when you had a gun you were accepted to the partisan unit. Rosa her younger brother Joshua and the young men entrusted to her survived the war jut because of Rosa intelligent. The young men entrusted to Rosa married her Mr. Katz's and Rosa had three children, 2 sons and a daughter my father Boris Liberman visited her in Canada. In Canada Rosa made a business was very successful. After a few years Rosa died of cancer same disease her mother died off. Her husband remarried. My friend told me her older son died also from cancer. I wrote to Rosas younger brother and he did not answer me. We lost contact. Joshua or Iske the name after Rabbi Joshua Liberman, only surviving male grandchild lives in Canada. This is his address Izusky 30 Grancrest west Kildron Winnipeg 8NB.

My mother's father and grandmother came to Wilna from Mogilew when Wilna was under the Czar. My grandfather Noach Berkowich Roginkin married the beautiful Esther Levit the moneylender's daughter. Even she was very beautiful the groom who was a Yeshiva student and a bookkeeper got a very nice dowry. Soon they came to Wilna he bought a brick house with ten rooms, and opened a store. In store was my grandmother Esther my grandfather worked in a factory as a bookkeeper and at that time made a very nice living. People from around wood came to him to write letters and petitions. They had four daughters and one son. Friday night the store was closed, and my grandfather would take the keys and hide. He was afraid if a friend or same person would ask my grandmother for an item she could not say no. On the table was allowed to sell or give medication for the stomach, or an aspirin Epsom salt and Custer oil.

I, Julia Liberman Fradkina Gejdenson, was born in the beautiful sophisticated city of Wilno, also called the Jerusalem of Lithuania. I had two grandmothers and four aunts. Now it is the capital of Lithuania with many different nationalities. We Jews lived separated lives with our friends and relatives. We, as Jews, were never recognized for our achievements. Through the years, the city had different names.

Under Russians occupation, it was called Wilna. In 1918, it was called Vilnius. In 1919, it was called Wilno, when the Polish overtook the city from Lithuania. In 1939, when the Russian invaded and divided part of Poland with the Nazi thugs, Wilno was given to Lithuania by the Communist government. The Lithuanian people had little control over the government and were ruled by the Communists. In Wilno, where I grew up and lived, the language was Polish. But in the city there also lived many different nationalities, Polish, Lithuanian, Jews and Russians. The White Russians were the largest minority. We called them Staro wiers (old belief). They ran away from the communist government after the Russian Revolution. There was a small minority of Frenchmen, Swedes and Tartars, who fought for the Polish government. In appreciation of the Tartars, the Polish named a street after them, Ulica Tatarska (Tartar Street), which was next to the main street. Germans nationals were leftover from 1914 when Germany occupied Wilno. There also resided a small number of Karaitas, who was a splinter from the Jewish religion. The Karaitas did not eat pork, celebrated the Jewish holidays, intermarried with the Poles and had a temple with a half moon on Zwierzyniecka Ulica (Zwierzyniecka Street); it meant the place of the wild. Near the wide large River Wiljia was the clinic for pregnant women of Dr. Sedlic, where my cousin was bore. Eros from the Dr. Sedlic clinic was a large beautiful trees and gardens with flowers. In the beginning of Zwierzyniecka St was the Levins green houses in which grown the first cucumbers, tomatos, and eggplant.

In 1900, the population was small. All kinds of animals lived in the woods. As the population increased and houses started to be built, they cut out the big trees near the beautiful grand Wiljia, which runs through the city. Wilno was surrounded by mountains. Some mountains were just sand and gravel. Behind my house, there was a beautiful mountain surrounded with flowers and wheat fields. When the wind blew, the mountains looked like waves on the ocean. To the right of us lived the Kasowski family and Mrs. Malatt. She was an old lady of ninety-five years, who could compose poetry in minutes if you gave her a topic. She had asthma and my mother and I would always apply Banki (glass cups that are stuck to the back and produces and heat and steam treatments) to her back. Before Penicillin, Banki were used routinely. They were applied with cotton on a stick to suck the air out; the stick is dunked in alcohol. Kasowski's daughter Basia was my mother's friend. Her granddaughter was a bookkeeper. She worked in Hotel Europe.

Wherever Mrs. Kasowski's daughter Basia would come from the city to visit, she brought three kinds of coffee and goodies for her grandmother Mrs. Malatt. My mother and Basia would drink the coffee and talk about fashion. Basia was a very stylish dresser. My mother was also interested in fashion and was always elegantly dressed. The fashion of the day was a black suit and a hat. Mr. Kasowski married Basia's mother because she was a wealthy maiden. She owned two houses. She was not good looking; she was very tall, Skinny and always wore dark dingy dresses. She was a nice person, but looked like a witch. Mr. Kasowski was an intelligent man they did not have anything in camon they lived in one house and rented the other. In the rented house lived Mr. Mrs. Stefan. They had a son they very good looking people and good neighbors they also had a doughtier Stasia the same age as I was

she was very big and fat. Had very large feet very big had large eyes mouse and looked like a circus clown.

Mr. Kasowski was a college student and worked as a bookkeeper. Mrs. Kasowski had a butcher store, but was a lousy businesswoman. She would write in a book that the women in a red dress owed her three dollars, and the woman in a green dress owed her five. She would get the customers so mixed up or she completely forgot to collect from them at all. She did not know from which customers to collect. Finally, Mrs. Kasowski had to quit the business of selling meat entirely. Whatever her husband made she would lose in the business. She also had a son. He was drafted into the Polish army and died fighting the Nazi thugs. The daughter-in-law and Basia were saved because they were working for the Elctrit Company. In 1939, when the Russian and the German Nazi thugs occupied and divided Poland, the Communist Government stole the company from Wilno and moved the entire Company to Minsk. Basia and her sister-in-law survived the war because they were evacuated to Siberia as employees of the Electric Company. After the war in 1945, Basia returned to us in Wilno. She stayed a couple weeks and then left for Poland and eventually Israel. My mother and I sent them help when they first came to Israel. We sent her clothes, a white coat and new blouses. She said, now I am a lady again. She asked us for money that we did not have at that time. Basia had a cousin in Israel and we asked her why the cousin was not helping her. She got angry and did not write any more. All over the world they believed that all Americans have a lot of money.

Beyond the Kasowski's were our other neighbors. An old wooden house in which many poor working people lived. In the next house lived a very poor Jewish family Arele. They were not very smart people and were always poorly dressed. The Nazi thugs murdered their whole family of six. The youngest was only four years old.

The next neighbor was a Jewish blacksmith and his wife. They had a live-in workingman. When the old blacksmith went to the bathroom, the worker murdered his boss. The wife sold the blacksmith shop to the workman who murdered her husband. There was a trial but he was not convicted. After the Arele house was a mountain. On the top of the mountain lived the Levine family, a mother, a father, one son and five daughters. One was married and had a very good-looking six-year-old son who had shoulder length brown curly hair like Shirley Temple. She survived the Ghetto and the Stuthoff concentration camp. Her husband and child were murdered during the war. In the apartment where she lived for ten years, a Polish family, who had been working with the Nazis, moved in. She could not bear the sorrow and went crazy and died in Vilnius state hospital for the insane.

The Levine's rented the house from the Lukasewich family (Polish Catholics). The Lukaszewicz daughter was six feet tall, wore men's clothes and always wore a cape. She looked very different from the rest of the population. She was a piano teacher.

Her sister, Jadwiga, always came to my mother's business to complain about all the trouble she was having from her twelve children. She would call them bastards. All the children were very good people, but they knew that the mother

was rich from her stone and gravel business. She would say, "Berkovina, please give me a pound of honey and a glass of beer to soothe my nerves. I cannot live with those bastards." All her children were judges and always came to the mother for money and she would get aggravated. Her husband, a very tall skinny man, was a carriage maker for the wealthy people. At that time, in the city of Wilno was just very few cars, and the wealthy would ride in the beautiful carved gilded carriages. After Lukasewoch came the Kozupski family (Polish Catholics). They were known for having a great garden with many flowers. She had one married daughter. When she had the first child, it was born with a split lip. She did not want to take her home, so the grandmother took the child. My mother would buy vegetables for the family.

The street ended at a beautiful orchard and forest, which belonged to a count. He had a hundred acres of woods and fields with all kinds of greenery and a hundred cows.

My house was picture book perfect, with a long drive to the hills. There also lived Filipowa, a Polish Catholic widow who had two daughters. One was very good looking and married a Polish officer and had one son, Tadeusz. During the war, she did not behave like a Polish officer's wife. She kept bed with a Gestapo man. The other daughter, Mania Proksza, had one son. When the son died, she became very bitter and mean. After ten years without children, she had three daughters. Everyone wondered where these children came from and thought that she had stolen them. Her husband Jan drank a lot, but was a very fine furniture maker.

Directly under the mountain, a retired policeman was in the process of building his house. They rented one of my mother's houses for over a year, until their house was ready. When I was 12 years old, my mother sent me to ask for the grocery, which they would pay at the end of the each month. I came to their house and their dog was barking and the lady of the house asked me why I don't come in. I told her I am afraid of the dog. She said, "don't be afraid of my dog, it does not suck Jewish blood." I said, "So let it suck Polish blood." She came running to my mother to complain about my fresh mouth. Children in that time did not speak this way to adults. My mother said you should not have said that. The same lady was happy when the Nazis invaded Wilno. As anti-Semites, they loved when the Nazis first took over. This lady quickly changed her mind when the Nazis took their only child, a beautiful daughter to be a prostitute for the military. The daughter never came back to live in the neighborhood.

Our next neighbor was the Delatycki family. One day, right before Passover, we had the cleaning lady in. We came into our house and found a trail of blood over the clean floor. Our dog had eaten half the Delatycki's turkey and brought the rest into the house to hide under the bed. (My mother paid Mr. Delatycki for the turkey.) Mr. Delatycki was a young college man and became a bank president who married a peasant girl. Yentil had land and was from a wealthy family. But she was not compatible to him and was common and a plain Jane, She was a good mother lost her life like the rest of our friend to the Germans atrocities. The Delatycki's son Berke was murdered in one of the Nazi raids. When his sister, Rachel, went to the jail to try to get him out, she was dumped into the same jail herself, the Lukiszki

Prison. In 1936, his mother came from the USA to visit him. A man offering to help her with the luggage robbed her at the airport. He stole her luggage, all her clothes and goods she had brought with her. That evening she was cooking when a thief broke into the house and robbed the store of the tobacco.

Rachel had a very caring sister to Sara, who had saved her life many times from the German thugs. My younger son and I visited them in Israel. If I met Rachel on the street, I would not have recognized her. The tall, slim gifted musician and Mandolin player, the girl that often visited my home, was now 20 years later, an old fat elderly, and lifeless woman. She married a very fine man, had a nice house but lost her son to the Arab war when they wanted to throw the Israelis into the sea. The younger sister Sara was quick-witted, a very good person and was my brother's age. Both sisters survived the German concentration camps and now live in the State of Israel. Sara and her husband visited us ten years ago. When Sara was in the Stuthoff concentration camp, she would fetch warm soup for the rest, although that meant getting hit with the stick for approaching the line. My girl friend Ida would say, "I don't want the soup." And Sarah would say, "I will get it for you don't do it, you will get hit from the German Nazis too many times."

Sara has three children. She remarried a Canadian man after her first husband passed away. Sara's daughter, who lives in Chicago came to study in the United States and now has a Ph.D. Rachael has 2 children, a son and a daughter. The son had to have his spleen removed and was not accepted into the Israeli army. He went to court to get an exception made. He was finally accepted into the army and was wounded and did not survive because of the lack of his spleen. He died serving his country. Now after all the turmoil of her life, Rachael has all the turmoil of her beloved country of Israel.

Next to the Delatyckis lived the Rachmiel family, a father, mother, four sons and one daughter, Mira. Mira survived in horrible circumstances. She gave birth to a daughter on Christmas night in a trench. She put the child under the door of a Polish couple who was childless. They were good Christian people of whom there were very few. The lady took the baby to live with them and called her Maria. When Mira was freed from the Nazis thugs, she did not want the child back. Upon the insistence of my father and with the help of the police, the Polish family finally gave back the child. She had blond hair, like the mother and father and was very beautiful. I did not understand the mother. Once she had the child back, she did not take care of her. She finally died at ten months. Mira was the only one to survive. The next house over lived my uncle, Michael Liberman. They originally came from Sudervia. Sudervia was about eighteen kilometers from Wilno. They had twelve children, three daughters and nine sons. They bought the house and opened a grocery store. The wife and the children worked in the store. He prayed and did ritual slaughter according to the Jewish law and of course went to synagogue three times a day. He was fanatically religious and wore the long black coat. This family was the only family who did not associate with anybody else in the neighborhood. One son, Mejer Liberman also became a Rabbi. If he came over for a visit to our house, he would not dare take a drink of tea or not eat even a cookie. They did not have bicycles, skates or sleds. The boss in the house was the mother. My uncle, Michael, a very religious Jew, would often complain that my father wore a short

jacket like the gentiles. He and my father would buy grapes for wine for the Passover holiday.

He was a very quiet man as was his son, Rabbi Mejer, a Cantor and sang with the prestigious Kusowicki choir. Mr. Kusowicki came to sing in Norwich, the town next to us. When the Communists took over, they took Mr. Kusowicki's brothers to the Moscow opera to sing for them. After Stalin died, the Communist restrictions were lifted enough to enable him to immigrate to the United States. They sang and lived in freedom until their death.

Professor Wojciehowski, a Polish Catholic man and also Dean of the Wilno University (close to the correct spelling), lived in Wilno, had a summerhouse in Sudervia, eighteen kilometers away, and would come to discuss the Bible with my uncle. He would drive down our street in a carriage, wife always by his side. She had a veil on her face to protect against the dust. At that time the roads were completely dirt. Even though our street had cobblestones in the middle, they had dirt for the sidewalks.

On the other side of the street, lived the Zabłudowski family. Malka was a friend of my Grandmother, Esther. Her husband was a Torah writer. "Feldsher" (assistant physician) was a highly educated man and very intelligent. He was about seventy years old. As young ones, we loved to walk and talk with him. His wife would send the daughters eggs and other homemade goodies. Malka was a great cook and could make beer, wine, and all kinds of preserves. She was not a neat person and the house was always a mess.

The daughters were educated. Mejta was a nurse and was married to a high school teacher. Meita married Mr. Boruch Lubocki, a math teacher. Mejta had two sons and a daughter. Boruch, Mejta and their gifted children, Imke and Danke and Sulamit were accepted to the Wilno University. We should not forget that Jews had a quota. Only a small percentage of just the brightest was accepted. Szulamit, another child, could do algebra when she was eight years old. The young men were seventeen and eighteen and attended the Philosophy Faculty University of Wilno. Boruch was killed by the educated Nazi Germans in Szejnburg. Mejta and their gifted daughter were murdered in Ponary, murdered by the German-Lithuanian-Ukrainian collaborators that were in control of the prison and death camps. The two sons, Imke and Danke, were murdered fighting for the Jewish people on the same street and in the woods cutting down communication, but the polls were dynamited and both died fighting the Nazi bandits, Sima Zabłudowski and Rabbis Leikin's family were our neighbors. The Rabbi's son and Sima were both teachers. Sima was very elegant looking and from a good family. When Sima Zabłudowski started dating the Rabbi's son, his mother didn't approve of Sima. Sima would sneak out to date him when his mother went out of town. She would follow Joseph into town. Years ago, the mothers had great influence on just who their child should marry. Very seldom did a child disobey.

The wedding was to take place in Mr. and Mrs. Zabłudowski's house. Mrs. Zabłudowski was an excellent business lady. She was a dealer of all kinds of iron grease, used for wagon wheels; and feathers for pillows. When Sima was to marry, her mother Malka was a beautiful talented lady, but and incredible disorganized

housekeeper. My grandmother, Esther was asked to bring our maid for a day.

My good-natured grandmother, of course said yes, Michalowa, our maid, and her daughter both came to work on the house. Malkalowna, "I don't know how to clean a house like this." It took the women two days for the house to be cleaned. We had to pay double plus lots of convincing that the job could get done. Mr. Liekin even got used to the great disorganization and came to his in-laws for all the holidays. Sima's mother-in-law never approved of Sima and would never stay at her house whenever she came into town, but she could never remember why she did not approve of her. Mr. Leikin was in the Szejnburg concentration camp and was murdered by the German Nazis.

When I returned for a visit after recently being married to my first husband, who was murdered by the Germans, my mother said that I had to pay a social visit to our good friends the Zabłudowski's. I forewarned my husband about the state of her housekeeping was beyond description. No matter what you see you must taste what Malka gives you. I will say that I am pregnant and cannot eat anything because of nausea. My husband drank the beer Malka offered him. Later he said he could write a book about the house. Mr. Zabłudowski thought the problem was that the house was so old. Mr. Zabłudowski had a brother in America who he asked for help to finance a new house. The brother sent him money. They built a new house. The uncleanness and clatter was just the same. On the right was a barrel of black grease. A little farther was the same junk iron grease for the wheels and on the left was a barrel of feathers. The table was full of stuff; wine, beer, all kinds of preserves, and all kinds of bread and Chala cookies. When Sima married her husband, he drank and ate horseradish. It was from immaculately clean house. Joseph Liekin could not eat in a house like this. After a while he got used to the disorganization came to his in-laws house and ate on all the holidays. Little did he know that worse things would come his way? The German Nazi thugs put him in the Wilno ghetto. From there he was sent too many concentration camps before he was murdered in Szejnburg. I read in the Jewish Forward that a cross is resting on his grave, put there by mistake. Sima Leikin survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, remarried a survivor, Mr. Dwang. My daughter and her family visited her 12 years ago, in Montreal, Canada. The older son, Abraham Zabłudowski was an artist and was also murdered.

The younger son Rechavem Zabłudowski Amir left Poland, probably, in 1938.

He was named after King Solomon's son. I met him in the USA in Boston 15 year ago. He was Israel's Ambassador General Consul. He wanted to meet me in 1953, but I could not meet him because I was pregnant with my younger son Joshua, now called Ike. Rechavim Amir now lives in Israel. And so the German thugs took care of the Zabłudowskis and the gifted Lubocki brothers and all their families were murdered. Ms Boruch Lubocki the gifted matematic teacher was killed in Szejnburg Germany. In the Jewish Forwards was written then on the graves are crosses. Next to the Zabłudowskis lived the Milikowski family. Mr. Milikowski was a bookkeeper in the Pupko Company. They had a library of 2000 books. The educated cultural Nazis with their collaborators also murdered Mr. Milikowski, his wife Freda, their daughter Ida and two sons in Ponari near Wilno..

Next to the Milikowski's lived the Krapiwnik family of nine people. One daughter Malka, was my aunt's friend. She lived with her husband and two sons on Troki Street and had a fruit store. She was in the Wilno ghetto and when the Nazis took her to Ponary to be murdered, she jumped from the truck and came back to the ghetto a few weeks later. The whole family was eventually murdered.

After the Krapiwnik's lived the Gurvich family, a father, mother and their beautiful daughter. They were murdered in Ponary where the German murdered 100,000 Jewish people. The two sons, Kopke and Mesjke, survived the concentration camps. After they were liberated and suffering from extreme tuberculosis (TB), they were sent to the Swiss country to recover. They immigrated to Israel in 1972. My younger son and I visited them. One was a school principal and the other was an artist and painter. Both married and died very young and left two widows and 3 children. Messke took us around Tel Aviv. Kopke was my brother's best friend. They went to the same Hebrew school. After school, he would often come to our house to eat. They were poor. The father worked in a factory but there often was very little work.

Next to them, lived the Goleszeika Family. Very strange looking red-haired man. He was very tall and constantly spit on the floor. My mother was worried about me catching TB from them. I was never allowed to walk barefoot. The two sons survived the war. But as they were coming home from hiding, the Polish white partisans murdered them 7 days after Wilno was freed from the Nazi murderer. The Polish killed many Jews after being freed from the Nazi German.

In my house, anybody could come to eat and sleep for free. At my grandmother's house and my mother's house, there was always a collection of relatives and poor people. One time I came home and my mother and aunt were arguing with my grandmother. My grandmother allowed a young lady with Trachoma, a contagious disease of the eye that could cause blindness, stay in her home. She had her own food, but just needed a place to sleep. My mother and aunt were afraid that we would get infected. The medication was free and she just needed lodging. She stayed a month, got cured and nobody else was infected. She and her family went back to their lives until they were murdered by the Majsezgola, the Jews had to dig a big ditch and all the Jewish people were killed. When the murdered started shooting David Rudnik and 2 other men run away 4 or 5 thousand Jews were killed in Majsezgola. David Rudnik came running to the Wilno ghetto and later run to Lida and registering as a Karaima (Karaites) Sam one came to look his papers from the police, so he said I will go to my room and bring you my document, he run thru the window and came back to Wilno ghetto he was a customer in our store, after they started killing again in the Wilno ghetto he hid by Polish good people survived the war but lost a wife and 2 children, He lived in New Haven and later in Hartford left a son and a daughter and 2 grand children.

After the Russian revolution my grandmother, Esther the beautiful, let a whole family of Russian Jews (a father, mother and three sons) who ran away from the Communist government stay in her house. He was called Hirsze from Petersburg. Hirsze was a broad shouldered man with big whiskers, a red face and blond gray hair. To make money, he would buy and sell big sturgeon or salmon, put it on his head and sell it to Sztrals Café on the main street. He was a sight to see

balancing his big fish on his head. They were once wealthy business people who lived in Moscow and now had to be on charity. The wife got sick and died in an insane hospital. You had to be a first class businessman to live in Moscow. All three sons eventually married. The father of the family started drinking. In winter, he would sleep in the house. In summer, he would sleep in the barn. He was often so drunk that he would wet his pants. He would also drink 10 glasses of tea at a time and sing Tra Tata and wipe his brow with a towel. The older son would come every two weeks to visit my grandmother. He had a store with military cloths. German thugs murdered the whole family.

Next neighbor and our friends were the Zupraner family. Kivel Joseph Zupraner was very handsome and distinctive looking, six feet one or two inches tall with very expressive blue eyes and grayish hair. Kivel's wife, Sonia, was a very good housekeeper and an excellent cook from a prominent family. They had a son Iske, an Agronomy engineer, who finished the University of Wilno. The mother was hoping he would marry a rich bride. He was even taller and more handsome than the father and did not look like a Jew. He fell in love with a poor student from the University, a very good-looking blond Jewish girl from Lida, 150 miles from Wilno, and moved there. The mother was very disappointed. The younger daughter was Rachel. She was blond and very fair, good natured and a little cross-eyed. She was the same age as my brother. She died 2 days before being freed from the Stuthoff concentration camp. She was 21 years old.

The older daughter was Dorka, my girl friend. She was very interested in clothes. No matter how many clothes her mother made for her, it was never enough. She had long black hair, a figure like a model, and went to Ox high school. She was separated from her boyfriend. They were both murdered in Stuthoff. Sometimes my mother would tell me I needed new clothes. I hated to go to the dressmaker. The dressmaker would say to me, "I cannot fit anything on a board! What's the matter, your mother is such a nice lady, and doesn't she give you food to eat. Let the dress gather a lot and hide your bones and I will make a big bow in front of your bony neck."

The Nazi raiders came to the house and asked to see Iske. His wife was told said that the German authority wants to see your passport. They took him away and murdered him the next day. The daughter-in-law, a Polish teacher, could not fathom that the cultured Germans murderers would kill such a proper, good-looking young gentleman. He could have lived on the Polish side because his blond looks could easily hide a Jewish identify. His father, Kivel Yosel, went to the police station to plead for his son. He did not return either. The Lithuanian and Ukrainian Police identified the tall strong men as Jews to the German catchers. 15,000 went to their death in the first few months in just this manner.

My friend Dorka was taken to the Ghetto and later to a smaller concentration camp along with my parents. They had to dig peat moss from the bogs in their bare feet. In the Rzesza concentration camp she fell in love with a doctor. (I knew his name but now cannot remember.) They were both separated and murdered after the German thugs worked them to death.

Sonia Zupraner's beautiful daughter, last name Trojanowska, went into the ghetto. Her mother-in-law did not let her stay with her in the ghetto.

Sonia was sent to Ponary and in one of the ghetto surrounding that houses 21 and 22 had to gather for work nearest to the gate the daughter-in-law went to work for the German Nazis in Porubanek, an airfield. Among the Nazi beasts were very few good people. A German Vermacht soldier brought her food. One day he came and told her not to go to the ghetto tonight. They were planning to kill her. He told her to hide under the boards. But don't tell anyone what I said. If you do, I will be murdered also. She hid under the lumber when they came for her. The next day she went with the other slaves to the ghetto. Since she was blond and beautiful, she tore off the yellow star that all Jews had to wear under Nazi slavery. She ran to hide out with to a Polish Professor from Wilno University. He was involved in the Polish underground and she stayed with him during the war. Occasionally, she even dared go outside. One time a student that she knew recognized her. The student said, "Are you not a Jew?" And she answered boldly, "Do I look Jewish? Here is my passport. I am related to such and such priest," a priest that was known for being a big anti-Semite. The student believed her and she went back into hiding. The rest of the time she did not dare to go outside until the Nazis capitulated.

After the war Sera Zupraner Trojanowska one of our neighbors who lost her husbands to the Nazi catchers was now living on Wilenska Street. She would come to our house to eat. The Communist government arrested her lover and sent him to Siberia. The next time I saw her she had gotten fatter and I asked if she was pregnant. She didn't respond and soon had a daughter. She was teaching school and on her wall were pictures of Jesus. I asked her why these pictures were on your wall. She said my students don't know that I am Jewish. She told me that her students were constantly telling her that too many Jews were saved from the Nazis. From the original population of 100,000 Jews was probably 25 or 30 left. I was told she had 2 more children from the same man, when the Russians let him go. The Zupraners had a very lovely house. My mother helped to sell the house to a wealthy Lithuanian man. She got 100,000 rubles for the Zupraner family. The money did not last long. She sold the in-law's house because the Nazis had murdered the whole family. When we were 14 or about 15 years old, Dorka and I would pick cherries from their cherry trees. Later we took out the pits with a pin and Sonia Zupraner and the maid would make the most delicious preserves for the winter. They were cooked a long time, 2 pounds of cherries and 2 pounds of sugar. At the Zupraner house all the pots were copper and the house had very beautiful grounds.

Next to the Zupraners was a mountain. Behind a long driveway there lived Achichefski. Achichewski would sell vegetables to my mother and would by flowers. Mrs. Archisewski had a daughter and a son. He was in the last semester of medical school and came home and told her he was in love and the girl is a Lithuanian young lady. Over my dead body will you marry a 'clump?' The Polish did not like Lithuanian people even though they were Catholics a 'clump' meant they walked in wooden shoes. He took the gun and shot himself. Next morning, Mrs. Archiszewski worked in her flower garden, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I was probably ten years old but I never forgot the tragedy. After Archiszewski, lived the Miranski family, mother, father, two sons and five daughters. Mr. Miranski was a very gentle man and a custodian of the synagogue.

He was very pious and would go to pray and performed some religious ceremonies. The synagogue cleaning woman was Polish. The synagogue was near a small pond. When Mr. Miranski came to the synagogue one particular morning, he found a cross on the bench. He took a stick to lift the cross and threw it in the pond. As a very religious Jew, he was afraid to touch it. Next day, the cleaning lady came to clean the synagogue and could not find her cross. She went to the police and told them the Jews stole her cross. Mr. Miranski was taken to the police station, interrogated and ruffed up. "You God-damn Jew, what did you do with the cross?" they asked. I dared not touch it, he said, so I took a stick and threw it into the pond. You know it is against our religion. Mr. Miranski was thrown in the Lukiszki jail as if he were a dangerous criminal. His only interest in life was praying and making a living by working. He was in jail for probably a year or so. The biggest Jewish attorneys worked on his release and finally had him freed. The case was written up all over the world, even in America. As a pious man could not eat the food in jail because he was strictly kosher. Mr. Miranski's wife also suffered, as did the whole family.

The son Percec was a writer and belonged to the young Jewish writers club. He also belonged to the Bunt, an organization different that the majority of young people belonged to the Zionist organization. Shomer, Hatzair and Betar were the other sons. The Miranski daughters were very good looking. Rasza was tall and had a beautiful figure and hair. She looked like Ava Gardner. She did not need make up on the skin and was of perfect height.

On our street lived middle class families. Rasza's grandfather was a very nice man but was a cobbler. The Zupraner's son fell in love with Rasza. Mrs. Zupraner sent away the son to France to separate him from the cobbler's granddaughter. She was heart broken. She finally found another young man, married and had a beautiful daughter Esia and lived very well.

Mr. Miranski forgot about the jail and the Polish court. Percec married and had a very nice wife who was pregnant. Basia, a gifted portrait painter was married to a nice husband and had a boy eight years old. Two of his other children, Masza and Ita were not married. All were murdered by the Nazi's except Perec his pregnant wife was killed with the baby He left Wilno and was in Russia. He eventually immigrated to Canada. My older son visited him there.

The next episode is not describable and not believable. In 1939 the German Nazi bastards invaded Poland. My beautiful Wilna was bombed and burned by the Germans Nazi Luftwaffe. The planes bombed and burned the city without mercy. They needed more space for their uber mentszen. That meant the higher class educated thug hoodlums. So much bombing and burning was not enough. Next the Nazi thugs divided the spoils of war with the Communist Molotov Stalinist Regime. During this time a Mr. and Mrs. Dave Milchiger lived on our street. He was big and strong, had big shoulders and looked like a boxer. He was always happy. He had a very nice wife Rachel. They had a tavern and lodging. They did not have children so they always played with my girl friend Ida's little sister. His wife got pneumonia and suddenly died. He was called David without children. One year after his wife's death he married an elderly lady. It was a surprise to all the people that his wife

had a little girl. His dream was fulfilled, but not for long. They were taken to the ghetto, next to a small concentration camp. All three, mother, father and their daughter were slaughtered in Ponary.

Next to the Zupraners, lived the Brother of Kive-Joseph. The family was very wealthy. They had a big store with a lot of customers and a very large yard. They could afford to send their very good-looking sons to France to study. One was an engineer and the other studied at the Sorbonn. They sent away their son because they did not like that he fell in love with a girl, Rasza Miranski, whose grandfather was a cobbler. They married and were all murdered with their families in France. I heard that one daughter survived. I don't know if this is true.

The next house was Benjamin Zupraner, a man that looked like a movie star. He was tall and had perfect features. He was my girl friend's father. Mrs. Zupraner was not tall and not good looking, but a very nice person, always with book in the hand. He married her because he received a big dowry. She was from Lodz, a big Polish city. She would only converse with my mother. The other people were not educated or sophisticated enough for her. Their son Bumke belonged to Beitar, an organization, which held the belief that, the Jewish people had to fight to get Israeli's land back from the invaders. Szomer Hatzair was an organization that believed just through work and immigration we will get our ancestral land back. Bumke went to Israel. He married and had a family. I was told he died a few years ago.

My redheaded friend Basia was a very nice person who also belonged to the Beitar. She fell in love with a student from my school. He immigrated to Israel and would have waited for her to come.

But the German murderers had a different plan for her. Basia, her father and mother were thrown out of their comfortable, highly orderly peaceful house. The Jews were marched through the middle the street with guns and the Polish people cheered and threw insults. Basia and her father worked for the Nazis on Porubanek, building and logging lumber. After one year, in hunger and disappointment and sorrow they came back to the ghetto. The Gestapo surrounded the houses and knocked on the doors. All men had to report to the gate in ten minutes. The house was surrounded with German Ukraine Lithuanian Nazi collaborators. They screamed, knocked with the guns right and left. Basia, in a minute's time cut her red hair, put on a pair of pants, and went to the gate with her father as a man. This transport was for men only. They rode in the train for a week, slept on the boards, and had little food. When they came to the concentration camp they were told to undress. Their clothes and shoes and whatever little possessions they had were taken away. When they saw that she was a girl, they separated her from her father whom she went to protect. She survived the Sztuthoff concentration camp with a few of my friends from our Wilkomierska Ulica Street. (I should say Ukmerges. When the communist gave Wilno to Lithuania, they changed the name of the street.) The higher-class people murdered Basia's father and mother. They called themselves UBER MENCH. (We the people of the Bible were Under Mench.) After Basia was freed, she immigrated to Israel. She had a brother and a boy friend prior to the war. When she came to Israel, the brother was there but the boy friend had married someone else. He divorced the first wife, from which there was a daughter, and married my friend Basia. Her husband Abraham was a dentist. She had two

children, a daughter who married a doctor and the son who was a dentist. But the Nazi thugs took away Basia's strength. She died very young. My younger son Ike and I visited her in 1971 and she died shortly after that.

Past the Benjamin Zupraner family, lived a Polish family. He was a lower class hoodlum. In 1919, the first Polish troops came to Wilno after defeating the Lithuanians. A Polish legionnaire wanted to hit my father. He said to the legionnaire "Chatka moja Matka," this house is my mother's and you cannot touch the Rabbi's son. But little the German murderers murdered our people of the bible. The Riva Braine family lived in the next house. They had five daughters. I will start from the youngest, Rosa Beba, who was already married. She was dark skinned and good looking and had a beautiful baby boy. When the German murderers started stripping and shooting the people in our street, everybody ran to the mountains. Beba came to my house from the hills with the lovely year old boy in a white coat. They were so scared from the bombs her nerves were fared. The date was 21 June 1941. The UBER MENCH, the higher-class people took care of Jewish people. They murdered Beba with her husband and her beautiful one-year son and the older exotic looking sister, Cecia. They also murdered Mr. and Mrs. Bullock whose occupation was a mill owner and wealthy man. He also owned 2 brick homes, a grand- piano on which we all liked to play. The new house had two stories. They rented it as a store and a tavern.

In the tavern worked a waitress that always wore loud colors and rouge on her face. Our dog, which was always very tame, did not like her or was frightened by the loud colors and once bit her leg. We had to keep the dog in for to see if rabies developed. We had the dog for ten years. He once murdered a turkey but never touched anyone human except that waitress. My mother had to pay her some money for the injuries to the leg.

The sisters who survived, Riva and Luba Belicki were hidden by decent Polish people. The youngest survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, but lost her husband and came to America. She visited us at our house fifteen years ago.

The next neighbors were the Mr. and Mrs. Jochelsons, very fine and rich people who had two children. The children got sick and died. After ten years they had two more children a boy and a beautiful curly hairdo girl. Mr. Jochelson lent money to people for interest and had a store. The Nazi Germans took care of them also. They were all murdered in Ponary with their beautiful curly-hairdo children, six and eight.

After the Jochelsons was a narrow railroad and the military had a weapons depot. Behind this was a house with friendly Polish people. Their daughter and I were friends. I cannot remember their name at this time. To the right there was a grand pond and a beautiful field with all kinds' wild flowers and other vegetation. In Wilno we called it air long steps of grass (a certain species). On the Jewish holiday of Shavuot, we would collect the grass and flowers and scatter it on the floor and around the house.

After the beautiful grand pond was a Lithuanian man who opened a bathhouse. Before that one existed, my grandmother and I had to walk a mile and a half to get to the bathhouse. Jache was an old lady and she had a big oven,

Every Jew was orthodox at that time. Jews didn't cook on Saturday. One old lady cooked for the whole neighborhood. Everybody would bring their food to her home on Friday, before sundown. We would pay her half a dollar and pick up dinner on Saturday, either twelve or one o'clock. You had to have a special wire to pick up and bring the pot home or use a special handkerchief to carry it that was blessing by the rabbi. On Saturday, the Sabbath, according the Jewish law, no one cooked, even to put things in the oven or turn on the electric lights. We would bring the cholant (a meat dish) to the Jaches. We would pick it up at twelve o'clock on Saturday at the cost twenty or thirty groszy or cents. When we had guests we would cook in the big oven in the house. We lit the oven Friday night and took it out Saturday morning. Michalowa, our Catholic maid for many years, turned on the oven. The next neighbor was the Pupko warehouse. My mother purchased groceries for her store. It was a big two-store complex of houses. On the second floor my fraternal Aunt Fejgele Liberman, Sahra Itchkowith and Brajna Kessels ran a kindergarten and a four-grade school. The street was probably two kilometers long and had a church at one end with a little hill called the hill of Jesus. Polish people walked on their knees to be forgiven for their sins. They have plenty of them. On the other side across from my house, next to the Krapiwniks' lived David Kagan, his wife, son and daughter, Papa. Mr. Kagan ran away from the Communists. Mr. Kagan was called the Bolshevik. While he came to Wilno with the Communist forces, he never returned to Russia. He opened an iron store, got married to Lea and had two children. He was tall and very impressive and a very good man. After renting awhile, he built a house across from our house. The house was very modern and had a bath with running water.

Papa Kagan wore very modern clothes. His doughtier Paja fell in love with a young man who did not meet her parent's approval. She had many wonderful men who greatly desired her. Everyone knew that she had made a poor choice. She had two wonderful daughters. The Nazis murdered Paja her mother and children. Mr. David Kagan went to his dead and took with him the electric tea pot, he still did not see anymore his wife his doughtier and his grandchildren he still believed that the Nazi keep them on some worked,

When the Nazi thugs divided Poland in 1940 with the Communist, they gave Wino to Lithuania; our Catholic Polish neighbors were now suddenly not Polish, but Lithuanian.

Stephan our neighbor went to visit some relatives in Lituvenia. He came back and told my mother, "Pani Berkowa they are killing Jews in the streets of Kowno and in all Lithuania." When my mother heard the news from Stefan. My mother went across the road to tell the Kagans. He got angry and called my mother a panic maker.

In Zenia's house was a mother father a very beautiful twenty year old doughtier (a Russian family), who escaped from the Communist in 1919. They were very fine people who lived from selling gold peace and hoped that the Communist government wood fall soon and they can return home to Russian. After Zuni's lived the chimneysweeper's family. We called him the Caiman. This meant the chimney sweeper The Caminar passed away his wife and doughtier and son lived next to Zenia's Fejge own a large house with many reenters She had house and a

very large yard. She also had a little store. Her son went to Uruguay to get married.

She had a daughter who married a bad man who would always hit her. They finally got divorced. The old chimneysweeper's wife, daughter and their relatives were all murdered in Ponary.

The old chimneysweeper's wife had tenants. One family was a Jewish man, a truck driver, his very beautiful wife and their five children. She would come to my mother's store for groceries. When she got sick my mother was always ready to help. When my mother came to their house she could not believe what she saw. In these people's home was practically no furniture. A few boards served as a bed for the five children. When Dr. Jashpan came to the sick lady he told my mother, "Why are you here? Do you want to get sick also? This is

In 1940, the border between Lithuania and Wilno was removed. A mother, father and a bunch of relatives came to visit the sick lady. They were all very well dressed and were able to help them with furnishings.

The small blond lady ran away from the house because her mother and father were against her marriage to a truck driver. But none of these trivialities would matter for long. Nazis thugs murdered them all.

After the chimneysweeper, lived Abraham the Boltz. They had seven children. Abraham the Boltz was a very good-looking man. He was enlisted in the Kings Unit; only a special and select few were taken. The daughters were very good students. One was a nurse and she was called to a sick man's home, the famous writer Urge Nachalnik. He courted and married her.

Next to the chimneysweeper lived the Kassel family, nicknamed, the Boltz because they were very tall, they were all very poor. Mrs. Boltz was from a wealthy family. When she got married, she was given a very expensive fur coat. She covered her first child with the expensive coat since they had nothing else. She and Mr. Boltz did not agree on many things. After every year in the military he would come home for a week or two. After a year he would come and she would introduce him to another child. "This is Kusik, this is Media, this is Ruben, this is Esther, this is Chaff, and this is Bejla." He got in his head that Bejla his last was not his. The whole street has good laugh from this. Bejla was the one of all the other children that looked most like him. She was very tall with blond hair and perfect features, just like him. The whole marriage they argued that she was not his. The younger son would always run to the drugstore to buy aspirin for the mother's headaches. When the nurse, Etta married a famous writer, she took her sister, Bejla to Otwocek, a beautiful city near the ocean. Now there was less tension in the house. The writer also helped them out financially. The mother, father and five of the ten children and grandchildren were all murdered. Two daughters survived the Stuthoff concentration camp.

Esther had married a man who was crazy, just like her father. He was also obsessed with infidelity that had no substance in reality. She was destined to relive her own father's obsession toward her mother. She divorced him. The divorce caused him to get on the roof, jump off and kill himself. They had three children who survived the war and live in California.

Her older sister, Chaja Kassel the other one that survived Stuthoff, and had one son and had a very good marriage

Mr. Jankl Winerman built a beautiful wooden house, had a store and was a violin virtuoso. He had a wife, son, and if I remember correctly two daughters. Mr. Weinerman's wife was a sister to Mr. Jentl Delatycki. They also had land in the country used as a dairy.

When Malka Weinerman was young girl, a dog bit her. It took many years for her to get sick. Eventually she died of rabies. Mr. Weinerman mourned a year. He married a very nice lady The UBER MENCH, Nazi murderers, murdered the virtuoso and his whole family a son two girls 8 and 14 years. The next-door neighbors to the Winermans were the Gliks, a father, mother, son and daughter. They dealt with rags and made a meager living. They were very good-looking people, blue-green eyes and very beautiful features. The son, Hirszke Glik, worked in Pupkos daughters iron store.

The Pupkos, because they were very rich, were arrested by the Russians and sent to Siberia. They all survived the war. After being freed from Russians in 1945, he came back to Wilno, to his house in the middle of the night and dug out gold and valuables.

Mrs. Pupkos daughter was a stingy millionaire. The writer Hirsz Glick wrote poetry in his spare time. He was a member of Young Wilno writers' group. He wrote the famous poem that became a national anthem, "Don't say you go the Last Way, and we are back. The mother, father and daughter were murdered in Ponary. Hirszke was taken to the concentration; camps tried to escape and were shot to death by the Gestapo German murders.

The next neighbors were the Libiski family who had a grocery store. There was a mother, father, two daughters and two sons. The Libiski's were in the ghetto when they saw that the Gestapo and their collaborators already murdered off half the Jews. They made a plan to flee to the woods and build a bunker. Some decent Polish people gave those shovels and they dug out a bunker in the woods and hid until they could get away. This saved their lives, for a while.

There were the five Miramski sisters, Basia, Etta ITA, Masha, Rasza and her four-year daughter, her husband; Hirsz Weinerman was a great figure skater and sportsman. Ita Libiski, her sisters two brother they were a large family of eighteen people. When you needed to go out you had to remove a tree, to hide the bunker from the Germans informers. Windows were made from bottles from soda. Occasionally they had to go out for food. An old white Russian told the Gestapo their hiding place. They were surrounded and pulled out and beaten. A Polish man told this to my mother. "A beautiful young lady was murdered. She was shot holding her four year old child." The bullet hit the child's body first and the same bullet went through and shot the mother.

My girl friend Ita and her brother were taken to the Gestapo. The rest of the people ran and were shot to death. When they brought Ita and her brother Hirsh to the Gestapo they started hitting the brother with their bayonets. They demanded to know who gave them the shovels to dig the bunker. If they told them, they would send them back to the Ghetto. If they would tell them who gave them the shovels, they would have murdered the innocent Polish people. Because they did not tell

them, the Nazi thugs hit the brother without mercy. Ita started crying and they started bludgeoning her also. She was a blond girl and not as skinny like I was at twenty years old. When they Polish neighbors saw her taken to the Ghetto her color of the hair changed and she was black and blue.

At that time, Polish people were hiding my parents. A Polish person told my mother and father that they saw lying on the grass in the woods very beautiful young women embracing a four or five year old child, both were shot through. That was the Miranski daughter, Razz and her good-looking daughter. If the Libiski, the Wingman, the Koopers, the other families would tell who gave them the shovels the Polish people the good one would be killed. And tell the Jewish people to leave their barn, and hiding places. They wanted to protect their families. This understands for hiding a Jew the Nazis would kill and burned the whole village.

The Nazi thugs wanted to take to the Gestapo the youngest Miranski daughter Ita. She and her boyfriend did not want to go with them and started running. They were shot to death as they ran.

When the Gestapo brought Ita Libiski to the Gestapo she found her baby sister there. In the Gestapo worked a Jewish collaborator, Nioma. He was blond and tall. He thought the German would not kill him. They even gave him a free pass to walk the streets to look for Jews. One day he came to the Gestapo and Ita's little sister, probably nine years old, called out his name. He said to the Libiski sister how do you come here. She told him that her older sister is also here. The Gestapo collaborator thug said, "What are you doing here." The child told them that her sister was also here. He took them away from the Gestapo and brought them back to the Ghetto. Ita was taken to the Stutthoff Concentration camp. After painful years and freezing up her toes, she was freed. The little sister, Beila, was murdered. Guess what happened to the Naomi. The Nazi's murdered him after he did their dirty work.

The Winermans had four daughters and a son Monia the beautiful daughters Cilia, Roacha, Debie were all were murdered. Monia Winerman survived the war and died last year. We wrote to each other and talked over the phone. Monia left two daughters who lived in Florida. I wish I would have their addresses.

In between lived another family. He was a truck driver. His wife was Mrs. Libiski's sister they had a little girl probably four years old. I remember he one went with his truck and a load of merchandise into the stream and had to be pulled out by a special machine. The educated Germans murdered them also.

Next to the Wiernermans lived the Winners. They had two sons and one beautiful daughter, Golda. They moved to our street, toward the beginning of the war, only after their business went bankrupt. Ruben was blond, very good looking and gifted university student. He had to give up his studies under the circumstances. When the Lithuanians took over Wilnius, in a few weeks he could speak Lithuanian. When the Nazi thugs made the ghetto the whole Jewish people were taken to the ghetto and later to a small concentration camp. Jewish people that worked digging peat moss. This was very hard work. Some people had no shoes and worked barefoot. The peat moss was very wet.

In the labor camp Ruben job was, also to answer the phone because he spoke Lithuanian and the Nazi Commandants did not. On one particular day he Ruben

Winerman had just intercepted a message on the telephone and went white as a ghost, he met my mother. Ruben, he was pale and shaken, he was bending down, and she asked Ruben what happened. He told her that he had just received the news that all the Jews in the three peat moss camps were to be shot.

To the left on my St lived the beautiful Bencianowski family. Ms Bencianowski was a daughter of the Levins. The Levins and the Bencianowskis lived in a very nice place, with many working people. The Levins had a very large green house and the gardens were filled with the first cucumbers, eggplants and fields of strawberries. They were a large wealthy, well-established family. The Levins all were murdered.

The Bencianowskis mother, father and daughter were murdered. One very good looking son, fifteen, survived the concentration camps. The older son was saved working with peasants, doing fieldwork. He survived by the slightest of chances. When the peasants were going to bathe themselves, once a week, he wore pants while he bathed to hide the fact he was circumcised. He told them he was embarrassed to undress. That was his luck. He visited us fifty years ago on the farm where we live. We lost contact with the brothers. The older one is probably now seventy-five, the younger one probably sixty-five. I would like to know what happened to them in their lives.

Our next neighbor down the street was the Dunki family. She was a widow who had three daughters and three sons. She pretended to be wealthy but had very little. She would put up very fancy plates, but there was not much there. They would put up a big front and to pretend to be rich. The oldest son was married and had a very good-looking wife. My girl friend's father would play cards with them. After a while the wife had a daughter who looked like my girl friend's daughter, with eyes that crossed a little. In our St everybody gasped that the daughter that Mr. Dunski had was not from her husband but from Mr. Zupraner. The Dunksis were w shady business people. By our cousins, who lived, in Majszegola had a tragedy happened. His son was thirteen years old on Saturday and was playing outside with the boys. A Polish boy came out with a rifle and declared that, "I have to kill a Jew." and shot him death. My cousin was very sick with grief when he lost his son. He got very depressed and could not do business. He gave the Dunkis son five hundred zlotys to buy the lumber for his business. He never repaid him the money. I was in my friend Dorkas house when two detectives came in and asked for Iske Zupraner.

and Mr. Zupraner said this is my son. Munia Dunski and his younger brother went to the store and bought suits. They said they were the sons of Kivel Joseph Zupraner when two Policemen came in and said, "Your son bought two suits and did not pay for them." My girl friend's father asked what did they look like and they said two very thin dark young men. Kivel Joseph said this is my son. He was blond and tall. He knew who had done the crime.

One daughter Mira Charnac was married to a drug store owner. They had two sons. She was so extravagant. In a few years she brought the business to bankruptcy. The druggist was a very nice man and not like the Dunksis he killed himself. He was not used to Owen money, and not to pay for what he bought.

The next daughter, Chava married and had a very bad husband. When they were in the ghetto he did not support the children. Chava was freed from Stuthoff. She lost her two sons. She remarried another man after the war. Her first husband also survived. She could not forget that when the children did not have bread he did not help his own children. He was good looking and he remarried. I visited Chava in New York. She married a fine man but the war cost her lives of two sons, eight and ten.

Nice Polish Catholic people saved Mula Dunski. When we were freed Mula would come to my Mother's house to eat and would swear that he will see his wife. We thought that he was mad, because she did not come to Wilno. We thought she was dead. When he left Wilno and came to Poland, he found his wife she was saved from Stuthoff concentration camps. They lived in New York and then left for Israel. In Polish there is a word, the wolf drawn to the wild. He went into, not nice business. He and his wife are dead now. The Nazi German's and their collaborators murdered the rest of the Dunks family, all the brothers and sisters and their children. Next door to the Dunks, at Ukmerges 112 was my Aunt Fejgele Liberman Jankielewicz Solomon. They had a wonderful long house with an orchard in front. And they also built a new house. The neighbors were not very nice. When my uncle wanted to make a fence, they demanded money from my uncle. My aunt Fejgele Jankielewicz Salma lived in the middle of the city on Makeover Utica. Or St. The Street was where the richer people lived. She had two sons Joshua, seven and Ruben, four. When the Communist occupied Wilna. They sent my uncle to Siberia. She let the custodian's son live in her apartment so he could say that he was Polish to protect her. She knew that Thursday and Friday the peasant rode through the streets and you could buy food from the wagons, milk, vegetables, and fish.

Anything you need for the house. She came to Wilkomierska St. a Polish woman told the Germans that she was Jewish. He slapped her across the face and told her to run to her house. My Aunt could speak German, French, Hebrew, Polish; at the time of the Nazi murderers it did not help. Across from my Aunt Fejgele's house lived a Polish captain. He bought a house from an expensive builder, did not have children and always talked to my aunt about her beautiful two sons. At this time, the whole population knew that the Germans had already slaughtered fifteen thousand Jews in Ponary. He asked her if she wanted to give him the children. He told her, "If you survive the war, I will give you back the children." As brilliant and intelligent as she was she replied, "But I will not give them to anybody else." She gave him all the valuables she had. The German Nazi thugs brought her in the second Wilno Ghetto. Then to the Lukiszki Jail. They were there for three days without food or water. The screams from the children were undesirable to the thugs so they would shout in the air to quiet the children. For a cup of water Jews had to pay in gold and diamonds. After three days they murdered her with the whole population of the second ghetto in Ponary where I would sometimes go on picnics.

You can have adduction a no common sense. This applied to many Jews. A friend of my father's who was not educated did the most brilliant thing. As soon as the murder of Jews began in Wilna, she converted her children to Catholicism and gave her children away to Catholic people, they all survived the war and saved their

children, emigrated to USA had another child. One daughter is a lawyer and is married. Mr. and Mrs. Golomb had a business in New York and later moved to Florida. Mr. Golomb went swimming one day and drowned. His wife died recently of old age.

My aunt's home and the house on Makowa Street in Wilno was still standing after the war and had people living there. In 1945, on the front of the building, my cousins' names were still present where they used to scrawl their names in a childish manner, with some old pens. These beautiful intelligent people were murdered with thousands of others without being guilty of any crime.

This Rabbi Kessel and Levine's daughter was murdered just because she believed in the Old Testament. The next building was the Synagogue. We had a small synagogue with a highly respectful and most learned Rabbi. The Rabbi had a wife who was the daughter of a rabbi. The German Nazi thugs murdered the Rabbi's daughter and her husband. One son Bere- Leib survived. A nice Lithuanian Catholic couple hid him.

The Nazi monsters came to the Synagogue and gathered ten Jews. The wife and Rabbi and my friend was hiding on the potato patch. But if the mother calls as she said a gentleman is looking for you he went out from his hiding place and looked at the ugly looking dressed in lather tugs and they gathered our Rabbi Kessel, the Levin brother and my friend Hirsz Winerman and Mojsze Gurwich and his brother. There were five or six other whom I don't remember their names. This was also the Rabbi's pond were Mr. Miranski went to jail for throwing the cross into the pond. It was a very common occurrence for Jewish people to have their windows broken by the gentile population. If there was rallying, we had to carry all the Torahs and all other religious items such as holy bibles. The thugs told the Rabbi to undress. They told the Rabbi, to take off his skullcap. When he did not do it or he did not understand, they pierced him with his sword. You dirty Jew take of the hand from your had and surrounded with the huddling thugs and the lowest of the lowest kind, and bandied lust when the Jews had to burn their Synagogue and their bibles. The Rabbi prays and speaks softly, please save what you can. Safe the holly bibles save the Torahs. The fire is high the Torahs and the synagogue is burning. Jews sing loud. One Polices hoodlum wanted to throw Hirsh Glik in the fire. But he is strong and in a second he threw the hoodlum to the ground Hirsh Winerman the sportsman the gymnast the skater pushes the other hoodlums almost into the fire. They threw stones at the naked Jews. They also threw dishes at the Jews the broken dishes from the Rabbis' house. The peasants threw coal and fire flees in our eyes. You God damn Jews sing and dance. Each hoodlum had thrown a stick at the Rabbi. The Rabbis body is pierced and burned. Is was already four o'clock in the afternoon Hirsz Glick talked to the to the Winerman maybe we can flee to the Levin's garden or maybe if we run they will shoot us it will be better then being burned alive. At that same time a taxi stopped and two German officers get out and say why do you make a spectacle like this. You can do it at night. If you want to burn Jews you can do it in the woods, but not in the middle of the day. The Rabbi and his burned body went to a neighbor's house of Mr. Benjamin Zupraner the hoodlums left their prey. The neighbor was a Jewish Grodzienski, a wealthy and highly educated family.

The Grodzienski had two daughters, one lived in Paris and another daughter, and a tall, intelligent young lady married Bere Leib Kassel, the gifted son of Rabbi Kessel who was an engineer. They had a baby boy. Like all Jews were thrown out of their homes into the Wilno ghetto. In a few weeks they were being marched threw the Wilno St. to Ponary. The Young Grodzienski Kessel with her one-year-old son on hire hands pushed out her husband Bere Leib on the sidewalk. She sad you can safe you self I have a child. Beer Leib went to the village and met a very nice Lituvanian peasant. He asks him what your father did. He said my father was a Rabbi and my mother was a Rabbi's daughter. The Lithuanian peasant saves his. Bere leibs wife she could not speak Jewish and did not look Jewish. She, her child and the whole family died from the barbaric German Nazi thugs. The sister who lived in Paris also was murdered in Ponari near Wilno. She came to Wilno on vacation. The Grodzienski house was surrounded with a beautiful garden and many different flowers. They also had a telephone, which was not common at that time in Wilno.

As a child, I would always go near the Grodzienski house on the way to my Aunt's house. This way was a shortcut to my aunt's house near the Wiljia River. My maternal Aunt and Uncle Fejgele and Motel Szejniuk had a soda factory and I liked to look at the suds as the bottles were being filled. The Szejniik family was all murdered. The old lady, Mrs.Bette Matauzon Szejniuk was thrown on a truck and brought to Ponari. Their house helper told that to me. She was thrown on a trucks were many old and disabled people who were murdered. The old and disabled they did not shoot them; they were thrown in the pit alive and suffocated.

Abraham and Bettie Szejniuk lived in America, made some money and went back to Wilno and set up a soda factory The Szejniuks had three daughters and two sons and has a good life. He educated his children he was 80 years ago. The older daughter, Lisa Evenckik married a very fine men, she was pregnant. The white Polisz Legioners came and demented money. The Szejniuks gave them the money that they have. In few weeks they came again and demented money they did not have any more. They took Mr. Evenchik and buried him alive. The older son, Ichak was named after his father. Ichak always lived with the grandfather. .

It is a Jewish custom to name a child after the closed dead relative.

The second daughter Debbie went to the Jewish Real Gymnasium Jewish Gymnasium. Suddenly, unforeseen tragedy struck the good-looking daughter Debbie. She was arrested and sent to Lukiszki prisons. She became a communist slapped a policeman and torn a Polish flag She was a year in jail and beaten up very badly in Poland. Policeman can get away with anything in some countries when they arrest people. Especially communism was banned in Poland After a year in jail, the parents paid a bribe to the Polish authorities and they sent her away to the Soviet Republic at very big expense. The other daughter Sera had done the same thing, and also had Communist literature in the factory Sera fought with the Policeman. Tore down the Polish flag and was sent back to the same prison. She took neighbors boat and sailed there the river and came home in half an hour, the police arrested her. And send her to Lukishki prison from all this trouble, the mother got sick with a nerve disorder and capped the face with her hand. She sat in the chair and lookout at the pictures of her beautiful daughter who is now in prison in a strange land. She didn't know that one was dead of Tuberculosis the other

will be soon be in prison. Now her daughter was in Stalis gulag as a laborer for Stalin, the henchmen.

The older son Israel could not make a living in Palestine. A cousin invited him to Paris. He became a furrier, came to Wilno married a very nice young lady, and had one son who was a pianist. When the Russian laws became more liberal, the brother Israel went to visit the sister. He did not recognize her. In front of him stood an old gray woman. Not the healthy blond strong sister who spoke about Freedom for all people

Motel the younger son married his sweetheart from high school Fejgele Roginkin and had a son Nioma. He left Poland for Paris and lived in Paris with his wife and son until after the war. When the Nazi Germany invaded France he enlisted in the France Foreign Legion. When the German army defeated France he came back to Paris.

When the Gestapo came to arrest him, he ran away and was found dead in a field.

The wife Fannie hotel and were not registered. Fannie told her son that he was not Jewish. He could play with the other children because no one would suspect that he was Jewish because he was blond. One day someone told Aunt Fagie and told her that the Gestapo were looking for Jews. She took the son, Noami and went to a restaurant and ordered a coffee. A young French lady asked her if she was Jewish. She told her she was not. Don't be afraid, she said I am from the resistant. I will give you a house address when the time will be right. My Aunt Fejgele took her son and went to an address. They took her in. After waiting a week, she wanted to leave. The people from the resistant told her you go where we send you. You cannot live that place. In ten days she and her son went through the Pyrenees Mountain to Spain. Spain accepted them. She lived there until the war ended. She came to the USA and became an American citizen. She went back to Spain and remarried a fine Jewish man by the name of Adolph Fridman. When he died she lived five more years and then came to my house to live in CT for eight years. She died at 92 years. The Nazis Germans and their collaborators murdered all the first husband's relatives, who were a very big family.

Wilkomierska St. which is now called Urkmerges. My family lived at the end of the State St. was 2 miles long and where I lived was called Regatta. My St had 160 houses.

Nearby lived the family the Pupko family, which were very rich business people. They had a very large building that was rented to a bakery, a school and their grocery distribution sold to smaller stores. My mother would buy groceries from them. They were very frugal, when they ate a herring; the head was left for the maid, the tail for the helper. And they would eat the middle. When the Communist came to Vilna, they send them to Siberia. The whole family survived. Just the wife died in Siberia of breast cancer. After the war Noson their older son came and dug out some gold, which was hidden in their shed. They all left for Israel. I visited them in 1971.

In 1945 my mother went to Warshawa, and brought my girl friend, Ita Libiski; who survived the biting from the Gestapo, the Lukiszki jail Stuthoff concentration camp to our apartment in Lodz where we were living with intention to immigrate to the USA. She stayed with us for three months and my father arranged the marriage to Noson Pupko. Ita Libiski worked for the Pupko Company as a helper to Mr.

Milikowki the head bookkeeper. The Pupko family did not approve of the marriage because Ita's grandfather was a cobbler. When Ita and Noson Pupko married, they went to Israel where Noson had a younger brother. Before the Hitler war the mother Mrs. Sehra Pupko wanted to lure the son back from Israel. She wrote him a letter that she was gravely ill, so he came back stayed for a couple of weeks and left for Israel back home where he had a wife and children. He was a very fine fellow. The People were tough business people not great charity givers. When the Jewish writer, Hirsch Glik, worked in the Pupkos' daughter's iron store, for Chanukah the wealthy boss gave the poor writer a potatoes grater the worth of twenty cents. What does a young man of eighteen need a potato grater. The whole street and all the neighbors talked about the stinginess of the Pupkos.

Next to the Pupkos was a drug store. A very fine man and his wife who were also slaughtered. They had a grate garden where they hid their money in the potato patch. When the gentile neighbors started digging the potatoes they dug out the saving which the druggist worked for fifty years.

On our Street Rachmiel the casket maker had. He was very good looking man. Started dealing pig's hair and skins from animals. My mother said to him that he would be a bad husband. I remember the big discussion. He married a fine young lady, who could not have children. When she served him the meal with two plates, a plate and an underplate, he called her bad names. She lived a very bad life. When the holocaust began, he wanted to hide. My father knew that he had accumulated a great deal of money. He asked my father for a place to hide. My father told him he would tell him a location only if he would take the wife. My father said after the war you could leave her. Now you have to keep her safe. He did not want to take her. He wanted to take his lover. My father did not give him the place. He died in the Stuthoff concentration camp a few days before they were freed. He the lover and the wife died also. Then there lived a family. The wife and the husband had different lovers. But when danger came the husband saved the wife and his children. His family and lover were all in the same hiding place. He died ten years ago. He always stayed in touch with my mother. He remarried three or four times.

On Wilkomierska ST. at Number 27 lived my friend, Rochele Goldman with her mother, father and sister. This was a big apartment house the people were all higher earners. This was a very nice intelligent family. They were all murdered.

On the same street lived my mother's friend Esther A? She had a very nice candy store. Her husband was the director of the Jewish theater. They all perished. An arranged marriage took place for my Grandmother and Grandfather. My grandmother, Esther and Noah Berkowich Roginkin were born in Mogilev, Russia. In 1900 they were married. My grandmother's father had a small private bank. He would borrow money and made loans for interest. He found for his son a beautiful daughter, Esther, a nice Jewish. A dowry was made. He was and with the dower they came to Vilna and opened a store. My grandfather went to work in a factory as a manager and made a big salary for that time. My grandmother Esther had five children. In 1914 my grandfather died from a ruptured appendicitis which left my Grandmother Esther with 5 small children to raise, the youngest was five years old. She worked in a store and had good customers. One, Mr. Drozd, was very nice to her. It was in 1914 and the Germans occupied Wilno and it was hard to buy

food. But Mr. Drozd would sell her the provisions that she needed. The oldest daughter, Mirca, finished a commercial school and was working in an office of Berger and Signage. The mother of a neighborhood young man noticed a very good-looking woman like my Aunt. He wanted to marry her. She did not like him. He, FIRST Mery Solmonson could not speak Russian and was not sophisticated. He was very gifted in business and was a good artist. Because of finances of the family my Grandmother said she had to marry him. My Grandmother gave them money to come to the USA. They settled in Revere, MA.

? There was a son, Samuel, who was forced to immigrate to America. The sister and brother in the USA lost contact. My grandmother also had 4 daughters, my aunts.

When the Nazi thugs had possession of the house, Aunt Fejge Roginkin Fridman lost the addresses of Mery Roginkin Solomon, who had two children. A son, Nathan Solomsonson, was inducted in the United States Military. He was an air force pilot during the war. During one of his many bombing runs over Germany, his plane was shot down. He was captured and became a USA prisoner of war. In the Nazi prisoner of war camp he hid his Jewish identity. Other American prisoners who stated that they were of German-American ancestry were immediately shot. In the thirteen months, he had lost a hundred pounds. When the Russians freed him, they gave the dehydrated soldiers something to drink. This was Russian spirits and burned his throat badly. When the war ended, they gave him to the American forces. The military sent him to England to recuperate.

The whole time that my aunt had been in the USA, she managed to save for her son, five thousand dollars. With this nest egg, which was a great deal of money, he and a good army friend bought a small business in River Beach, Mass. He became a very wealthy businessman. He met a very beautiful young lady and married her and had two children, a daughter Jamie and a son Peter. Now Peter runs the business. Jamie got married and divorced and lives in her Grandmother's house. Mr. and Mrs. Solmonson loved to travel and did so all their lives. Grace is now eighty-three and still living in Swampscott, Mass. Her daughter lives near by.

Another niece, Jackie, married to Bert a very nice young man. They have two daughters and one son. The daughters are married; both are teachers of very beautiful girls. One has two children and the other was married recently. The son lives in Florida. Mini's son has one daughter she also was married a year ago.

My Aunt Fejgele Roginkin, the youngest of my Grandmother's 5 children was always a very difficult person. She always was self-centered her whole life. Her room was stacked with Hollywood magazines. You have to remember this was in the 1930s. She slept until twelve o'clock in the morning, and went to bed two or three in the morning. She had to have parties. And there were clothes and coats of different colors she would buy by schuss? Always a size too small. The customers who came to the store hated her. When they asked for a glass or a fork she would not answer them. She put a pair of shoes and a cotter? Took one and threw it on a buffet. She was always going to the dressmaker. ? Machine smashing. In Poland, the winters were very cold, much colder than in the USA. She never wore boots. She always had to waive ? Her nose and always made noise ? With her throughout. She had a coat made by Mr. Bilewich, which cost sixty zlotys

tremendous and extravagant amount. She always had to buy stockings, hat bands, lounge chair ?. She went to Gymnasium Ralis, a Jewish high school because she was very smart.

A young man, Motel Szejniuk fell madly in love with her. She was going with him and also another man, at the same time. She made a date with a young man a hundred miles from our city. When the young men came to the house to pick her up on a date, she was not there. She would stand many men up. He was a businessman from Lid. He had a brush factory. She said, I forgot, I have a different appointment. My Mother and my Grandmother were always embarrassed. Finally she had to settle for and marry, Motel Szejniuk, when she was twenty-eight years old and too, old for any one else to marry her.

The husband adored her and bought her every thing she wanted. They lived in a brand new, 4-bedroom house, in the newest style. They had a gramophone, so she liked a gramophone. She had a Persian lamb coat with a special Armenia collar.

Her husband had a factory from soda. She got pregnant and had a baby boy. She had him by cesarean after ten of days of intense labor. At the boy's circumcision she came home and could not walk. In the house they had a maid just for the baby. When my Mother first saw the baby she was frightened by how ugly the child was. He was so deformed and black and blue. They called Dr Sedlic who told them that in a week's time the baby would look normal. Everything did straighten out just as the doctor had said. He had had rickets and with vitamins and very good food he did finally straighten out and started walking

He turned out to be a nice blond looking child like his father.

My grandfather my mother's father came to Wilno from Mogilew Russia his name was Neuch Berkow Roginski when he married my beautiful grandmother Esther Levit the daughter of a money lender in the old Russian government Jewish could not lend money so they depended on their own. When they came to Wilno bought a house and opened a grocery store and food for animals and medicine like castor oil and Epsom salt. My grandfather went to work as a book keeper in a big factory, when he came back in the evening he would play the fiddle and then eat supper. They had five children four daughters and one son. The daughters were Mira, Mina, Fruma, Fejga and Samuel. My grandfather Noach went to the Jewish life like life was short he died when he was thirty-eight the oldest. Mira finished the business school and went to work in an office. This was before 1914. My grandmother married her to Mr. Solomson and sent them to America. My mother Mina was sixteen years old and she was told she had to marry Boris Liberman the Rabbi's son. My mother said I don't want to marry I am just too young. You have not a father and if he wants to marry you that's what you will do. My Father Boris Liberman lived just across from us with his mother Frejda and a daughter Fejgele with finished high school and went to college. When my grandfather died my Grandmother lived from the store in the time her daughter, which looked like her the beautiful Fruma, died when she was five years old. My mother's father came to Wilno from Mohygilow with his newly married bride the beautiful Ester Lewit, the

doughter of a money lender. Bought a house in 1912 on Wilkomiesrka St his name was Neuch Berkowich Roginkin.

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I, Julia Liberman Fradkina Gejdenson, was born in the beautiful educated city of Vilno, also called the Jerusalem of Lithuania. Now it is the capital of Lithuania with many different nationalities, but we lived separated lives with our friends and relatives. We, as Jews, were never recognized for our achievements. Through the years, the city had different names. Under Russians occupation, it was called Wilna. In 1918 it was called Vilnius. In 1919 it was called Wilno when the Polish overtook the city from Lithuania. In 1939, when the Russian invaded and divided part of Poland with the Nazi thugs, Wilno was given to Lithuania by the Communist government. The Lithuanian people had little control over the government and were ruled by the Communists. In Wilno, where I grew up and lived, the language was Polish. But in the city there also lived many different nationalities, Polish, Lithuanian, Jews and White Russians. The Russians were the largest minority; we called them Staro wiers (old belief) they ran away from the communist government after the Russian Revolution). There was a small minority of Frenchmen, Swedes and Tartars, who fought for the Polish government. In appreciation of the Tartars, the Polish named a street after them, Ulica Tatarska (Tartar Street), which was next to the main street. Germans nationals were leftover from 1914 when Germany occupied Wilno. There also resided a small number of Karaitas, who was a splinter from the Jewish religion. The Karaitas did not eat pork, celebrated the Jewish holidays, intermarried with the Poles and had a temple with a half moon on Zwierzyniecka Ulica (Zwierzyniecka Street), it meant the place of the wild.

In 1900 there were few people resided in the city and all kinds of animals lived in the woods. As the population increased and houses started to be built, they cut out the big trees near the beautiful grand Wilja River runs through the city. Wilno was surrounded by mountains. Some mountains were just sand and gravel. Behind my house, there was a beautiful mountain surrounded with flowers and wheat fields. When the wind blew, the mountains looked like waves on the ocean.

To the right of us lived the Kasowski family and Mrs. Malatt. She was an old lady of ninety-five years, who could compose poetry in minutes if you gave her a topic. She had asthma and my mother and I would always apply Banki (glass cups that are stuck to the back and produces and heat and steam treatments) to her back. Before Penicillin Banki were used routinely. They were applied with cotton on a stick to suck the air out; the stick is dunked in alcohol. Kasowski's daughter Basia was my mother's friend. Her granddaughter was a bookkeeper. She worked in Hotel Europe.

Wherever Mrs. Kasowski's daughter Basia would come from the city to visit, she brought three kinds of coffee and goodies for her grandmother Mrs. Malatt. My mother and Basia would drink the coffee and talk about fashion. Basia was a very stylish dresser. My mother was also interested in fashion and was always elegantly

dressed. The fashion of the day was a black suit and a hat. Mr. Kasowski married Basia's mother because she was a wealthy maiden. She owned two houses. They lived in one house and rented the other.

Mr. Kasowski was a college student and worked as a bookkeeper. Mrs. Kasowski had a butcher store, but was a lousy businesswoman. She would write in a book that the women in a red dress owed her three dollars, and the woman in a green dress owed her five. She would get the customers so mixed up or she completely forgets to collect from them at all. She did not know from which customers to collect. Finally, Mrs. Kasowski had to quit the business of selling meat entirely. Whatever her husband made she would lose in the business.

She also had a son. He was drafted into the Polish army and died fighting the Nazi Thugs. The daughter-in-law and Basia were saved because they were working for the Electric Company. In 1939, when the Russian and the German Nazi thugs occupied and divided Poland, the Communist Government stole the company from Wilno and moved the entire Company to Minsk. Basia and her sister-in-law survived the war because they were living in Siberia as employees of the Electric Company. After the war in 1945, Basia returned to us in Wilno. She stayed a couple weeks and then left for Poland and eventually Israel. My mother and I sent them help when they first came to Israel. We sent her clothes, a white coat and new blouses. She said, now I am a lady again. She asked us for money that we did not have at that time. Basia had a cousin in Israel and we asked her why the cousin was not helping her. She got angry and did not write any more. All over the world they believed that all Americans have a lot of money.

Beyond the Kasowski's were our other neighbors. An old wooden house in which many poor working people lived. In the next house lived a very poor Jewish family Arele. They were not very smart people and were always poorly dressed. The Nazi thugs murdered their whole family of six. The youngest was only four years old. The next neighbor was a Jewish blacksmith and his wife. They had a live-in workingman. When the old blacksmith went to the bathroom, the worker murdered his boss. The wife sold the blacksmith shop to the workman who murdered her husband. There was a trial but he was not convicted.

After the Arele house was a mountain. On the top of the mountain lived the Levine family, a mother, a father, one son and five daughters. One was married and had a very good-looking six-year-old son who had shoulder length brown curly hair like Shirley Temple. She survived the Ghetto and the Stuthoff concentration camp. Her husband and child were murdered during the war. In the apartment where she lived for ten years, a Polish family, who had been working with the Nazi, moved in. She could not bear the sorrow and went crazy and died in Wilnius state hospital for the insane.

The Levins rented the house from the Lukasewich family (polish Catholics). The Lukasewich daughter was six feet tall, wore men's clothes and always wore a cape. She looked very different from the rest of the population. She was a piano teacher.

Her sister, Jadwiga, (polish Catholics) always came to my mother's business to complain about all the trouble she was having from her twelve children. She would call them bastards. All the children were very good people, but they knew

that the mother was rich from her stone and gravel business. She would say, "Berkovina, please give me a pound of honey and a glass of beer to soothe my nerves. I cannot live with those bastards." All her children were judges and always came to the mother for money and she would get aggravated. Her husband, a very tall skinny man, was a carriage maker for the wealthy people. At that time, in the city of Wilno, there were just very few cars, and the wealthy would ride in the beautiful carved gilded carriages.

After Jadwiga came the Kozupski (Polish Catholic) family. They were known for having a great garden with many flowers. She had one married daughter. When she had the first child, it was born with a split lip. She did not want to take her home, so the grandmother took the child. My mother would buy vegetables for her grocery store business.

The street ended at a beautiful orchard and forest, which belonged to a count. He had a hundred acres of woods and fields with all kinds of greenery and a hundred cows.

My house was picture book perfect, with a long drive to the hills.

There also lived Filipowa, a Polish Catholic widow who had two daughters. One was very good looking and married a Polish officer and had one son, Tadeusz. During the war, she did not behave like a Polish officer's wife. She kept bed with a Gestapo man. The other daughter, Mania, had one son. When the son died, she became very bitter and mean. After ten years without children she had three daughters.

Everyone wondered where these children came from and thought that she had stolen them. Her husband Jan drank a lot, but was a very fine furniture maker. Directly under the mountain, a retired policeman was in the process of building his house. They rented one of my mother's houses, for over a year, until their house was ready. When I was 12 years old, my mother sent me to ask for the rent money they would pay at the end of each month. I came to their house and their dog was barking and the lady of the house asked me why I don't come in. I told her I am afraid of the dog. She said, "don't be afraid of my dog, it does not suck Jewish blood." I said, "So let it suck Polish blood." She came running to my mother to complain of my fresh mouth. My mother said you should not have said that. The same lady was happy when the Nazis invaded Vilno. As anti-Semites, they loved when the Nazis first took over. They quickly changed their mind when the Nazis took their only child, a beautiful daughter to be a prostitute for the military. The daughter never came back to live in the neighborhood.

Our next neighbor was the Delatycki family. One day, right before Passover, we had the cleaning lady in. We came into our house and found a trail of blood over the clean floor. Our dog had eaten half the Delatycki's turkey and brought the rest into the house to hide under the bed. (My mother paid Mr. Delatycki for the turkey.) Mr. Delatycki was a young college man and became a bank president who married a peasant girl. Yentil had land and was from a wealthy family. But she was not compatible to him and was a plain Jane. The Delatyckis, son Berke, was murdered in one of the Nazi raids. When his sister, Rachel went to the jail to try to get him out, she was dumped into it, her daughter-in-law, was murdered by the Nazis.

Rachel had a very caring sister Sara, who had saved her many times from the German thugs. My younger son and I visited them in Israel. If I met Rachel on the

street, I would not have recognized her. The tall, slim gifted musician and Mandolin player, the girl that often visited my home, was now 20 years later, an old fat elderly, and lifeless woman. She married a very fine man, had a nice house but lost her son to the Arab war when they wanted to throw the Israelis into the sea.

The younger sister Sara was quick-witted, a very good person and was my brother's age. Both sisters survived the German concentration camps and now live in the State of Israel. Sara and her husband visited us ten years ago. When Sara was in the Stuthoff concentration camp, she would fetch warm soup for the rest, although that meant getting hit with the stick for approaching the line. My girl friend Ida would say, "I don't want the soup." And Sarah would say, "I will get it for you don't do it, you will get hit from the German Nazis too many times."

Sara has three children. Rachael has 2 children, a son and a daughter. The son had to have his spleen removed and was not accepted into the Israeli army. He went to court to get an exception made. He was finally accepted into the army and was wounded and did not survive because of the lack of his spleen. He died serving his country. Now after all the turmoil of her life, Rachael has all the turmoil of her beloved country of Israel.

Next to the Delatyckis lived the Rachmiel family, a father, mother, four sons and one daughter, Mira. Mira survived in horrible circumstances. She gave birth to a daughter on Christmas night in a trench. She put the child under the door of a Polish couple who was childless. They were good Christian people of whom there were very few. The lady took the baby and called her Maria. When Mira was freed from the Nazis thugs, she did not want the child back. Upon the insistence of my father and with the help of the police, the Polish family finally gave back the child. She had blond hair, like the mother and father and was very beautiful. I did not understand the mother. Once she had the child back, she did not take care of her. She finally died at ten months. Mira was the only one to survive.

The next house over lived my uncle, Michael Liberman. They originally came from Sudervia. Sudervia was about eighteen kilometers from Wilno. They had twelve children, three daughters and nine sons. They bought the house and opened a grocery store. The wife and the children worked in the store. He prayed and did ritual sloder according the Jewish law and of course went to synagogue three times a day. He was fanatically religious and wore the long black coat. This family was the only family who did not associate with anybody else in the neighborhood. One son, Mejer Liberman also became a Rabbi. If he came over for a visit to our house, he would not dare take a drink of tea or not eat even a cookie. They did not have bicycles, skates or sleds. The boss in the house was the mother. My uncle, Michael, a very religious Jew, would often complain that my father wore a short jacket like the gentiles. He and my father would buy grapes for wine for the Passover holiday. He was a very quiet man as was his son, Rabbi Mejer, a Cantor and sang with the prestigious Kusowicki choir. When the Communists took over, they took Mr. Kusowicki's brothers to the Moscow opera to sing for them. After Stalin died, the Communist restrictions lifted enough to enabling him to immigrate to the United States. They sang and lived in freedom until their death.

Professor Wojciehowski, a Polish catholic man (not sure of correct spelling), lived in Wilno, had a summer house in Sudervia eighteen kilometers and would come to

discuss the Bible with my uncle. He would drive down our street in a carriage, wife always by his side. She had a vial on her face to protect against the dust. At that time the roads were completely dirt. Even though our street had cobblestones in the middle, they had dirt for the sidewalks.

On the other side of the street, lived the Zabłudowski family. Malka was a friend of my Grandmother, Esther. Her husband was a Torah writer; "Feldsher" (assistant physician) was a highly educated man and very smart. He was about seventy years old. As young ones, we loved to walk and talk with him. His wife would send the daughters eggs and other homemade goodies. Malka was a great cook and could make beer, wine, and all kinds of preserves. She was not a neat person and the house was always a mess. The daughters were educated. Mejta was a nurse and was married to a high school teacher. Meita married Mr. Boruch Lubocki, a math teacher. Mejta had two sons and a daughter. Boruch, Mejta and their gifted children, Imke and Danke were accepted to the Wilno University. We should not forget that Jews had a quota. Only a small percentage of just the brightest was accepted. Szulamit, another child, could do algebra when she was eight years. The young men were seventeen and eighteen and attended the philosophy Faculty University of Wilno. Boruch, Mejta and their gifted daughter were murdered in Ponary, murdered, by the German- Lithuanian-Ukrainian collaborators that were in control of the prison. The two sons, Imke and Danke, were murdered fighting in the of the Jewish people.

Sima, Zabłudowski was a teacher and married a teacher Leikin, a Rabbi's son. Mr. Leikin. He was in a Szejnburg concentration camp and was murdered by the German Nazis. All the graves are now covered with crosses. Sima Leikin survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, remarried a survivor, Mr. Dwang. My daughter and her family visited her 12 years ago, in Montreal Canada. The older son Abraham was an artist and was also murdered.

The younger son Rechavim Zabłudowski Amir left Poland probably in 1938. He was named after King Solomon's son. I met him in the USA in Boston 15 year ago. He wanted to meet me in 1953, but I could not meet him because I was pregnant with my younger son Joshua, now called Ike. Rechavim Amir now lives in Israel. And so the German thugs took care of the Zabłudowskis and the gifted Lubocki brothers and all their families were murdered.

Next to the Zabłudowskis lived the Milikowski family. Mr. Milikowski was a bookkeeper in the Pupko Company. They had a library of 2000 books. The educated cultural Nazis with their collaborators also murdered Mr. Milikowski, his wife Freda, their daughter Ida and two sons in Ponari near Wilno.

Next to the Milikowski's lived the Krapiwnik family of nine people. One daughter Malke was my aunt's friend. She lived with her husband and two sons on Troki Street and had a fruit store. She was in the Wilno ghetto and when the Nazis took her to Ponari to be murdered she jumped from the truck and came back to the ghetto a few weeks later. The whole family was eventually murdered.

After the Krapiwnik's lived the Gurvich family, a father, mother and their beautiful daughter. They were murdered in Ponari where the German murdered 100,000 Jewish people. The two sons, Kopke and Meske, survived the concentration camps. After they were liberated and suffering from extreme tuberculosis, they

were sent to the Swiss country to recover from tuberculosis. They immigrated to Israel in 1972. My younger son and I visited them. One was a school principal and the other was an artist and painter. Both married and died very young and left two widows and 3 children. Meske took us around Tel Aviv. Kopke was my brother's best friend. They went to the same Hebrew school. After school, he would often come to our house to eat. They were poor. The father worked in a factory but there often was very little work.

Next to them, lived the Goleszeika Family. Very strange looking red-haired man. Very tall who constantly spitting on the floor. My mother was worried about me catching TB from them. I was never allowed to walk barefoot. The 2 sons survived the war. But as they were coming home from hiding, the Polish legionaries murdered them.

In my house, anybody could come to eat and sleep for free. At my grandmother's house and my mother's house, there was always a collection of relatives and poor people. One time I came home and my mother and aunt were arguing with my grandmother. My grandmother allowed a young lady with Trachoma, a contagious disease of the eye that could cause blindness, stay in her home. She had her own food, but just needed a place to sleep. My mother and aunt were afraid that we would get infected. The medication was free and she just needed lodging. She stayed a month, got cured and nobody else was infected.

After the Russian revolution my grandmother, Esther the beautiful, let a whole family of Russian Jews (a father, mother and three sons) who ran away from the communist government stay in her house. He was called Hirsze der Petersbuger. Hirsze was a broad shouldered man with big whiskers, a red face and blond gray hair. To make money, he would buy and sell big sturgeon or salmon, put it on his head and sell it to Sztrals Café on the main street. He was a sight to see balancing his big fish on his head. They were once wealthy business people who lived in Moscow and now had to be on charity. The wife got sick and died in an insane hospital. You had to be a first class businessman to live in Moscow. All three sons eventually married. The father of the family started drinking. In winter he would often sleep in the house. In summer he would sleep in the barn. He was so drunk and he would wet his pants. He would also drink 10 glasses of tea at a time and sing Tra Tara Ta and wipe his brow with a towel. The older son would come every two weeks to visit my grandmother. He had a store with military cloths. The German thugs murdered the whole family.

Next neighbor and our friends were the Zupraner family. Kivel Joseph Zupraner was very handsome and, distinctive looking, six feet one or two inches tall with very expressive blue eyes and grayish hair. Kiel's wife, Sonia was a very good housekeeper and an excellent cook from a prominent family. They had a son Iske, an Agronomy engineer, who finished the University of Wilno. The mother was hoping he would marry a rich bride. He was even taller and more handsome than the father and did not look like Jewish. He fell in love with a poor student from the University, a very good-looking blond Jewish girl, a from Lida 150 miles from Wilno, and moved there. The mother was very disappointed. The younger daughter was Rachel. She was blond and very fair, good natured and a little cross-eyed. She was

the same age as my brother. She died 2 days before being freed from the Stuthoff concentration camp. She was 21 years old.

The older daughter was Dorka, my girl friend. She was very interested in cloths. No matter how many clothes her mother made for her, it was never enough. She had long black hair, a figure like a model, and went to Ox high school. She was separated from her boyfriend. They were both murdered in Stuthoff.

Sometimes my mother would tell me I needed new cloths. I hated to go to the dressmaker. The dressmaker would say to me, "I cannot fit anything on a board! What's the matter, your mother is such a nice lady, and doesn't she give you food to eat. Let the dress gather a lot and hide your bones and I will make a big bow in front of your bony neck."

The Nazi raids came to the house and said they wanted to see Iske. His wife said the German authority wants to see your passport. They took him away and murdered him the next day. The daughter-in-law, the Polish teacher, did not believe the cultured German bandit murderers would kill that perfectly good-looking young gentleman. He could live on the Polish side because he was blond and did not look typically Jewish. The father Kivel Yosel went to the police station to plead for his son and he did not return either. The German catchers caught the tall strong men with their helpers, the Lithuanian and Ukrainian Polish, and 15,000 went to their death in the first few months. My friend Dorka was taken to the Ghetto; later to a smaller concentration camp with my parents they had to dig peat moss from the bugs in their bear feet. In the Rzesza concentration camp she fell in love with a doctor. I knew his name but now cannot remember. They were both separated and murdered after the German thugs made them work to death and murdered them.

The beautiful daughter went into the ghetto. Her mother-in-law did not let her stay with her in the ghetto. Sonia went to Ponary and the daughter-in-law went to work for the German Nazis in Porubanek, an airfield. Among the Nazi beasts were a few good people. A German Vermacht soldier brought her food and then he said don't go to the ghetto tonight, they will kill you. Hide under the boards, but don't tell what I said. If you tell, I will be murdered also. She hid under the lumber and the next day went with the slaves to the ghetto. Since she was blond and beautiful, she tore off the yellow star that the Jews had to wear under Nazi slavery, and went to a Polish Professor from Wilno University. He was involved in the Polish underground and she stayed with him during the war. Occasionally, she would even go outside. One time a student recognized her and the student said are you not a Jew. And she said to her do I look Jewish and here is my passport. I am related to the priest and the priest was a very big anti-Semite. So she let her go and the rest of the time until the Nazis capitulated she did not go outside. She lived in Wilno on Wilenska Street and would come to our house to eat. The Communist government arrested her lover and sent him to Siberia. The next time I saw her she had gotten fatter and I asked if she was pregnant. She didn't respond and soon had a daughter. She was teaching school and on her wall was hanging pictures of Jesus and I asked her why the pictures on your wall are, she said my students don't know that I am Jewish. And she told me that her students tell her that too many Jews were saved from the Nazis. From the 100,000 Jews at that time was probably 25 or 30 left. I was told she had 2 more children from the same man when they let him out.

The Zupraners had a very lovely house. My mother helped to sell the house to a Polish wealthy man. She got 100,000 rubles. The money did not last long. She sold the in-law's house because the German Nazis murdered the whole family. When we were 14 or 15, Dorka and I would pick cherries from their cherry trees. Later we took out the pits with a pin and Sonia Zupraner and the maid would make preserves for the winter. They were cooked a long time, 2 pounds of cherries and 2 pounds of sugar. At the Zupraners house all the pots were copper and the house was very well grounded.

Next to Zupraner was the mountain. Behind a long driveway there lived Achichefski. Achichefski would sell vegetables and my mother would buy from her flowers. Mrs. Archisewski had a daughter and a son. He was in the last semester of medical school and came home and told her he was in love and the girl is a Lithuanian young lady. Over my dead body will you marry a 'clump.' The Polish did not like Lithuanian people; 'clump' meant they walked in wooden shoes. He took the gun and murdered himself. Next morning, Mrs. Archiszewski worked in her flower garden, the same as if nothing tragic had happened. I probably was ten years old and I never forget about the tragedy. After Archiszewski, lived the Miranski family, mother, father, two sons and five daughters. Mr. Miranski was a custodian of the synagogue. He was very religious and every morning he was there to pray and performed some religious ceremonies. Polish women cleaned the synagogue. The synagogue was near a small pond. When Mr. Miranski came to the synagogue, he found a cross on the bench. He took a stick and lifted the cross and threw it in the pond. As a very religious Jew, he was afraid to touch it. Next day, the cleaning lady came to clean the synagogue and did not find the cross. She went to the police and said the Jews stole the cross. Mr. Miranski was taken to the police station, interrogated and ruffed up. You goddamn Jew what did you do with the cross. I did not touch it. I took a stick and threw it in the pond. You know we cannot touch it it is against our religion. Mr. Miranski was put in the Lukiszki jail like a big criminal person. He would not even touch a fly on the wall. His interest in life was praying and making a living by working and praying. He was in jail for probably a year or so. The biggest Jewish attorneys worked on his release and finally he was freed. The case was written up all over the world, even in America. Can you imagine a pious person like him to be put in jail? He could not eat the food because he was strictly kosher. Mr. Miranski's wife suffered, as did the whole family. The older son married my aunt's girl friend, Share Itchkowich. She was tall and a very proper young lady who finished the Jewish gymnasium and was a teacher with my aunt Fejgele Liberman and Braina Kessel. They had a private school at 101 Wilkomierska Street, with a kindergarten and four or five grades. Mr. Miranski was working. Mrs. Miranski's daughters were very nice people Rasza, Masha, Ita, Etta and Basia. The son Percec was a writer and belonged to the young Jewish writers club. He also belonged to the Bunt, an organization different that the majority of young people belonged to the Zionist organization. Shomer, Hatzair and Betar were the other sons. The Miranski daughters were very good looking. Rasza was tall and had a beautiful figure and hair. She looked like Ava Gardner. She did not need make up on the skin was of perfect height. On our street lived middle class families. Rasza's grandfather was a very nice man but was a cobbler. The Zupraner son fell in

love with Rasza. Mrs. Zupraner sent away the son to France to separate him from the cobbler's granddaughter. She was heart broken. She finally found another young man, married and had a beautiful daughter Eta and lived very well. Perec married and had a very nice wife who was pregnant. Not married were Masza and Ita. Mr. Miranski forgot about the jail and the Polish court.

The next episode is not describable and not believable. In 1939 the German Nazi bastard invaded Poland. My beautiful Wilna was bombed and burned with the Germans Nazi Luftwaffe. The planes bombed and burned the city without mercy. They needed more space for their uber mentszen. That meant the higher class educated thug hoodlums. So much bombing and burning was not enough. Next the Nazi thugs divided the spoils of war with the Communist Molotow Stalinist Regime. After there lived Mr. Miranski's sister. They had a tavern and lodging. They did not have children so the always played with my girl friend Ida's little sister. His wife got pneumonia and suddenly died. He was called David without children. He was strong like a boxer with broad shoulders, always happy. One year after his wife's death he married an elderly lady. It was a surprise to all the people that his wife had a little girl. His dream was fulfilled but not for long. He was taken to the ghetto, next to a small concentration camp. All three, mother, father and their daughter were slaughtered in Ponary. Next house was B. Zupraner the Brother of Kive-Josel. The family was very wealthy. They had a big store with a lot of customers and a very large yard. They could afford to send their very good-looking sons to France to study. One was an engineer and the other studied at the Sarbonne. They sent away their son because they did not like that he fell in love with a girl whose grandfather was a cobbler. They married and were all murdered with their families in France. I heard that one daughter survived. I don't know if this is true. The next house was Benjamin Zupraner a movie star looking man. If he were in America he sure would be in the movies. Tall with perfect features he was my girl friend's father. Mrs. Zupraner was not tall and not good looking, but a very nice person always with the book in the hand. He married her because he got a big dowry. She was from Lodz, a big Polish city. She talked with my mother only. The other people were not educated or sophisticated enough for her. Their son Bumke belonged to Beitar, an organization that believed that the Jewish people had to fight to get Israeli land back from the invaders. Szomer Hatzair was an organization that believed that just through work and immigration we will get our ancestral land back. Bumke went to Israel, married, and had a family. I was told he died few years ago. My redheaded friend Basia was a very nice person who also belonged to the Beitar. She fell in love with a student from my school. He immigrated to Israel and she waited to go, but the German murderers had a different plan for her. Basia, her father and mother were thrown out of their comfortable orderly peaceful house. The Jews were marched through the middle the street with guns and the Polish people cheered and threw insults. Basia and her father worked for the Nazi Germans on Porubanek building and logging lumber. After one year, in hunger and disappointment and sorrow they came back to the ghetto. The Gestapo surrounded the houses and knocked on the doors. All men had to report to the gate in ten minutes. The house was surrounded with German Ukraine Lituvenian Nazi collaborators. They screamed, knocked with the guns right and left. Basia in a

minute cut her red hair, put on a pair of pants and went to the gate with her father as a man. This transport was for men only. They rode in the train for a week, slept on the boards, had little food. When they came to the concentration camp they were told to undress and their clothes and shoes and whatever little possessions they had were taken away. When they saw she was a girl, they separated her from her father whom she went to protect. She survived the Sztuthoff concentration camp with few of my friends from our Wilkomierska Ulica Street. I should say Ukmerges when the communist gave Wilno to Lithuania; they changed the name of the street. The higher-class people UBER MENCH murdered Basia's father and mother. We the people of the Bible were Under Mench. After Basia was freed, she immigrated to Israel. She had a brother and a boy friend prior to the war. When she came to Israel the brother was there but the boy friend was married. He divorced the first wife from which he had a daughter and married my friend Basia. Her husband Abraham was a dentist. She had two children; a daughter who married a doctor and the son was a dentist. But the Nazi thugs took away Basia's strength. She died young. My younger son Ike and I visited her in 1971 and she died shortly after that.

Past the Benjamin Zupraner family, lived a Polish family. He was a lower class hoodlum. In 1919 the first Polish troops came to Wilno after defeating the Lithuanians. A Polish legionnaire wanted to hit my father, he said to the legionnaire "Chatka moja Matka" the house is my mother's and you cannot touch the Rabbis son. But little by little the German murderers murdered our people of the bible. The next house was Bilicki. They had five daughters. I will start from the youngest, Rachel Brinke who was already married. She was dark skinned and good looking had a beautiful baby boy. When the German murderers started stripping and shooting the people in our street, everybody ran to the mountains. And Brinke came to my house from the hills with that lovely year old boy in a white coat. They were scared from the bombs and really mixed up. This was in 1941. The UBER MENCH, the higher-class people took care of Jewish people. They murdered Brinke with her husband and her beautiful one-year son and her older exotic looking sister Cilia. They also killed Mr. Mrs. Baltic which owned a mill and two houses in the resident were they lived was a grand piano which we all liked to play. The need house was a two story house they rented it there was a store and a Tavern. In the tavern worked a girl called different callers. She had Alta of ruze on her face and our dog which was a very tame did not like her colors and bit her. We had the dog for ten years he once killed a turkey but never touched anybody. My mother paid her some money for the injury to the leg. Good Polish people hid the sisters, who survived, Riva and Luba. The youngest survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, lost her husband and came to America. She visited us fifteen years ago. Mr. Bilicki had a Mill two houses, in the house was a grand piano we all loved to try to play. Their was a wooden house, the other house was a brick two story house years ago there lived the Rabbis Leikin family, and when Sima Zabłudowski started dating the Rabbis son, the mother didn't don't remember for what reason did not like Sima going out with her son. So when Sima would go to the center city she could not go to the Leikings house and would hollow not Joseph but Leika. She was a teacher very good looking tall elegant from a good family ears ago the mother had a voice in who you should marry. but were instances of disobedience. The wedding was in Mr. And

Mrs. Zabłudowskis house. Mrs. Zabłudowski was the business lady. She was dealing with all kind of iron grease for the wills, feaders and the house was not as neat as Mrs. Leikins. When Sima married her mother Malka which was a beautiful talented lady not a great housekeeper ask, my grandmother Esther to borrough our maid for a day my good grandmother said yes. When my grandmother ask Michalowa and her daughter which was working for as steady, and her daughter Tuesday and Friday to go help out Malka she said, I don't know how to clean that house .So my good grandmother said Michalowa I pay you and she will pay you so you will get paid double, after a good talking they went. When I married my first husband which the German murderers murdered .My mother said you have to go visit our good friends the Zabłudowskis I was pregnant, and I said to my husband. No matter what you see how clean or dirty you have to taste what Malka would give you I will say that I am pregnant and cannot eat anything I am nauseous. My husband drank the beer that Malka offered him, He sad the beer was good. But he will write a book about the house, the house was new. Mr. Zabłudowski had a brother in America and asks for help. The brother sand him same money. Mr. Zabłudowski said money like that I have myself, I need to build a house my house is very old. The brother sends money and they build a new house. The cleanliness and order was the same. One he right was a barrel of black grease to a little father was same junk iron grease the wheels, on the left was a barrel of feathers. The table was full of stuff wine, beer, all kinds of preserves, and all kind of bread, Chula cookies. When Sima married her husband he drank and eat horseradish. He was from immaculate clean house Joseph Elkin could not eat in a house like this. But people could get used to all kind situations, and Mr. Joseph Leaking did. After a while he got used to the disorganization and eat on all the holidays. Little did he know that worse thing came his way? The German Nazi bandit put him in Wilno ghetto send him too many concentration camps and murdered him in Szeinburg. I read in the Jewish Forward that a cross is on his grave. The next neighbors were the Jochelsons very fine people, rich. Had two children got sick and died. And after ten years had two more Mr. Jochelson lend money to people, on interest had a store The Nazi German took care of them, they were murdered in Ponary Wilno with their beautiful curly-haired children six and eight. After the Jochelson was a narrow rail road and the military had same weapon behind was a house with same friendly Polish people I and their daughter were friends , but I cannot remember their name at this time. To the right was a grand wonderful pound and all kind vegetation and in Wilno we called it air long steps of grass , On the Jewish holiday Shoves we would collect the grass and flowers , and put it on the flour and around the house. After the beautiful grand pond was a Lithuanian men who opened a bad house. Before I and my grandmother had to go a mile and a half to the bath were few houses and an old lady were everybody would bring the food Friday before sun down ,pay her half a dollar and pick up for dinner Saturday twelve or one o'clock. This was a different time . People did 't cook on Saturday. Even to pick up the pot or to have a hankerchiefs you have to have an especial wire blessed by the rabbi. The next neighbor was the Pupko ware house my mother bought same grocery. It was a big two store complex of houses on the second store was my aunt Fejgele Liberman Sahra Itchkowith and Brajna Kessels kinder garden and four grade school, The Streeet was a long while probably two

kilometers and it finishes with a church across was a little hill and it called the hill of Jesus. And Polish people walked on their knees to forgive them for their sins. And they have plenty of them. On the other side cross from my house next to the Kraiwniks lived David Kagan his wife ,son and daughter Paja. The Kagans rented a house from Russian people .which run away from the Communist government . Mr. Kagan was called the Bolszewik while he came to Wilno with the communist forces he stayed behind in Wilno he was induction in the red army and soon he got the chance he left . Opened a iron store got married to Lea had two children He was tall and very impressive and a very good men. After he lived in the Russian people's house they ask him too move. So he builds a house across from our house and moved out from Zenia's house. The house which he builds was very modern just like the houses now in USA , in the house was a bath, running water .Paja fell in love with a young men which the partence did not approve. She had so many wonderful men who wanted her , she had picked a pure choice . Married had two wonderful daughters. Paja the mother and the children were murdered by the Nazi murderer. When the Nazi thugs came to Lithuania , our neighbor which always sad he is Polish, now suddenly became Lithuanian., went to visit same relatives, and came and said to my mother Pani Berkowa they kill Jews in the Streets in Kowno and in all Lituavenia. Even it was not allowed to go outside, my mother went cross the road to the Kagans and told him. He got angry and called my mother panic maker. After Zenias house lived the chimney sweeper's family . I do not remember him bat an old lady and a daughter Fejge and a son lived in the house it was a large yard few houses she also had a little store her son went to Uruguay got married and also did the daughter , but married a bad men which he would hit her and finally they got divorced. The old chimney sweeper wife daughter and their relatives got all murdered in Ponari Wilno. The old Chimney sweeper wife had tenants . One family were Jewish the men was a truck driver he had five children the wife was a very beautiful bland cute lady , she would came to my mothers store for groserly. Would by very little when she got sick . And my mother was always ready to help, when she came to the house she could not believe what she saw. In the house was no furniture and from few boards was made a bank like bed for the five children. When Dr Jashpan came to the sick lady he sad to mother why are you her ,you want to get this also. In 1940 the border between Lituavenia and Wilno was removed. And a mother Father and a bunch off relatives came to visit the sick lady they were all very well dressed and was able to help then get in a better living condition. The small bland lady run away from the house because the mother and father were against married a truck driver. But this was not for long the German Nazi Underwood thugs murdered them all. After the chimney sweeper lived Winerman build a beautiful wooden house had a store and played the Violin had a wife son and if I remember correctly two daughters. Mr. Weinerman's wife was a sister to Mr. Jentl Delatycki they also had land in the country for a dairy. When Malka Weinerman was young a dog bit her , many years later she got well ask Mrs. Weinerman mourned a year I do not remember if he remarried I think he did. **THE UBER MENCH NAZI MURDERER MURDERED THE FIDLER AND HIMS WHALE FAMILY** The next door neighbors were the Gliks . A Father a mother a son and daughter. They dealt with rags made a meager living, were very good looking people had blue green eyes very beautiful

features the son Hirszke Glik worked in pupkos daughter stingy millionaires and in spare time wrote poetry he was with the writers group Yong Wilno. Don't say go the last time , and we be back. The mother Fatherland daughter were murdered in Ponary .Hirsz was taken to the concentration tried to escape and was shut to death by the Gestapo German. Murderes. The next neighbors were the Libiski Family. Had a grocery store there was a mother father two daughters and two sons. The Libiskis were in the ghetto, when they saw that half the Jews were already murdered off by the Gestapo and their helpers they made a plan. To go to the woods , and build a bunker. So same decent Polish people gave them shovels and they dug out a bunker in the woods .There were the five Ita Masha Rasza and her four year daughter her husband .Hirsz Weinerman a great figure skater and sportsman. Ita Libiski her brother together there were eighteen people when you needed to go out you had to remove a tree. For windows there were made from battles from soda ..Occasionally they had to go out for food. An Old Russian so them and told the Gestapo . They were surrendered and pulled out beaten and a Polish men said to my mother . Today we so a beautiful young lady was murdered shout through holding a four year old child. My girl friend Ita and her brother were taken to the Gestapo .The rest of the people run and they were shot to death. When they brought Ita and her brother Hirsz to the Gestapo they started hitting the brother with their bayonets . They demented they should tell them who gave them the shoals to dig the bunker. If they wood tell them they will send them back to the Ghetto. If they wood tell hwo gave them the shoals the murderer wood kill the innocent Polish people who just wanted help the unlance Jews.They could not tell them The Nazi thugs hit the brother without mercy. Ita started crying and they stated bludgeoning her also. She was a blond girl wevy well formed was not as skinny like I was twenty years old when they saw her taken to the Ghetto her color of the hair changed she was black and blue. The Polish person told my mother and father . At that time my parence were hidden by Polish peopleThat it was laying on the grass in the woods a very beautiful young women embrasing a four or five years old child shoot thru both That was the Miranski doughter Razz and her good looking doughter. If the Libiski the Wingman the Koopers , the other people which I cannot remember their name . wood tell who gave them the shoals the Polices people the good one wood tell the Jewish people to live their barns, bunkers and other hiding places. They want to protect their families. This understands. The Nazi tugs wanted to take to the Gestapo the youngest Miranski doughter , but she did not wanted to go with them and started running with her boyfriend so they shout them .When the Gestapo brought It Libiski to the Gestapo she found her bay sister there. In the Gespapo worked a Jewish collaborator Nioma. He tough the German wood not kill him he had a free pass he was blond tall and waked the street to looke for Jews . On day he came to the Gestapo and Itas little sister probably nine years old called out hims name they Libiskis sisters the Gestapo collaborator tugh said what are you doing her , The kid tallied them that her sister are also her. He took them at from Gestapo and brought them to the Ghetto. ITA w as taken to the Stutthoff Concentration camp after painful years and freezing up her toes was freed . The little girl Beagle was murdered her crime was just being born Jewish.The Winermans had Four doughters and a son. The beautiful doughters Cilia Roach Debie all were murdered . Monia Winerman

survived the war , and died last year We wrote to each other and talked on the phone he left two daughters they live in Florida I wish I would had their addresses In between lived another family he was a truck driver had a wife she was Mrs. Libiski sister .The Educated German murdered them also.After the Weinermans lived a very nice family. Winner they had two sons and one beautiful daughter named Golda. They came to our street lately after their business went in to bankruptcy . Ruben was a university student had to give up studies because of the circumstance was very good looking gifted blond . When the Lithuanian took over Wilna in few weeks he could speak Lithuanian When the Nazi bandits made the ghetto all of our street was taken to the Ghetto and later to a small concentration camp,. There were thousand three hundred Jewish people the Jews work in the Pit meadow same had shoes same were barefoot . The pit meadow was very wet since the president of the camp liked drinking Ruben would talk like he was the president. Need was Zwirzyniecka St there lived a Police Inner and he was allow us to skate on him pound. Just the better behaved people The St was a very beautiful Three lived the Levins and the Bencianowskis . The levins had very large green houses and the first cucumbers eggplant lets strawberries and they were a large wiry well established family. The levins all were murdered .The Bencianowskis Mother Father Daughter were murdered one son a very good looking fifteen old survived the concentration camps . And the older one was saved working by a peasant doing field work he survived by chance . When the peasants were going to bathe themselves once a week he was shorn and wore pants while bathing . And he said he was ashamed to undress. That was luck he visited us fifty years ago on the farm where we live ,And we lost contact the older one was probably now seventy five the younger one probably is sixty five. I would like to know what happen to them. Next house was the Dunki family she was a widow had three daughters and three sons.The . And pretended to be wealthy and had very little would put up very fancy diseases but there was not much there.. They would put up big front pretended to play rich.The Oldest was married had a very good looking wife and my girl friends father was playing cards with them . And after while the wife had a daughter which looked like my girl friends daughter with little crossed eyes. They were shady business people . By our cousin in Majszegola which lived happened a tragedy. He was thirteen old on Saturday, and was playing outside with the boys, and a Polish boy came out with a rifle and said I have to kill a Jew and settle his death. My cousin was very sick when he lost his son and got very depressed and could not do business so he gave the Dunks son five thousand zlotys to buy wood and he never repaid him the money. The next son Moon and his younger brother went to the store and bought suits and said they are the sons of Kive-Josel Zupraner . I was sitting in my girl friends house and two Policemen came in and said your son brought two suits and did not pay for them. And my girl friends father ride away asked why he looks and them sad much thinned two dark young men. And Kive-Josel said this is my son.He is blond and tall.And he knew he done the crime. One daughter was married to a dog store owner had two sons .She was so extravagant in a few years she brought the business to bankruptcy . The druggist was a very anemic man and killed himself.The next daughter Chava married had a very bad husband. When they were in the ghetto he did not support the children . Chava was freed from Stutthof lost her two

suns . Remarried another men after the war. Her husband also survived , she could not forget that when the children did not have bread he did not help his own children he was good looking he survived also and remarried .I visited Chaw in New York she married a fine man but she lost two sons Eight and ten. After the war Mull was saved by nice Polish Catholic people and he would come to my Mother's house to eat and would swear that he will see his wife . We thought he was mad . When he left Winless and came to Poland his wife was saved from the concentration camps . They lived in New York left for Israel but in Poland is a word the the Wolfe drawn to the wild he went in not nice business. He and his wife died . The rest of the Dunks family with the brothers and sisters children and their families were murdered by the Nazis German and their collaborators. The next house Ukmerge 112 was my aunt Fejgele Liberman Jankielewicz Solomon had a wonderful setting a long house in front a orchard and a new house the neighbors were not too nice. When my uncle wasn't to make a fiancé, not did the Dunks family haploid pay for the fiancé ,they demanded money from my uncle. My aunt lived in city the middle of the city on Makuta Utica or St. the St was where the richer people lived. She had two sons Joshua seven and Ruben four when the Communist occupied Winless they sent my uncle to Siberia. She let the custodian son in to live in her apartment so he could answer that he is Polish. She knew that Thursday and Friday the peasant go through the St and you could buy food from the wagons milk vegetables fish anything you need for the house . She came to or St and a Polish woman told the German that she is Jewish he slapped her across the face and told her to run to her house my aunt could speak German. Cross from my Aunt Fejgele's house lived a Polish captain he brought a house from an expensive builder, did not have children and always talked to my aunt about her beautiful two sons. And the whole population knew that the German already shot fifteen thousand Jews in Ponary. He asked her if she want to give him the children, and told her. If you survive I will give you back the children, but will not give them to anybody else. She gave him all the valuables what she had . The German Nazis tugs brought her in the second Wilson Ghetto , then to the Lukiszki Jail kept those three days visit food or water . The screams from the children were undesirable the thuggish would shout in the air to quiet the children . For a cup of water Jews paid in gold and dominates , after three days they killed her with the whole population of the second ghetto in Ponary we would go for picnics. You can have abduction and not common sense. A friend of my father which was not educated soon the murderer came to Wilno converted her children to Catholicism and gave her children away. They survived the war and saved their children immigrated to USA had another child her one daughter is a lawyer and the married and live in peace. Mr. Mrs. G had a business in New York later moved to Florida Mr. G went swimming and a drown in Miami the wife died lately. My aunt's home and the house on Makowa St in Wilness people are living there and on the front building with a Penn is written my cousin's name which he wrote when he was five year old were still three in 1945 .But the beautiful intelligent killed lay in Panfry killed with his mother and brother one was 4 the other 7 and my aunt which was 36 were killed with thousand of other not guilty people of any crime . The Rabbi's daughter was killed just why she believed in the old testament. The next building was the Synagogue. We had a small synagogue with a very nice respectful learned Rabbi and the Rabbi's

wife was a daughter of a rabbi. The German Nazi bandits Killed the Rabbis daughter her husband their child survived was one son hid by a nice Lithuanian Catholic people the wife and the Rabbi but before killing the monsters came to the Synagogue gathered ten Jews my friend was hidden in the potato perch but if the mother calls as she said a gentleman is looking for you he went out from his hiding place and looked at the ugly looking dressed in leather tugs and they gathered our Rabbi Mr. Kesse. Levine I Winstein and my friend Hirsz Winerman and M Gurwich and there were five or six I don't remember their names near there was also the Rabbis pond were Mr. Miranski went to jail for turning the cross in the pond but today is a different day today is not breaking couple of window were the Jews were praying today we had to carry all the torahs all our religious holy bibles the thugs told us to undress they told the Rabbi to take do the skull coo and the religious shall and when he did not do or did not understand he pierces him with him with him sward. You dirty Jew take of the hand from your head and surrounded with the huddling bandits and the lowest of the laws Kurd and bandit loft when the Jews had to burn their Synagogue and their bibles. The Rabbi prays and speak softly please save what you can. the fire is high the torahs and the singe is burning .Jews sing loud one Polisz hoodlum wanted to thru Hirsh Glik in the fire but he is strong and as a second hoodlum came to help to thru hiss Winerman the sportsman into the fire he almost thru them into the fire and the hoodlums turning stones at the naked Jews. They also thru dishes at the Jews the broken dishes from the Rabbis house the please do coal and fire flee in our eyes. You game Jews sing and dance. Each hoodlum thru a stick at the Rabbi. His buddy is parsed and burned . At is already four o'clock in the afternoon Hirsz Glik taked to to other maybe we can flee to the Levin garden or maybe if I run they will shout me at will be better then bin burned alive at that same time a taxi stops and two German officers came out why do you make a spectacle like this , you can doo it at night and if you want to burn Jews you can doo it in the woods not in the middle of the day. The Rabbi and his burned body went to neighbors house the hoodlums left Got House was burned the holy bibles were burned the

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When Nioma was five years old the father sent papers for my aunt Fejgele and Nioma to come to Paris Many friend came to the house. The Szejniuks had two maids which worked for the Szejniuks family. One pretended she was crying and she said I am sick and how will I live if I cannot wash the cloth I have arthritis. Nioma said don't worry I will go to Paris and I will make a machine which will wash clothes You will just have to put it in and take it out. So the other ladies pretended that she was crying and she said because I am also sick my stomach. Don't worry I will go to Paris and I will study and become a doctor, I will send you the best medicine Every one listened and said this is a smart kid. When she was under the Nazis occupation she run from place to place to hide. It was very hard to hide with a child. She gave him to a peasant He was tending the sheep and goats. When she could go to Spain she wanted to take the son.

The peasants did not want to give him back. She went to the Major of that city and he told the peasant he has to give the child back the mother. When she got to Spain she send him to the lyceum to study, he did not want too. When he was fourteen years old she came home from the beach and the son may have caused difficult she. Could sit in the sun all day long and he became epileptic. When she came home he started true up and started shaking which may have caused from the sun. He was blond and very fair-skinned. I don't know was that from the son or from the birth when the Doctor puled him out with the forceps disfigured his head. He became epileptic. He changed and became disorganized and did not listened to the mother any more. When he was seventeen years old he came with the mother to USA. He could speak French Spanish and English. But never was interested in school. He could not stay with a job for long. When we came to USA Fejgele was living in N.Y. She came to greet us at the port. Right away I saw that he was not normal. He married lower class women. They had three children and the house were always dirty. She was a very bad house keep, the house was always dirty and the children. also. He divorced the wife and married somebody else. He did not take care of the children. The youngest was retarded. The children are bitter individuals.. The children mother was not normal when the son came to see her and he want to show the mother the grandchild she did not let him in the house and did not wanted to see the baby. Aunt Fejgele send him money always because he could not make a living. She wood call me and ask if she should send him money. I would say you have one child and you have to help him. I also send him money and packages. She have send him six thousand dollars he sad he want to go in business. When she came to his house he spend the money on a ca bar girl and went in rip out shoes. Four years before she had send him twenty eight hundred. Then twenty five thousand with that money he bought a house, before he lived in a trailer. He died two years before. His children wrote to me but they seam not to be normal. After five years living in USA and became an American citizen she went back to Spain and married a very nice Spanish Jewish man. Had lived a nice live .till he got sick with atimers decease. When she got old she liked to came and stay with me. I sad Fejgele you have a son you got to help him. If you want to kill me send me to him, My aunt girl friend called me to came and pick her up. So I came and she sad I will pay you thousand dollars a month stay with me. I sad Fejgele I have children and a husband. And I started to clean up her apartment. I threw out news pa peers five feet. Her next door neighbor Albertiko was a Cuban when he run away from Cuba he came to Florida. He spoke English. He went to the University and wanted to be a Dr. but could not finish. She told me that Albert. gave her injections. He wanted to give me an injection also told him don't need injections. He was not honest he was discharged from the company were he worked for embezzling money. He also talked on my aunts telephone when I was not there so much that the telephone company cut off the telephone. She send me few times to look at her apartment. When she did not feel so good she made wills she was petrified for her son. He visited her and took same money from her. She was very upset. She went to the bank and she gave him eight thousand dollars. In a few weeks he wrote her another letter. If you will not send me seventeen thousand fifty five dollars I will never came to see you. She started to call me two or three times a day. So I sad to her send him twenty five thousand and tell him this is the last time you don't any more. Next week he ask for more money. He was

not a good son, but the apple fall not far from the tree she was the same. She took always money from my mother I took a young man to paint the apartment I ant to sell it and a friend of mine. We threw out hundred of bags of cloth. I went with Fejgeles friend to the strong box but there was nothing just a paper what Albertico took I don't know she came to me in 1988 and stayed with my family she got very sick and had to go to a convalescent home, I have put her near our house 2 miles from my home and would bring her fruit and would take her to the restaurant she died in 1995 December 18 she was ninety ears old. She was a person she counted herself first .I will tell you about my relatives .In Podbrzezcie we had a aunt and an uncle with many cousins Mr. Kagan was a very respected business man he rented the Polish Marshal Pilsucki orchard.The family also had a iron and a glass store and bought and sold wood, the aunt was in store and their four sons and they had two daughters and two grandchildren he also dealt in lumbar had two doughtier and four sons. I was one summers on vacation in their house. They always staid in our house when they would came to Wilno. The educated Natzi German took care of them. Their whole small stetel Podbrzezcie was killed off perished under the German occupation. After the Russian freed Podbzezcie the Polish Partisan killed the remaining five people which survive the war by nice Christian people.The all slept in the same barn and were all killed one name was Sepsel I new him while my Aunt Fejgele Liberman vacationed in Podbrzezcie he want to marry here. But she had a boy friend a business man he was not enough educated for her. She had finished high school and went one year to the Wilno University. The German the Polish .the Ukrainian the Lithuvenian French. They all helped to destroy the Jewish people. In Poland and Europe they were indoctrinated by the church. The church told the biggest lie. That the Jewish people killed Jesus. If they wood say he was stoned I wood say maybe. Also, that the Jewish use blood for unleavened bread. What a lie we do not use blood ,we soak and salt over meat .Jews are not allowed to kill anything just the Rabbi When I was in Porto Rico for vacation the host of the house gave us something to eat on New Years day . And I deed not eat on course and the host ask me why I don't eat this. I sad I don't eat anything which I don't know what this is. He sad to me when I will tell you will not eat. And I sad why. He sad Jewish don't eat blood. But the lie of the anti-Semites and the church with the lies helped to destroy the Polish three million Jewish. Lives, and to annihilate everything what we work for centuries. In the world in not one Hitler, there were many and when I speak of people one million were children. and there was the beautiful children of my aunt Joshua seven and Ruben four I have a picture of Joshua but don't have of Rubin. Six kilometers from my house lived a Jewish peasant family the doughtier she was married she had a husband and son. The husband was killed by the catchers, the six year old son she gave the boy to a Polish priest he kept the boy in his rectory and saved the de child .The mother of the child went from one place to the other polish boys saw her and hanged her by the hair on a tree she had beautiful long red hair Christian Polish good man went by the hanging and sad what are you doing don't you have any shame and mercy don't you have any godliness in you. To hide a Jewish people was dangerous. But they did not have to squeal and gave out the hiding places. If they gave a Jew to the German police in places they would get a glass of salt... The hoodlums let her go, after the war she got the son back from the priest. He was very nice and adducted and very polite .Now she and her

son live in the state of Israel. You can see what one good ma can I do My mother lived in a house with her mother my grandma Esther the beautiful that was she was called I call her Esther the good one and my aunt Fejgele Roginkin and across from our house lived my a other grandma Frieda Jakobsen Liberman when I would came to her house she would try to fed me with chicken soup and if I had five spoons the angel would give me a nickel The angel would put a nickel under my plate. Want. When I was seven years old my grandma Frieda died from phenomena everyone was crying and the loudest was my aunt. She lived with her mother for many ears since her husband Rabbi Liberman died my mother told me to take care of my brother. Near the front door was a barrel of rain water my brother was looking into the barrel and so a picture of him and fell in had first. They took him out and revived him I was very scared. Have described mine St as best as I can do now I try to Tel you about my Mother. In 1914 my grandfather died from appendicitis and left my grandmother with five children .The house was always full with people my aunt Fejgele the mothers sister had friend and parties my fathers sister Feigele Salman before she married also lived in the house but apsters. She would have her friends. And Mira the oldest doughtier went to America nexed was my mother she was twelve years old , she left school to help the mother. She was the one which always had to work. both sister Feigele and Mira did not help in the house When she was sixteen the nexed door neighbor came to her mother and sad I want to marry your doughtier. My mother did not want to marry she wanted to play have friend. But my grandmother sad he is the Rabbis son and you are an orphaned you dont want to be an old maid. she married my father and when she was sixteen years old .She had me. when she was seventeen and four years later she had my brother Joshua.All the work in the store she had to do. My mother was very nice dressed liked movies teather. She had girl friends and wood go to the movies teather, opera My father liked to play cards. He was always loosing money. When I was ten years old my mother had her hair bleached,this was seventy one years ago I was born in August nine thousand nine hounded nineteen. My aunt Shifra Liberman wore dresses to he ankles and a wig no makap My mother went to the her dresser wore modern cloth and had manicured her hand and painted the nails a married lady like my mother was the only on the street.After the store was closed somebody was baby sat for me and my brother and this was always the Kessel son he was a haunch back and was Ernest you cud trust him with the store.When my mother went to the theater she wood take me samtime to see a child denser Mirele Diches and also to the summer theater in the Bernadine Park. later Jews could not attend the endeki they were the students or the Polish Anti Semites wood bit up Jewish men and disturb the performenc.My Father wood take me to see the cantors he liked to her them .When I was six year old I went to my aunts kind garden and later finished four grade school this was a Jewish school my aunt was a Jewish teacher she also spore Polish Russian German and was adducted in Herb she was a very well read person and introducetme to fine musik . My childhood was very pleasand were I have had many girl frends . We all lived very cloth, to each other . In the winter we wood skate sled and go to the movis I liked the chirly tmpl Dina Durbin moveis.Later I went to Berka Joselewich publik school this was a school in Polish for Jewish children and then to Dziencielski gimnazium I went there with Cilia Bolber When I went to school I always had to take an exeray in Poland when you were thin like I

was they tough you are sick, I had a bad appetite . My aunt want me to came to Paris so tried to learn how to saw, and alter went to Maria Konopnicka Business school in Bernadine garden, Girls could go in the garden but Jewish men could not . The atisemite would hit them . And a Jew could not fight back.The school as all Polish girls just five Jewish girls were there, we were treated very nice. My teacher a very nice young lady a Polish officers a girl friend always invited me to her home and the girls in the classes were very nice had meny girl friends Tania Gurwich Debbie Miklom Debbie Zitler Riwa , Ita Libiski Galda Winerman Rocha Delaticka Raja Bloomental Basia Zupraner Masza Tkach Sosenska In thousand thirty seven we went on vacation The Rabbi from Lipuwka and The Rabbis doughter from aur St my aunt and I we had a very nice summer In 1938 My aunt went for the summer not far from Wilno I don't remember the place and the Polish anti-Semite made a pogrom there. My aunke was on a business trip and went to pick up the wife and the children,In 1939 I and my aunt went to Lejpuny. This was on the Lituvenian border . I had to have a pasport. I went to the state office to take aut the passport and there was a mistake. In the papers sad I was born on December twenty 1920.In the office was a very nice Polish men and I sad this is not through can I fix this I he sad it will cast thousand zlotys this was a very large amount of many and the name was not correct . and he sad this has to go to the President and has to take a long time. Young lady what the difence I will make the name nicer he gave me a passport that I was born 12-20-20 . And he wish me a happy vacation. Before the war Polish man were not mean to the Jewish women and girls .My aunt Fejgele Liberman Salman went to Leipuny for the summer not far was a colony for mentally eel people. There was a professor very good looking and he liked to take with my aunt German. The German nazi govern send him to Poland him father was Polish. On day I was biding in the pond and he came by and sad young lady you have very nice legs. I was scared and came running home. My uncle Solomon sad came I and you wall go fishing. So we dreaded for the fishing trip. And a Polish men sad were you going. My uncle sad we are going fishing. You did not her news Germany invaded Poland. We went right back and put on the Radio. Tour surprise he was right. The war was a short one I wanted to go to Wilno to see my family but there were no comunication.Nexed morning I went swimming againand I saw tanks . I came running to my aunt and sad aunt the Russian are he ., she said you are mistaken that are the German sad aunt he has the Russian emblem.Nexed morning other Russian tanks stoped near the house sad aunt I will ask him if he will take me Wilno.I want to see my motherAnd I ask a young men I could speak just a little but my aunt was fluent in Russian.She talke to the comander of the unit and he took me in a tank. And brout me to Wilson but in the beginning of Wilson I was never there. I went to Polish lady and ask her were I was and she sad take the bus and in fifteen minutes you will be there. I came home and my mother was worid that the Polish money was not good and she bought for me cloth and you wood not believe thirty five pair of schoos.The Communist Government divided Poland with Hitler and Wilno now belonged to theRussians.After while they gave Wilno to the Lithuanian this was 1939 . We saw the peasant going with bags to the cityand people spoke about a pogron. I sad to my mother I want to see what they will do.And I cam to ulica or St Michkevicha 22 this was the main St cross from were I went to Dziencielskis gimnazium.

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I, Juljia Liberman Fradkina Gejdenson, was born in the beautiful educated city of Vilno, also called the Jerusalem of Lithuania. Now it is the capital of Lithuania with many different nationalities, but we lived separated lives with our friends and relatives. We, as Jews, were never recognized for our achievements. Through the years, the city had different names. Under Russians occupation, it was called Wilna. In 1918, it was called Vilnius. In 1919, it was called Wilno, when the Polish overtook the city from Lithuania. In 1939, when the Russian invaded and divided part of Poland with the Nazi thugs, Wilno was given to Lithuania by the Communist government. The Lithuanian people had little control over the government and were ruled by the Communists. In Wilno, where I grew up and lived, the language was Polish. But in the city there also lived many different nationalities, Polish, Lithuanian, Jews and White Russians were the largest nationalities and Russians. We called them Staro wiers (old belief). They ran away from the communist government after the Russian Revolution. On the Street where I lived was a family of Russian which ran from the Communist government weary intelligent, and one daughter's name was Zenia, She was a friend of my aunt Fejgele Raginkin she sang and played the balalaika. They ran away with gold and bought few houses in one lived Kagans family. There was a small minority of Frenchmen, Swedes and Tartars, who fought for the Polish government. In appreciation of the Tartars, the Polish named a street after them, Ulica Tatarska (Tartar Street), which was next to the main Street Ulica Michkewicha which was named after the great poets and a good and decent man. Germans nationals were leftover from 1914 when Germany occupied Wilno. There also resided a small number of Karaitas, who was a splinter from the Jewish religion. The Karaitas did not eat pork, celebrated the Jewish holidays, intermarried with the Poles and had a temple with a half moon on Zwierzyniecka Ulica (Zwierzyniecka Street), it meant the place of the wild. In 1900, the population was small. All kinds of animals lived in the woods. As beautiful as the grand the population increased and houses started to be built, they cut out the big trees near the Wiljia River which runs through the city. Wilno was surrounded by mountains. Some mountains were just sand and gravel. Behind my house, there was a beautiful mountain surrounded with flowers and wheat fields. When the wind blew, the mountains looked like waves on the ocean. To the right of us lived the Kasowski family and Mrs. Malatt. She was an old lady of ninety-five years, who could compose poetry in minutes if you gave her a topic. She had asthma and my mother and I would always applying Banki (glass cups that are stuck to the back and produces heat and steam treatments) to her back. Before Penicillin, Banki were used routinely. I brought them to the USA and use them when I have a cold, They were applied with a cotton on a stick to suck the air out, the stick is dunked in alcohol. Kasowski's daughter Basia was my mother's friend. Her granddaughter was a bookkeeper. She worked in Hotel Europe. Wherever Mrs. Kasowski's daughter Basia would come from the city to visit, she brought three kinds of coffee and goodies for her grandmother Mrs. Malatt. My

mother and Basia would drink the coffee and talk about fashion. Basia was a very stylish dresser. My mother was also interested in fashion and was always elegantly dressed. The fashion of the day was a black suit and a hat. Mr. Kasowski married Basia's mother because she was a wealthy maiden. She owned two houses. They lived in one house and rented the other. In the rented house lived a father mother a ten year old boy and the daughter my age. She was twice my size with broad shoulders very big fat head big eyes big broad feet Zofia looked like from another planet was a nice person, so was the mother and the whole family.

Mr. Kasowski was a college student and worked as a bookkeeper. Mrs. Kasowski had a butcher store, but was a lousy business-woman. She would write in a book that the women in a red dress owed her three dollars, and the woman in a green dress owed her five. She would get the customers so mixed up when they changed the dresses or she completely forgot to collect from them at all. She did not know from which customers to collect. Finally, Mrs. Kasowski had to quit the business of selling meat entirely. Whatever her husband made she would lose in the business. She also had a son Moses He was drafted into the Polish army and died fighting the Nazi thugs. The daughter-in-law and Basia were saved because they were working for the Electrit Company. In 1939, when the Russian and the German Nazi thugs occupied and divided Poland, the Communist Government stole the company from Wilno and moved the entire Company to Minsk. Basia and her sister-in-law survived the war because the company was moved to Siberia as employees of the Electrit Company. After the war in 1945, Basia returned to us in Wilno. She stayed a couple weeks in my Mothers house, and then left for Poland and eventually Israel. My mother and I sent them help when they first came to Israel. We sent her clothes, a white coat and new blouses. She said, now I am a lady again. She asked us for money that we did not have at that time. Basia had a cousin in Israel and we asked her why the cousin was not helping her. She got angry and did not write any more. All over the world they believed that all Americans have a lot of money. At that time we had very little money just for groceries.

Beyond the Kasowski's were our other neighbors. An old wooden house in which many poor working people lived. In the next house lived a very poor Jewish family Arele. They were not very smart people and were always poorly dressed. The Nazi thugs murdered their whole family of six. The youngest was only four years old. The next neighbor was a Jewish blacksmith and his wife. They had a live-in working man. When the old blacksmith went to the bathroom, the worker murdered his boss. The wife sold the blacksmith shop to the workman who murdered her husband. There was a trial but he was not convicted.

After the Arele house was a mountain. On the top of the mountain lived the Levine family, a mother, a father, one son and five daughters. One was married and had a very good looking six year old son who had shoulder length brown curly hair like Shirley Temple. She survived the Ghetto and the Stuthoff concentration camp. Her husband and child were murdered during the war. In the apartment where she lived for ten years, a Polish family, who had been working with the Nazis, moved in. She could not bear the sorrow and went crazy and died in Vilnius state hospital for the insane.

The Levins rented the house from the Lukasewich family (Polish Catholics). The Lukasewich daughter was six feet tall, wore men's clothes and always wore a cape.

She looked very different from the rest of the population. She was a piano teacher.

Her sister, Jadwiga, always came to my mother's business to complain about all the trouble she was having from her twelve children. She would call them bastards. All the children were very good people, but they knew that the mother was rich from her stone and gravel business. She would say, "Berkovina, please give me a pound of honey and a glass of beer to sooth my nerves. I cannot live with those bastards." All her children were judges and always came to the mother for money and she would get aggravated. Her husband, a very tall skinny man, was a carriage maker for the wealthy people. At that time, in the city of Wilno, there were just very few cars, and the wealthy would ride in the beautiful carved gilded carriages.

After Lukasewich came the Kozupski family (Polish Catholics). They were known for having a great garden with many flowers. She had one married daughter. When she had the first child, it was born with a split lip. She did not want to take her home, so the grandmother took the child. My mother would buy vegetables for her grocery store business.

The street ended at a beautiful orchard and forest, which belonged to a count. He had a hundred acres of woods and fields with all kinds of greenery and a hundred cows.

My house was picture book perfect, with a long drive to the hills.

There also lived Filipowa, a Polish Catholic widow who had two daughters. One was very good looking and married a Polish officer and had one son, Tadeusz. During the war, she did not behave like a Polish officer's wife. She kept bed with a Gestapo man. The other daughter, Mania, had one son. When the son died, she became very bitter and mean. After ten years without children, she had three daughters. Everyone wondered where these children came from and thought that she had stolen them. Her husband Jan drank a lot, but was a very fine furniture maker. In 1942 my aunt Fejgele lived in Paris and she wrote a letter to Mania Proksza to ask where is her sister Mina Liberman. I still have the letter with the Nazi stamp. At that time my aunt was still free but not in Lithuania my family was chased out from our house into the ghetto.

Directly under the mountain, a retired policeman was in the process of building his house. They rented one of my mother's houses for over a year, until their house was ready. When I was 12 years old, my mother sent me to ask for the rent money they would pay at the end of each month. I came to their house and their dog was barking and the lady of the house asked me why don't I come in. I told her I am afraid of the dog. She said, "don't be afraid of my dog, it does not suck Jewish blood." I said, "so let it suck Polish blood." She came running to my mother to complain of my fresh mouth. My mother said you should not have said that. The same lady was happy when the Nazis invaded Wilno. As anti-Semites, they loved when the Nazis first took over. They quickly changed their mind when the Nazis took their only child, a beautiful daughter to be a prostitute for the military. The daughter never came back to live in the neighborhood.

Our next neighbor was the Delatycki family. One day, right before Passover, we had the cleaning lady in. We came into our house and found a trail of blood over the clean floor. Our dog had eaten half the Delatycki's turkey and brought the rest into the house to hide under the bed. (My mother paid Mr. Delatycki for the turkey.)

Mr. Delatycki was a young college man and became a bank president who married a peasant girl. Yentil had land and was from a wealthy family. But she was not compatible to him and was a plain Jane. The Delatycki's son Berke was murdered in one of the Nazi raids. When his sister, Rachel, went to the jail to try to get him out, she was dumped into the same jail herself, the Lukiszki Prison. In 1936, his mother came from the US to visit him. A man offering to help her with the luggage robbed her at the airport. He stole her luggage, all her clothes and goods she had brought with her. That evening she was making noodles when a thief broke into the house and said be quiet if not I split your head and he robbed the store which was next to the kitchen. She came from USA to be killed from the Nazi murderers. .

Rachel had a very caring sister Sara, who had saved her many times from the German thugs. My younger son and I visited them in Israel. If I met Rachel on the street, I would not have recognized her. The tall, slim gifted musician and Mandolin player, the girl that often visited my home, was now 20 years later, an old fat elderly, lifeless woman. She married a very fine man, had a nice house but lost her son to the Arab war when they wanted to throw the Israelis into the sea.

The younger sister Sara was quick-witted, a very good person and was my brother's age. She has three children, lost her husband and married an American man which came to live in Israel. Sara's daughter came to USA to finish school, got a PHD, married an American after she divorced her husband and lives in Chicago. Both sisters survived the German concentration camps and now live in the State of Israel. Sara and her husband visited us ten years ago. When Sara was in the Stutthof concentration camp, she would fetch warm soup for the rest, although that meant getting hit with the stick for approaching the line. My girl friend Ida would say, "I don't want the soup." And Sarah would say, "I will get it for you, don't do it, you will get hit from the German Nazis too many times."

Sara has three children. Rachael has 2 children, a son and a daughter. The son had to have his spleen removed and was not accepted into the Israeli army. He went to court to get an exception made. He was finally accepted into the army and was wounded and did not survive because of the lack of his spleen. He died serving his country. Now after all the turmoil of her life, Rachael has all the turmoil of her beloved country of Israel.

Next to the Delatyckis lived the Rachmiel family, a father, mother, four sons and one daughter, Mora, survived in horrible circumstances. She gave birth to a daughter on Christmas night in a trench. She put the child under the door of a Polish couple who was childless. They were good Christian people of whom there were very few. The lady took the baby and called her Maria. When Mora was freed from the Nazis, she did not want the child back. Upon the insistence of my father and with the help of the police, the Polish family finally gave back the child. She had blond hair, like the mother and father and was very beautiful. I did not understand the mother. Once she had the child back, she did not take care of her. She finally died at ten months. Mora, the only one to survive from a big family of good people. She

married a neighbor had three sons and was a good mother to them. She and her husband lived in Israel could not make a living and in the Hitler war they helped a Dr to find a place where to hide by good Christian people and when times were hard for Mora and her husband a Dr brought them to Canada. They went into business had three sons all three are very gifted and highly educated. Mora and her husband died two years but left a very nice family. They survived thanks to good Polish people.

The next house over lived my uncle, Michael Liberman. They originally came from Sudervia. Sudervia was about eighteen kilometers from Wilno. They had twelve children, three daughters and nine sons. They bought the house and opened a grocery store. The wife and the children worked in the store. He prayed and did ritual solder according to the Jewish law and of course went to synagogue three times a day. He was fanatically religious and wore the long black coat. This family was the only family who did not associate with anybody else in the neighborhood. One son, Mejer Liberman also became a Rabbi. If he came over for a visit to our house, he would just dare drink of tea from a glass. They did not have bicycles, skates or sleds. The boss in the house was the mother. My uncle, Michael, a very religious Jew, would often complain that my father wore a short jacket like the gentiles. He and my father would buy grapes for wine for the Passover holiday. The Nazi murderer took care of my genteel ankle. My cousin Myer was in the Ghetto and my mother met him coming from work and he was always very tall and smiling his head was high. My mother always liked his smiling face. And she said Mayeril what happened he said aunt you don't want to know. My mother said Myer tell me. He said aunt I buried the Wilner Jews. The Nazi murderer took the big healthy Jews to work in Ponary killing place and when he finished putting soil off the killed people the Nazi said you gadem Jew what will you say when you came to Ghetto I will say I worked. This was the last time they let the people go after that time they killed the worker which buried the killed Jews.

He was a very quiet man as was his son, Rabbi Mejer, a Cantor and sang with the prestigious Kusowicki choir. When the Communists took over, they took Mr. Kusowicki's brothers to the Moscow opera to sing for them. After Stalin died, the Communist restrictions were lifted enough to enable him to immigrate to the United States. They sang and lived in freedom until their death.

Professor Wojciehowski, a Polish Catholic man (not sure of correct spelling), lived in Wilno, had a summer house in Sudervia, eighteen kilometers away, and would come to discuss the Bible with my uncle. He would drive down our street in a carriage, wife always by his side. She had a veil on her face to protect against the dust. At that time the roads were completely dirt. Even though our street had cobblestones in the middle, they had dirt for the sidewalks.

On the other side of the street, lived the Zabłudowski family. Malka was a friend of my Grandmother, Esther. Her husband was a Torah writer. "Feldsher" (assistant physician) was a highly educated man and very smart. He was about seventy years old. As young ones, we loved to walk and talk with him. His wife would send the daughters eggs and other homemade goodies. Malka was a great cook and could make beer, wine, and all kinds of preserves. She was not a neat person and the house was always a mess. The daughters were educated. Mejta was a nurse and

was married to a high school teacher. Meita married Mr. Boruch Lubocki, a math teacher. Meita had two sons and a daughter. Boruch, Meita and their gifted children, Imke and Danke were accepted to the Wilno University. We should not forget that Jews had a quota. Only a small percentage of just the brightest was accepted. Szulamit, another child, could do algebra when she was eight years old. The young men were seventeen and eighteen and attended the Philosophy Faculty University of Wilno. Boruch, Meita and their gifted daughter were murdered in Ponary, murdered by the German-Lithuanian-Ukrainian collaborators that were in control of the prison. The two sons, Imke and Danke, were murdered fighting for the Jewish people.

Sima Zabłudowski was a teacher and married a teacher Leikin, a Rabbi's son. Mr. Leikin was in the Szejnburg concentration camp and was murdered by the German Nazis. All the graves are now covered with crosses. Sima Leikin survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, remarried a survivor, Mr. Dwang. My daughter and her family visited her 12 years ago, in Montreal, Canada. The older son Abraham was an artist and was also murdered.

The younger son Rechavim Zabłudowski Amir left Poland probably in 1938. He was named after King Solomon's son. I met him in the USA in Boston 15 year ago. He wanted to meet me in 1953, but I could not meet him because I was pregnant with my younger son Joshua, now called Ike. Rechavim Amir now lives in Israel. And so the German thugs took care of the Zabłudowskis and the gifted Lubocki brothers and all their families were murdered.

Next to the Zabłudowskis lived the Milikowski family. Mr. Milikowski was a bookkeeper in the Pupko Company. They had a library of 2000 books. Mr. Hirshl Milikowski, his wife Freda, their daughter Ida and two sons were also murdered in Ponari near Wilno by the educated cultural Nazis with their collaborators..

Next to the Milikowski's lived the Krapciwnik family of nine people. One daughter Malke, was my aunt's friend. She lived with her husband and two sons on Troki Street and had a fruit store. She was in the Wilno ghetto and when the Nazis took her to Ponari to be murdered, she jumped from the truck and came back to the ghetto a few weeks later. The whole family was eventually murdered.

After the Krapciwnik's lived the Gurvich family, a father, mother and their beautiful daughter. They were murdered in Ponari where the German murdered 100,000 Jewish people. The two sons, Kopke and Meske, survived the concentration camps. After they were liberated and suffering from extreme tuberculosis (TB), they were sent to the Swiss country to recover. They immigrated to Israel in 1972. My younger son and I visited them. One was a school principal and the other was an artist and painter. Both married and died very young and left two widows and 3 children. Meske took us around Tel Aviv. Kopke was my brother's best friend. They went to the same Hebrew school. After school, he would often come to our house to eat. They were poor. The father worked in a factory but there often was very little work.

Next to them, lived the Goleszeika Family. Very strange looking red-haired man. He was very tall and constantly spit on the floor. My mother was worried about me catching TB from them. I was never allowed to walk barefoot. The two sons

survived the war. But as they were coming home from hiding, the Polish legionaries murdered them..

In my house, anybody could come to eat and sleep for free. At my grandmother's house and my mother's house, there was always a collection of relatives and poor people. One time I came home and my mother and aunt were arguing with my grandmother. My grandmother allowed a young lady with Trachoma, a contagious disease of the eye that could cause blindness, stay in her home. She had her own food, but just needed a place to sleep. My mother and aunt were afraid that we would get infected. The medication was free and she just needed lodging. She stayed a month, got cured and nobody else was infected.

After the Russian revolution my grandmother, Esther the beautiful, let a whole family of Russian Jews (a father, mother and three sons) who ran away from the Communist government stay in her house. He was called Hirsze der Petersbugerf. Hirsze was a broad shouldered man with big whiskers, a red face and blond gray hair. To make money, he would buy and sell big sturgeon or salmon, put it on his head and sell it to Sztrals Café on the main street. He was a sight to see balancing his big fish on his head. They were once wealthy business people who lived in Moscow and now had to be on charity. The wife got sick and died in an insane hospital. You had to be a first class businessman to live in Moscow. All three sons eventually married. The father of the family started drinking. In winter, he would sleep in the house. In summer, he would sleep in the barn. He was often so drunk that he would wet his pants. He would also drink 10 glasses of tea at a time and sing Tra Tara Ta and wipe his brow with a towel. The older son would come every two weeks to visit my grandmother. He had a store with military cloths. German thugs murdered the whole family.

Next neighbor and our friends were the Zupraner family. Kivel Joseph Zupraner was very handsome and distinctive looking, six feet one or two inches tall with very expressive blue eyes and grayish hair. Kiel's wife, Sonia, was a very good housekeeper and an excellent cook from a prominent family. They had a son Iske, an Agronomy engineer, who finished the University of Wilno. The mother was hoping he would marry a rich bride. He was even taller and more handsome than the father and did not look like a Jew. He fell in love with a poor student from the University, a very good-looking blond Jewish girl from Lida, 150 miles from Wilno, and moved there. The mother was very disappointed. The younger daughter was Rachel. She was blond and very fair, good natured and a little cross-eyed. She was the same age as my brother. She died 2 days before being freed from the Stuthoff concentration camp. She was 21 years old.

The older daughter was Dorka, my girl friend. She was very interested in clothes. No matter how many clothes her mother made for her, it was never enough. She had long black hair, a figure like a model, and went to Ox high school. She was separated from her boyfriend. They were both murdered in Stuthoff.

Sometimes my mother would tell me I needed new clothes. I hated to go to the dressmaker. The dressmaker would say to me, "I cannot fit anything on a board! What's the matter, your mother is such a nice lady, doesn't she give you food to eat. Let the dress gather a lot and hide your bones and I will make a big bow in front of your bony neck."

The Nazi raiders came to the house and said asked to see Iske. His wife was told said that the German authority wants to see your passport. They took him away and murdered him the next day. The daughter-in-law, a Polish teacher, could not fathom that the cultured Germans murderers would kill such a proper, good-looking young gentleman. He could have lived on the Polish side because his blond looks could easily hide a Jewish identify. His father, Kivel Yosel, went to the police station to plead for his son. He did not return either. The tall strong men were identified as Jews to the German catchers by the Lithuanian and Ukrainian Police. 15,000 went to their death in the first few months in just this manner.

My friend Dorka was taken to the Ghetto and later to a smaller concentration camp with my parents. They had to dig peat moss from the bogs in their bear feet. In the Rzesza concentration camp she fell in love with a doctor. (I knew his name but now cannot remember.) They were both separated and murdered after the German thugs worked them to death.

?WhoseHer beautiful daughter went into the ghetto. Her mother-in-law did not let her stay with her in the ghetto. Sonia ?went to Ponary and the daughter-in-law went to work for the German Nazis in Porubanek, an airfield. Among the Nazi beasts were very few good people. A German Vermacht soldier brought her food. One day he came and told her not to go to the ghetto tonight. They were planning to kill her. He told her to hide under the boards. But don't tell anyone what I said. If you do, I will be murdered also. She hid under the lumber when they came for her. The next day she went with the other slaves to the ghetto. Since she was blond and beautiful, she tore off the yellow star that all Jews had to wear under Nazi slavery. She ran to hide out with to a Polish Professor from Wilno University. He was involved in the Polish underground and she stayed with him during the war. Occasionally, she even dared go outside. One time a student that she new recognized her. The student said, " Are you not a Jew?" And she answered boldly, "Do I look Jewish? Here is my passport. I am related to such and such priest," a priest that was known for being a big anti-Semite. The student believed her and she went back into hiding. The rest of the time she did not go outside until the Nazis capitulated.

??before or after the war She was one of our neighbors and lived on Wilenska Street. She would come to our house to eat. The Communist government arrested her lover and sent him to Siberia. The next time I saw her she had gotten fatter and I asked if she was pregnant. She didn't respond and soon had a daughter. She was teaching school and on her wall were pictures of Jesus. I asked her why these pictures were on your wall. She said my students don't know that I am Jewish. She told me that her students were constantly telling her that too many Jews were saved from the Nazis. From the 100,000 Jews at that time was probably 25 or 30 left. I was told she had 2 more children from the same man when they let him out. The Zupraners had a very lovely house. My mother helped to sell the house to a wealthy Polish man. She got 100,000 rubles for the Zupraner family. The money did not ?last long. She sold the in-law's house because the Nazis had murdered the whole family. When we were 14 or 15, Dorka and I would pick cherries from their cherry trees. Later we took out the pits with a pin and Sonia Zupraner and the maid would make the most delicious preserves for the winter. They were cooked a long

time, 2 pounds of cherries and 2 pounds of sugar. At the Zupraner house all the pots were copper and the house had very beautiful grounds.

Next to the Zupraners was the mountain. Behind a long driveway there lived Achichefski. Achichefski would sell vegetables and my mother would buy her flowers. Mrs. Archisewski had a daughter and a son. He was in the last semester of medical school and came home and told her he was in love and the girl is a Lithuanian young lady. Over my dead body will you marry a 'clump.' The Polish did not like Lithuanian people, 'clump' meant they walked in wooden shoes. He took the gun and shot himself. Next morning, Mrs. Archiszewski worked in her flower garden, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I was probably ten years old but I never forgot the tragedy.

After Archiszewski, lived the Miranski family, mother, father, two sons and five daughters. Mr. Miranski was a very gentle man and a custodian of the synagogue. He was very pious and would go to pray and performed some religious ceremonies. The synagogue cleaning woman was Polish. The synagogue was near a small pond. When Mr. Miranski came to the synagogue one particular morning, he found a cross on the bench. He took a stick to lift the cross and threw it in the pond. As a very religious Jew, he was afraid to touch it. Next day, the cleaning lady came to clean the synagogue and could not find her cross. She went to the police and told them the Jews stole her cross. Mr. Miranski was taken to the police station, interrogated and ruffed up. "You god-damn Jew, what did you do with the cross?" they asked. I dared not touch it, he said, so I took a stick and threw it into the pond. You know it is against our religion. Mr. Miranski was thrown in the Lukiszki jail as if he were a dangerous criminal. His only interest in life was praying and making a living by working. He was in jail for probably a year or so. The biggest Jewish attorneys worked on his release and finally had him freed. The case was written up all over the world, even in America. As a pious man could not eat the food in jail because he was strictly kosher. Mr. Miranski's wife also suffered as did the whole family.

. The son Percec was a writer and belonged to the young Jewish writers club. He also belonged to the Bunt, an organization different that the majority of young people belonged to the Zionist organization. Shomer, Hatzair and Beitar were the other sons. The Miranski daughters were very good looking. Rasza was tall and had a beautiful figure and hair. She looked like Ava Gardner. She did not need make up on the skin and was of perfect height.

On our street lived middle class families. Rasza's grandfather was a very nice man but was a cobbler. The Zupraner's son fell in love with Rasza. Mrs. Zupraner sent away the son to France to separate him from the cobbler's grand daughter. She was heart broken. She finally found another young man, married and had a beautiful daughter Esia and lived very well. Percec married and had a very nice wife who was pregnant. ?Base was married had a boy eight years old and ?row beautiful picketers had a nice husband. Not married were Masza and Ita. Mr. Miranski forgot about the jail and the Polish court.

The next episode is not describable and not believable. In 1939 the German Nazi bastards invaded Poland. My beautiful Wilna was bombed and burned by the

Germans Nazi Luftwaffe. The planes bombed and burned the city without mercy. They needed more space for their uber mentszen. That meant the higher class educated thug hoodlums. So much bombing and burning was not enough. Next the Nazi thugs divided the spoils of war with the Communist Molotov Stalinist Regime. During this time a Mr. Dave Miranski lived on our street. He was big and strong, had big shoulders and looked like a boxer. He was always happy. He had a very nice wife Rachel. They had a tavern and lodging. They did not have children so they always played with my girl friend Ida's little sister. His wife got pneumonia and suddenly died. He was called David without children. One year after his wife's death he married an elderly lady. It was a surprise to all the people that his wife had a little girl. His dream was fulfilled but not for long. He was taken to the ghetto, next to a small concentration camp. All three, mother, father and their daughter were slaughtered in Ponary.

Next house was Boruch Zupraner, the Brother of Kive-Josel. The family was very wealthy. They had a big store with a lot of customers and a very large yard. They could afford to send their very good-looking sons to France to study. One was an engineer and the other studied at the Sorbonne. They sent away their son because they did not like that he fell in love with a girl whose grandfather was a cobbler. They married and were all murdered with their families in France. I heard that one daughter survived. I don't know if this is true.

The next house was Benjamin Zupraner a man that looked like a movie star. He was tall and had perfect features. He was my girl friend's father. Mrs. Zupraner was not tall and not good looking, but a very nice person, always with book in the hand. He married her because he received a big dowry. She was from Lodz, a big Polish city. She would only converse with my mother. The other people were not educated or sophisticated enough for her. Their son Bumke belonged to Beitar, an organization which held the belief that the Jewish people had to fight to get Israeli's land back from the its invaders. Szomer Hatzair was an organization that believed just through work and immigration we will get our ancestral land back. Bumke went to Israel. He married and had a family. I was told he died a few years ago.

My redheaded friend Basia was a very nice person who also belonged to the Beitar. She fell in love with a student from my school. He immigrated to Israel and would have waited for her to come. But the German murderers had a different plan for her. Basia, her father and mother were thrown out of their comfortable, highly orderly peaceful house. The Jews were marched through the middle the street with guns and the Polish people cheered and threw insults. Basia and her father worked for the Nazi on Porubanek, building and logging lumber. After one year, in hunger and disappointment and sorrow they came back to the ghetto. The Gestapo surrounded the houses and knocked on the doors. All men had to report to the gate in ten minutes. The house was surrounded with German Ukraine Lithuanian Nazi collaborators. They screamed, knocked with the guns right and left. Basia, in a minute's time cut her red hair, put on a pair of pants, and went to the gate with her father as a man. This transport was for men only. They rode in the train for a week, slept on the boards, and had little food. When they came to the concentration camp they were told to undress. Their clothes and shoes and whatever little possessions they had, were taken away. When they saw she that was

a girl, they separated her from her father whom she went to protect. She survived the Sztuthoff concentration camp with a few of my friends from our Wilkomierska Ulica Street. (I should say Ukmerges. When the communist gave Wilno to Lithuania, they changed the name of the street.) Basia's father and mother were murdered by the higher class people. They called themselves UBER MENCH. (We the people of the Bible were Under Mench.) After Basia was freed, she immigrated to Israel. She had a brother and a boy friend prior to the war. When she came to Israel, the brother was there but the boy friend had married some else. He divorced the first wife, from which there was a daughter and married my friend Basia. Her husband Abraham was a dentist. She had two children, a daughter who married a doctor and the son who was a dentist. But the Nazi thugs took away Basia's strength. She died very young. My younger son Ike and I visited her in 1971 and she died shortly after that.

Past the Benjamin Zupraner family, lived a Polish family. He was a lower class hoodlum. In 1919, the first Polish troops came to Wilno after defeating the Lithuanians. A Polish legionnaire wanted to hit my father. He said to the legionnaire "Chatka moja Matka," this house is my mother's and you cannot touch the Rabbi's son. But little the German murderers murdered our people of the bible. The Biletzki family lived in the next house. They had five daughters. I will start from the youngest, Rosa Beta, who was already married. She was dark skinned and good looking and had a beautiful baby boy. When the German murderers started stripping and shooting the people in our street, everybody ran to the mountains. Beta came to my house from the hills with the lovely year old boy in a white coat. They were so scared from the bombs and mentally fared. The date was 21 June 1941. The UBER MENCH, the higher-class people took care of Jewish people. They murdered Beta with her husband and her one year beautiful exsodic son. Mr Bilicki who's own occupation was a mill owner and wealthy man. Two of his brick homes grand- piano which we all liked to play. The new house was two stories. They rented it as a store and a tavern.

In the tavern worked a -----girl called different callers. She had a painted face on her face and our dog which was a very tame did not like her colors and bit her. We had the dog for ten years. He once killed a turkey but never touched anybody human. My mother had to paid her some moony for the injuries to the leg.

The sisters who survived, Riva and Luba, were hidden by decent Polish people. The youngest Rocha came to USA In the the Rabbi's son, the mother didn't remember why she didn't approve of Sima. So whenever Sima would go into the city she could not go to the Leiking's house. She would follow Joseph but Leika. ? She was a teacher and very good looking, elegant. She was from a good family. Years ago the mothers had great influence on just who you should marry. Very seldom did child disobedience. The wedding was in Mr. and Mrs. Zabłudowski's house. Mrs. Zabłudowski was the business lady. She was a great business woman, a dealer of all kinds of iron grease for wagon wheels and feathers. The house was always messy, a source of great embarrassment and something that her future mother-in-law, Mrs. Leikin's, would not like. When Sima married her mother Malka was a beautiful, talented lady but a great housekeeper. My grandmother Esther was asked to bring our maid for a day. My good-natured grandmother said yes, of course. Michalowa,

our maid, and her daughter both came to work on the house. Malka, "I don't know how to clean a house like this." It took the women two days for the house to be cleaned,. We had to paid double plus convince them that the job could get done. When I returned for a visit after recently being married to my first husband, who was murdered by the Germans. My mother said that I had to pay a social visit to our good friends the Zabłudowskis'. I forewarned my husband about the state of her housekeeping. No matter what you see you must taste what Malka gives you. I will say that I am pregnant and cannot eat anything because of nauseous. My husband drinks the beer which Malka offered him. Later he said he could write a book about the house. Mr. Zabłudowski thought the problem was that the house was so old. Mr. Zabłudowski had a brother in America who he ask for help to finance a new house. The brother sent him money. They build a new house. The uncleanness and clatter was just the same. One right was a barrel of black grease. A little father was the same jounce iron grease for the wheels, on the left was a barrel of feathers. The table was full of stuff wine, beer, all kinds of preserves, all kind of bread, and Chula cookies . When Sima married her husband he drank and eats horseradis?. It was an immaculately clean house. Joseph Lakin could not eat in a house like this. After a while he got used to the disorganization and eats on all the holidays?. Little did he know that worse thing came his way. The German Nazi thugs put him in Wilno ghetto. From there he was sent too many concentration camps before he was murdered in Szeinburg. I read in the Jewish Forward that a cross is resting on his grave, put there by mistake.

The next neighbors were the Mr. and Mrs. Jochelsons very fine and rich people who had two children. She got sick and died. After ten years had two more ? Mr. Jochelson lends money to people for interest and had a store. The Nazi German took care of them also. They were murdered in Ponary, Wilno with their beautiful curly-haired children six and eight.

After the Jochelsons was a narrow railroad and the military had weapons depot. Behind this was a house with same friendly Polish people I and their daughter were friends. I cannot remember their name at this time.

To the right was a grand pound with all kinds' vegetation. In Wilno we called it air long steps of grass (a certain species). On the Jewish holiday of Shavuot we would collect the grass and flowers, and scatter it on the floor and around the house.

After the beautiful grand pond was a Lithuanian men who opened a bathhouse. Before that one existed my grandmother and I had to walk a mile and a half to get to the bath. People did 't cook on Saturday. There was an old lady Jacha were everybody would bring food. Friday, before sundown, we would pay her half a dollar and pick up dinner for Saturday, twelve or one o'clock. This was a different time then now even to pick up the pot or to have handkerchiefs you have to have an especial wire blessed by the rabbi. Saturday according the Jewish law we cud not light the Owens and put on the elect light , so we would bring the cholant to Jaches Saturday every body brought the food and we would pick up at twelve o'clock paid twenty or thirty groszy or cents . We would take tee over to Jaches . When we had guest we would cook in the big oven in the house .We lighted the oven Friday night and taken at Saturday morning . The fire was put on by Catholic women Michalowa which helped as for many years. The next neighbor was the

Pupko ware house my mother bought same grocery. It was a big two store complex of houses On the second store was my aunt Fejgele Liberman Sahra Itchkowith and Brajna Kessels kinder garden and four grade school, The street was probably two kilometers and it finishes with a church across was a little hill and it called the hill of Jesus. And Polish people walked on their knees to forgive them for their sins. And they have plenty of them. On the other side cross from my house next to the Kraiwniks lived David Kagan his wife, son and daughter Papa. The Kagans rented a house from Russian people .which run away from the Communist government . Mr. Kagan was called the Bolszewik while he came to Wilno with the communist forces he stayed behind in Wilno he was induction in the red army and soon he got the chance he left . Opened an iron store got married to Lea had two children He was tall and very impressive and a very good men. After he lived in the Russian people's house they ask him too move. So he builds a house across from our house and moved out from Zenia's house. The house which he build was very modern just like the houses now in USA , In the house was a bath, running water .Papa wore very modern cloth, fell in love with a young men which the partence did not approve. She had so many wonderful men who wanted her , she had picked a pure choice . Married had two wonderful daughters. Paja the mother and the children were murdered by the Nazi murderer. When the Nazi thugs came to Lithuania , our neighbor which always sad he is Polish, now suddenly became Lithuanian., went to visit same relatives, and came and said to my mother Pani Berkowa they kill Jews in the Streets in Kowno and in all Lituavenia. Even it was not allowed to go outside, my mother went cross the road to the Kagans and told him. He got angry and called my mother panic maker. After Zenias house lived the chimney sweepers family . I do not remember he hit an old lady and a daughter Fejge and a son lived in the house it was a large yard few houses she also had a little store her son went to Uruguay got married and also did the daughter , but married a bad men which he would hit her and finally they got divorced. The old chimney sweeper wife daughter and their relatives got all murdered in Ponari Wilno. The old Chimney sweeper wife had tenants . One family were Jewish the men was a truck driver he had five children the wife was a very beautiful bland cute lady , she would come to my mothers store for grocery. Would by very little when she got sick . and my mother was always ready to help, when she came to the house she could not believe what she saw. In the house was no furniture and from few boards was made a bank like bed for the five children. When Dr Jashpan came to the sick lady he sad to mother why are you her ,you want to get this also. In 1940 the border between Lituavenia and Wilno was removed. And a mother Father and a bunch off relatives came to visit the sick lady they were all very well dressed and was able to help then get in a better living condition. The small bland lady run away from the house because the mother and father were against married a truck driver. But this was not for long the German Nazi Underwood thugs murdered them all. After the chimney sweeper live Abeam the Botz . They had seven children. The Abraham the boltz was a very good looking men and he was indicted in kings unit were just men which we a special high and a special look were taken. The daughters were wiry good students on was a nurse and she was called to a sick men house he was the famous writer Urge Nachalnik he courted her and married her .The family OD the Boltz

were pure one she Mr. Boltz was from a wealthy family . When she married she was given a very expensive fur coat .When she had her first child she covered with the expensive coat. She and the miter Boltz did not agree on many things .After every ear in the military he would come home for week or two and after a year he would come and she would introduce to another child . This is Kusik ,this is Media , this is Ruben this is Esthe this is Chaff and this is Bejla he got in his had that Bejlia is not his. The whole street was lufin from him that was the daughter which looked just like him . She was tall with wonderful had of blond hair verod post perfect features, and the whole life they had argued that she is not his. Th younger son would always run to the drugstore to by aspirin for her haddocks. When the nurse Etta married the writer she took the sister Bejla to Otwocek that was a beautiful city near the ocean . Now there were less tension in the house and the writer could help them financial l themly was murderer took care of them , they had murdered the mother father and five of the ten and their grandchildren. Two daughters surveyed the Stuthoff concentration camp . Esther had married with crazy men who talked to her the same way as their father , about infidelity which was all in his had .She divorced him and later he killed himself . She left three children who live in California her older sister also survived had on son and had a very god marriage. The writer the wife the nurse and her sitter and her chlordan the German thugs Tue care of them they were all killed .Winerman build a beautiful wooden house had a store and played the Violin had a wife son and if I remember correctly two daughters. Mr. Weinerman's wife was a sister to Mr. Jentl Delatycki they also had land in the country for a dairy. When Malka Weinerman was young a dog bit her , many years later she got well ask Mrs. Weinerman mourned a year I do not remember if he remarried I think he did. The UBER MENCH NAZI MURDERER MURDERED THE FIDLER AND HIMS WHALE FAMILY The next door neighbors were the Gliks . A Father a mother a son and daughter. They dealt with rags made a meager living, were very good looking people had blue green eyes very beautiful features the son Hirszke Glik worked in pupkos daughter stingy millionaires and in spare time wrote poetry he was with the writers group Yong Wilno. Don't say go the last time , and we be back. The mother Fatherland daughter were murdered in Ponary .Hirsz was taken to the concentration tried to escape and was shut to death by the Gestapo German. Murders. The next neighbors were the Libiski Family. Had a grocery store there was a mother father two daughters and two sons. The Libiskis were in the ghetto, when they saw that half the Jews were already murdered off by the Gestapo and their helpers they made a plan. To go to the woods , and build a bunker. So same decent Polish people gave them shovels and they dug out a bunker in the woods .There were the five Ita Masha Rasza and her four year daughter her husband .Hirsz Weinerman a great figure skater and sportsman. Ita Libiski her brother together there were eighteen people when you needed to go out you had to remove a tree. For windows there were made from battles from soda ..Occasionally they had to go out for food. An old white Russian told tem and told the Gestapo . They were surrendered and pulled out beaten and Polish men said to my mother . Today we so a beautiful young lady was murdered shout through holding a four year old child. My girl friend ITA and her brother were taken to the Gestapo .The rest of the people run and they were shot to death. When they brought Ita and her brother

Hirsz to the Gestapo they started hitting the brother with their bayonets . They demented they should tell them who gave them the shoals to dig the bunker. If they wood tell them they will send them back to the Ghetto. If they wood tell hu gave them the shoals the murderer wood kill the innocent Polish people who just wanted help the unlance Jews.They could not tell them The Nazi thugs hit the brother without mercy. Ita started crying and they stated bludgeoning her also. She was a blond girl very well formed was not as skinny like I was twenty years old when they saw her taken to the Ghetto her color of the hair changed she was black and blue. The Polish person told my mother and father . At that time my parent were hidden by Polish people. That it was laying on the grass in the woods very beautiful young women embracing a four or five years old child shoot through both that were the Miranski doughter Razz and her good looking doughter. If the Libiski the Wingman the Koopers , the other people which I cannot remember their name . wood tell who gave them the shoals the Polices people the good one wood tell the Jewish people to live their barns, bunkers and other hiding places. They want to protect their families. This is understanding. The Nazi tugs wanted to take to the Gestapo the youngest Miranski doughter , but she did not wanted to go with them and started running with her boyfriend so they shout them .When the Gestapo brought It Libiski to the Gestapo she found her bay sister there. In the Gestapo worked a Jewish collaborator Naomi. He tough the German wood not kill him he had a free pass he was blond tall and waked the street to look for Jews . On day he came to the Gestapo and Itas little sister probably nine years old called out his name they Libiskis sisters the Gestapo collaborator tugh said what are you doing her , The kid tallied them that her sister are also her. He took them at from Gestapo and brought them to the Ghetto. Ita w as taken to the Stutthoff Concentration camp after painful years and freezing up her toes was freed . The little girl Beagle was murdered her crime was just being born Jewish. The Winermans had four daughters and a son. The beautiful daughters Cilia Roacha Debie all were murdered . Monia Winerman survived the war , and died last year We wrote to each other and talked over the phone he left two doughter they live in Florida I wish I wood had their addresses In between lived a anther faille he was a track driver had a wife she was Mrs. Libiski sitter .The Educated German murdered them also

Next to the Winermans lived the Winners. They had two sons and one beautiful daughter, Golda. They moved to our street, lately, only after their business went bankrupt. Ruben, very good looking and gifted blond was a university student and had to give up his studies under the circumstances. When the Lithuanians took over Wilnus in a few weeks he could speak Lithuanian. When the Natzi thugs made the ghetto of our entire street was taken to another ? Ghetto and later to a small concentration camp. There were three hundred thousand Jewish people that worked digging Peat moss. This was very hard work. Some people had no shoos same were barefoot . The pit moss were very wet since the . Ruben Winermanwho spoke Lituvonian would answer the telephone. My mother meat Ruben and he was white and wiry une ask Ruben what happen . And he talled her I just received the news that the three pit moss camps were all my beautiful Three lived the Levins and the Bencianowskis . The Levins had very large green houses and the first cucumbers eggplant lets strawberries and they were a large wiry well established family. The

levins all was murdered .The Bencianowskis Mother Father daughter were murdered one son a very good looking fifteen old survived the concentration camps. And the older one was saved working by a peasant doing field work he survived by chance . When the peasants were going to bade themselves once a week he was sircomsized and wore pens while bading . And he said he was asemed to undress. That was luck he visited us fifty ears ago on the farm were we live ,And we lost contact the older on was probably now seventy five the younger one probably is sixty five. I wood like to know watt happen to them. Next house was the Dunki family she was a widow had tree daughter and tree sons. The . And pretended to be wealthy and had very little would put up very fency diseases but there was not much there.. They would put up big front pretended to play rich. The Oldest was married had a very good looking wife and my girl friends father was playing cards with them . And after w while the wife had a doughtier which looked like my girl friends doughtier with little crossed eyes. The were shady business peole by our cousin in Majszegola which lived happened a tragedy. He was thirteen old on Saturday, and was playing outside with the boy, and a Polisz boy came out with a riffle and said I have to kill a Jew and suttee him death. My cousin was very sick when he lost his son and got very depressed and could not do business so he gave the Dunks son five toast zlotys to by wood and he never repaid him the money. The next son Moon and his younger brother went to the store and bought suits and said they are the sons of Kive-Josel Zupraner . I was siting in my girl friends house and two Policemen came inn and sad your son brought two suits and did not pay for them. And my girl friends father ride away asked why he looks and them sad much thinned two dark young men. And Kive-Josel said this is my son. He was blond and tall. And he knew hu done the crime. One doughtier was married to a dog store owner had two sons .She was so extrawangard in a cal years she brought the bossiness to bunkrocy . The druggist was a very anent men and killed himselph. The next daughter Chava married had a very bad husband. When they were in the ghetto he did not support the children . Chive was freed from Stuthoff lost her two sons . Remarried other men after the war. Her husband also survived , she cod not forget that when the children did not have bread he did not help him own children he was good looking he surveyed also and remarried .I visited Chaw in New York she married a fine men but she lost two sod Eight and ten. After the was Mulia was saved by nice Polices Catholic people and he would came to my Mothers house to eat and wood swear that he will see his wife. We tough he was mad . When he left Winless and came to Poland hems wife was saved from the concentration keeps . They lived in New York left for Israel but in Polish is a word the Wolfe drawn to the wild he went in not nice bossiness. He and his wife died . The rest of the Dunks family with the brothers and sisters children and their families were mordent by the gnats German and their collaborators. The next house Ukmerges 112 was my aunts Fejgele Liberman Jankelewich Solomon had a wonderful setting a long house in front an orchid and a new house the neighbors were not too nice. When my uncle wasn't to make a fence, not did the Dunski family haploid pay for the fens ,they demented money from my uncle. My aunt lived in city the middle of the city on Makowa Utica or St. The St was the richer people lived. She had two sons Joshua seven and Ruben four when the Communist occupied Wilson they send my uncle to

Siberia. She let the custodian son in to live in her apartment so he could answer that he is Polish. She knew that Thursday and Friday the peasant go through our St and you could buy food from the wagons milk vegetables fish anything you may need for the house. She came to our St and a Police woman told the German that she is Jewish he slapped her across the face and told her to run to her house my aunt could speak German. Across from my Aunt Feigeles house lived a Police captain he brought a house from an expensive builder, did not have children and always talked to my aunt about her beautiful two sons. And the whole population knew that the German already slaughtered fifteen thousand Jews in Ponari. He asked her if she wanted to give him the children, and told her. If you survive will give you back the children, but will not give them to anybody else. She gave him all the valuables what she had. The German Gnat brought her in the second Wilson Ghetto, then to the Lukiszki Jail kept those three days without food or water. The screams from the children were undesirable the thuggish would shout in the air to quiet the children. For a cup of water Jews paid in gold and dominated, after three days they killed her with the whole population of the second ghetto in Ponary we would go for picnics. You can have adduction and not common sense. A friend of my father which was not educated soon the murder came to Wilno converted her children to Catholicism and gave her children away. they survived the war and saved their children immigrated to USA had another child her one daughter is a lawyer and the married and live in peace. Mr. Mrs. G had a business in New York later moved to Florida Mr. G went swimming and a drown in Miami the wife died recently. My aunt's home and the house on Makowa St in Wilness people are living there and on the front building with a Penn is written my cousin's name which he wrote when he was five years old were still three in 1945. But the beautiful intelligent killed lay in Panfry killed with his mother and brother one was 4 the other 7 and my aunt which was 36 were killed with thousands of others not guilty of any crime. The Rabbi's daughter was killed just why she believed in the old testament. The next building was the Synagogue. We had a small synagogue with a very nice respectful learned Rabbi and the Rabbi's wife was a daughter of a Rabbi. The German Nazi thugs killed the Rabbi's daughter her husband their child survived, one son hid by a nice Lithuanian Catholic people the wife and the Rabbi but before killing the monsters came to the Synagogue gathered ten Jews my friend was hidden in the potato perch but if the mother calls as she said a gentleman is looking for you he went out from his hiding place and looked at the ugly looking dressed in leather tugs and they gathered our Rabbi Mr. Kesse. Leaven and Winston and my friend Hirszt Winerman and M Gurwich and there were five or six I don't remember their names near there was also the Rabbi's pond were Mr. Miranski went to jail for turning the cross in the pond but today is a different day today is not breaking couple of windows were the Jews were raving today we had to carry all the toras all our religious holy bibles the thugs told us to undress they told the Rabbi to take off the skull cap and the religious shall and when he did not do or did not understand he pierced him with his sword. you dirty Jew take of the hand from your head and surrounded with the huddling thugs and the lowest of the laws Kurd and bandied lust when the Jews had to burn their Synagogue and their bibles. The Rabbi prays and speak softly please save what you can. the fire is high the Tories and the synagogue is burning. Jews sing loud one

Polices hoodlum wanted to throw Hirsh Glik in the fire but he is strong and as a second Hudson came to help to throw heiress Wingman the sportsman into the fire he almost threw them into the fire and the hoodlums threw stones at the naked Jews. They also threw diseases at the Jews the broken diseases from the Rabbi's house. The peasants in through coal and fire flee in our eyes. You gadded Jews sing and dance. Each hoodlum had a stick at the Rabbi. His buddy is pierced and burned. At is already four o'clock in the afternoon Hirsz G tacked to other maybe we can flee to the Levin garden or mace if I run they will shout me at will be better then bin burned alleviate that same time a taxi stapes and two German officers came out why do you make a spectacle like this, you can do it at night and if you want to burn Jews you can do it in the woods not in the middle of the day. The Rabbi and his burned body went to neighbors house the Th hoodlums left their pray. The neighbor was a Jewish Grodzienski a wealthy highly educated family they had two daughter one lived in Paris the anther doughtier a tall intelligent elegant Jung lady married BereLeib Kassel the gifted son of Rabbi Kessel who was an engineer/ They had a baby boy. And like all Jews were thrown out of their houses into the ghetto. When they were marched to their asked Bere lib what has done your father and he sad my father was a Rabbi and my mother was a Rabbi's daughter. The Lituvenian peasant she could save her life also she could not speak Jewish and did not look Jewish. She her child and the whole family died from the barbaric German Nazi toughs. The sister which lived in Paris also was killed in Ponary near Wilno. were I did go on the Jewish holiday on picnics. I always went near the Grodzienski house to my aunts house this way was a shortcut my aunts house was near the Wilma river they had a soda factory and I liked to look at the sad in the butlers .were filled The Szejniik family were all killed The old lady were thrown in a track and brood to Panfry and on the track were thrown dozen of people the murder Vienna did not shoot them the were thrown in the pit alive and suffocated. The was . They lived in America made same money came back to Russia or Poland and made a soda factory.

Had three daughters and two sons life was good. He educated the children you have to remember this was eighty ears ago The alder daughter Lisa married and had and woman. Liza came home with a sons and divorced the husband .The older son Itch always lived with the grandfather; He the son which the which the Polish Legionaries buried alive was named after his father This is a Jewish custom to nor the father and the mother in case of death, The doughtier went to the Jewish Real Gymnasium or High Jewish Gymnasium. Suddenly unforeseen struck the good looking doughtier was arrest and sent to Lukiszki prisons became a communist slapped a policeman and torn a Polish flag. She was a year in jail and bitten up very badly in Poland policeman could whet the arrested people. The father death she the wife pushed the husband to the sidewalk and she said I have a child you can escape, He went to the village and stepped into a good Croatian Lithuvenian person farm. The peasant paid a bribe to the police and after a year in jail he sent her away to the Soviet Republic at very big expense. She became a communist tour down a Polices flag fought with a policeman and down in the same prison. She took sambodis boat and sailed there the river and came home in half an hour the police arrested the second dough in a year .The mother got sick with a nerve disorder and capped the face with her hand, sat in the chair and lookout at the pictures of her

beautiful daughters . who are now in a strange land. She didn't know that one was dead the other will be soon I be in prisons now she is an igniter warring at Stallions gulag as a laborer for Stalin the henchmen.. The older son could not make a living in Palestine . A cousin invited him to Paris he became a furrier married had on son a pianist . And when in Russia the laws got more liberal .The brother from Farce went to visit the sister. He did not recognize her in front of him was a gray old women Not the healthy brown strong sister which spoke about Friday for all people. The younger son Miss married his sweetheart from high school had a son and left Poland for Paris lived in Paris with his wife and son till the war , When the Nazi Germany invaded France he insisted in the Foreign Legion. When the German army defeated France came back to Paris and later left for Praised .When the Gestapo wanted to arrest him he ran away and was found death in field. the wife Fannie hotel and were not registered . Fannie told her son that he is not Jewish, He could play with the children because he was blond , One day he came to whims mother and told her that the Gestapo are looking for Jews. She took the son and went to a restaurant and ordered a coffee and a young France lady ask her are you Jewish she tallied her she is not don't be afraid I am from the resistant I will give you a number when the time will be right. My Aunt Fegele took her son and went to the place and they took her inn . After waiting a week she wanted to live .The peel from the resistant tallied her from her you go where we send you .you cannot live that place . In a ten days she and her son was through the Pirinies mountain to Spain. Spain excepted them she lived three the war. Cam to USA became an American citizen . Went back to Spain and remarried a fine Jewish man by the name of Adolph Freedman . When he died she lived five more years and then came to my house lived in CT for eight years . She died December 18 - 1995.All the first husband relatives which was a very big family were sold by the Gnats German and their helpers. My street was 2 miles but where I lived was called Regatta On my St were 160 houses near by lived the family the Puppy family very rich business people they had a very large building there was a bakery a school and all the grocery stores would buy grocery from them.They very frugal when they would cut a herring , the head was for the maid ,the tail for the helper and they would eat the middle. When the Communist came to Wilson they send them to Saibirjia . The whole family survived just the wife of Mr.Pupko died in Siberia of breast cancer. They all left for Israel I visited them in 1971 My girl friend Ita that the Libiski daughter survived and lived in Wars in a boomed out building so my mother went to Warsaw and brought her to Lodes where we lived at that time she stayed with us for three month and my father arranged the marriage. The Pupakos and their daughter were sting people when the Jewish writer Hirsz Glik worked in the daughters Iron store for Hanuka the wealthy boss gave the poor warier a grater for twenty senates.. What does a you'd men OD eighteen need a grater. Need to the Pupkos was a drug store. A very fine man and his wife . they were slaughtered also and we new just a couple of people of families .On that St lived a man his name was R he was very good looking was being pigs hair and skins from animals and my mother sad to him that he will be a bad husband . I remember the discussion. He married a fine young lady, she could not have children when she served him the mill in two plates he called her bad names . She lived a very bad life . In time of the holocaust when he wanted hid and my father new that he had accumulated a great

amount of money .he ask my father for a place my father told him he will give him a
 plays if he will take the wife , my father sad after the war you could live her now you
 have to safe her . He did not want to take her he wanted to take a lover my father did
 not give him the place. He died in the concentration camp. Then three lived a family
 the wife and the husband had different lovers ,. But in time of need the husband
 saved the wife and the children and he also had a lover in the same place He died ten
 years ago and always called my mother he remarried three or four times .Then there
 lived my friend Rochele lived in 27 this was a house with many tenents.with her
 matter father and sister they were also killed the same street lived my mother friend
 Esther Ass she had a very nice candy store her husband was the director of the
 Jewish teeter they all perished. My grandmother Esther and Noah Berkowich
 Roginkin were born in Mogilev Russia . In 1900 they were merrier my
 grandmothers father had a private small bank or he would borough peel money on
 interet. He found for his beautiful doughtier Esther a nice Jewish or College young
 meg e them a dory very nice jeweler and same money they came to Wilna and
 opened a store . And my grandfather went to work at a factory as a manager and
 made a big pay for that time . My grandmother Esther the beautiful had five
 children In 1914 my grandfather died after appendicitis and left my grandmother
 Esther the youngest was five years old .She was working in store and had good
 customers, and one Mr. Drzd was very nice to her .It was in 1914 and the German
 occupied Wilno and it was hard to by food but Mr. Drozd wood sell her the
 provisions which she needed The older doughtier Ira finitudes a commercial
 school and was working in a the office of Berger and Signage was very good looking
 like the mother a neighbor young men wanted to merry her she did not wanted him
 he could not speak Russian .He was gifted in whims business and in painting She
 married him and the mother gave her money and the came to Revire near Boston.
 The son Samuel also immigrated to America the sister and brother lost contact my
 grandmother also had an aunt Fejge Roginkin in New York When the Nazi thugs
 three as at of the house we lost the addresses Mira Roginkin Solomon had two
 children . A son Nathan Solomson was inducted in the United state military fought
 the Nazi thugs was shat down from a plain was a year in Germans camps as an
 American soldier of coups they did not know that he was Jewish. Lost hundred
 pound of weight When he was freed by the Russian they gave him something to
 drink, this was spirit and he burned his throah. They captured him for thirteen
 month. When they gave him to the American forces the military sent him to England
 to recuperate. After coming to the USA the mother saved for him five thousand
 dollars . he had a good friend from the army and he sold him a small business on
 the River beach he meet a very good looking young lady married her had two
 children a daughter Jamie and a son Pitter . Now Pitter runs the business. Jamie got
 married and divorced and lives now in the Grandmothers house .Mr. Solomon lived
 to ninety Ira lived to eighty three they are both berries not far from they lived. The
 daughter in law Grace still lives in Swampscott .And so the daughter Jamie lives
 not far Pitter also lives not farce has a daughter Jamie Miller she is married to Bert
 a very nice young men they have two daughters and one son. The daughters are
 married, both are teacher's very beautiful girls . One has two children the
 anther was married recently The son lives in Florida. Minis son has one daughter

she also was married a year ago. My aunt Fejgele the youngest was a very difficult person she did not considerate anybody so long she got what she wanted. In her room was stocks of Hollywood magazines you have to remember this was in the 1930 she sloped to twelve o'clock in the morning, and went to bed two or three in the morning. She had prates and there were cloth and coats of different color she would by schuss always a number too small. The customer which came to the store hated her when they would ask for a glass or a fork she would not answer them. She put a pair of shoes and a cotter took one and three it on a buffet, She was always in the dressmaker machine smashing. In Poland the winters were colder then in USA and she never would wear boots. She always had to waive her nose and always made noise with her throughout. She had made a coat by Mr Bilewich which it cost sixty slates this was a tremendous amount of money. She always had to by stockings hatbands lounge. She went to Gymnasium Rallies a Jewish high school and a young man fall in love with her. His name was Motel Szejniuk. She would go with him and also with another man. >She made a date with a young man from a city hundred mile from our, When the young man came to the house to pick her up. He was a business man from Lid he had a brush factory She sad I forget I have a different appointment. My mother and my grandmother really were embarrassed. Finally she was married when she was twenty eight years old. The husband bought a very nice bedroom the newest style a gramophone so she liked a patifone, she had a Persian lam coat with a special Armenia collar. Her husband had a factory from soda. She got pregnant and had a baby boy. She had him by cecerian after ten days the boy had whims circumcision she came home and could not woke. In the house was a maid for the baby. When my mother came to the hospital of Dr Seduce and so the child she got scared she never so smashing so ugly. His had been balk and blue and long and the face was deformed, my mother went to Dr Sedlic and ask what is this. The Dr Sedlic sad in a week everything would straighten out. and in ten days the child was looking like a normal baby. He had ratchets but with vitamin and very good food he fainaly straiten out started waking and it turned out a nice blond kid looking like his father

My St. Ulica Wilkomierska is now Ukmergies the street started after passing the Green Bridge it was a V form kalwaryska was streit and Wilkomierska was to the left Avery long sty. We had to work past the church and not far were living wealthy people till number 50 and from fifty live lived poor an a under class the pontes the crooked hands the Bulaves and that had connection to the bad people, there also lived hors carries strong people of not good reputations from 98lived nice people this was the begging of Wilno near the River Viljia and the beautiful Szeskiner maintains most people Jews or Polish had a house and a store there were teachers Writers Painters they had garden and the Lewins and the Bencianowki had hut houses to grew Tomatoes cucumbers Egg plant Thursday and Friday the peasantwuld to fro the Villeges to sell their product Milk Fish living in Barrels Butter eggs cream to Lukiski market near the Wiljia. And on the way back they would shop for groceries in the 10 grocery one leather STORE AND OND CLOTH STORE THE AND THE BELITCKI MEAL, THER WOS ON STORE TO BY GREECE FOR THE WAGON.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX Vilna Gaon Jewish State Museum. Dear Mrs. Konstanian. We arrived safely home. These are all the people that I remember living on a small part of my street Ukmerges. The Mountains belong to Mr. Lukasewitz. In Mr. Lukasewitch house lived the Levin family Five daughters and one son Mozes. Mr. Mrs Levine were in was killed in Ponary. In 153 lived the Kasowski family. Mozes was taken in the Polish army and was killed fighting the Nazi Germans invasion of Poland. Mrs Kasowski and her mother Mrs Malat were killed Mrs Malat was ninety years old Mrs Kasowski was seventy In one house lived a Polish family. In 157 lived Arele and his wife and four children, they all were killed the children were from seven nine ten and the oldest were probably seventeen. 151 Lived Esther Mina and Fejgele Roginkin .they had a grocery store . In 1918 my mother married Boris Liberman My mother did not want to marry, but my grandmother insisted you don't have a father and he is a Rabbi's son. My brother was killed in the Lituanian 16 Division.. Esther Roginkin my grandmother the beautiful and generous died in 1933. I am happy the German murder did not get her she died in Wilno Wilkomierska 127 now 151. In 147 lived two sister .Maria Proksza and Jan and three daughters .In 149 house lived Mr. Tomek Mackewicz was a Polish officer and his wife Halina and son Tomek. In next house lived the Delatycki family. I think Mr. Hirs Delatycki worked in bank was a director a college student. On 125 Wilkomierska they rented the cellar from my mother to store their crop. . My mother Mina Roginkin Liberman had a house and a store on 127 Wilkomierska ulica now Ukmerges. In 1939 I wanted to go on vacation. The Polish government asked for a passport, because this was on the Lituanian border when I came for the passport I noticed a mistake. But the office clerk said it will take a year and 1000 zlotys . And I got the passport that I was born 12-20-20 Murdered started the war, and then the Communist occupied Wilno. And I could not correct it. Berke Delatycki was twenty one the catchers put him in Lukiski Jail and killed him in Ponary his mother Jentl was also killed the sister Rachel and Sera were in Sztuthof concentration camp were freed and live in Israel Serha visited as ten years ago. Next to Delatycki lived the Rachmiel family Father mother three sons killed daughter Mira survived married Mozes Levin had in hiding a child died , then three sons two Dr and one Ph. The children live in Canada. On Wilkomierska 123 Lived my uncle Rabbi Michail Liberman with his wife Szifra and nine sons and three daughters. ...My uncle Michael and five sons with two daughters Rikle Brinky and the many grandchildren were killed in Ponary The daughters Rikle and Brinke had and their husband and seven children were killed. The five sons had fifty or sixty children all their wife were always pregnant even when they were killed, Five children survived Rabbi Mejer Liberman Dr Ichak Liberman Libke Liberman Joske and Jankele lived in Israel with their mother Shifre In Israel they died Joske run away from the Ghetto when he was 12 years old .They were all gifted, He wanted to be a Dr like his brother but could not afford. After Liberman's house was the Kive Josel Zuprane had a store like all the stores on our st in 123 with his wife Sonia son Iske an Agronom Inziner blond very good looking the Cacher got him and his father went to the police station to ask for his son , but never returned , Sonia died in Ponary Dweirke my girlfriend died in

Shtuthoff and Raichel which was the youngest died a day before they were free from hunger. The only survivor was Iske Zupraner wife Trojanowska she finished the Wilno University and in 1945 sold the house to a Lithuanian person my father a friend. Next lived Archishewski family her son was studying medicine in Wilno university he came home and told the mother he will get married to a Lithuanian girl, she said over my dead body would you marry a clump that remembers that the Lithuanian went in wooden shoes. He took the gun and killed himself. After the funeral the mother was tending to her floss. In Miranski Family five daughters and two sons, Miranski Mrs Miranski, Basia her six year son and husband also killed, Rashke with her husband and beautiful 4 year old daughter. The Gestapo shot them both with one shot she was embraced by the mother Mashke. Itke were killed in a bunker eight miles from Wilno there were eighteen people two were taken to the Gestapo. They killed Hirs Libiski Itke Libiski Brother in the Gestapo she survived the Stuthoff concentration camp she was with many of my friends. From the Miranski family survived Perecke Miranski her to Russia his first wife was pregnant and was killed in Ponary front concentration camp survive Etta Miranski Michtom she lost her daughter six year old her husband she did not remarry and died in Canada The older brother Ichok was killed with his wife Sera Ickowich. Ita Libiski married a son of Pupko they had a big grocery store were all smaller stores bought grocery from them. The Communist government send them to Siberia and they live in Israel. Next lived Benjamin Zupraner his wife and daughter Basia. She cut her red hair got dressed like a man, and was send to Sztuthoff with her father when they undressed her they send her to the women concentration side. Benjamin and his wife were killed Basia survived died very young in Israel. After the Miranskis lived Berel the baker he was killed with his wife and four year old daughter. On Wilkomierska 117 lived Berko Zupraner very wealthy people Mr. Mrs and their daughter was killed also a son an Engineer was killed in Paris. In 107 lived Jokieson with his wife and two beautiful children six and eight the Nazis murdered killed them also. Next lived L with a family they were killed after them lived Motke the painter with a wife and three children they were killed after them was a new house I don't remember their name then Buzgan they were friends with my aunt Fejgele and had a son a doctor and the 2 doctors they had a store on Mickewicza Ulica 22. I know this while I went to Dziencielskis Gimnazium. Mr and Mrs Buzgan were in their sixties after them lived the Pupko Family they survived because the communist send them to Siberia, On the second floor My aunt Fejgele Liberman and Breina Kessel Sara Ickowich had a Jewish kindergarden and four grade school. In the Middle of Wilkomierska lived Rachmilke the cruet head he was selling skin was very wealthy my father was hiding by Polish people he said he will take him if he will take the wife he want to take the girl first not the wife so my father did not take him he was killed with his girl friend hams wife was killed also By Pupko in the building was also a drug store they did not have children they were Jewish and were both killed. This is what I remember from my street I will write you next time from the other side. In the war I lost my first Husband Zachar Lazarowich Fradkin and my one year daughter Galina. Killed were also my husband two sister their husband and children also all their relatives and their children My first husband after he was killed I find two sisters and two nephews. On came from

Israel to the wedding of grandson. Julia Liberman Fradkina Gejdenson PO BX 163 144
Bashon Hill Bozra CT USA

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My great Grandfather David Boris Nilus was born in Gusodary, Lithuania. The country was occupied by the Czar of Russia. When a person had two sons, one had to serve in the army for 25 years, starting at age twelve. The Czar's government would send the soldier's far away from home. Places such as the Ural region or Siberia. Those regions would be inaccessible to anyone else but the army. But the worst fear of army service was that a son would be forced to eat not kosher food; if that was not bad enough, there was all the possibility that he would be converted to the Greco-Orthodox religion. It did not take long for a twelve year old, removed from all family ties to be quickly converted. It was easy to bribe the officials who were very corrupt, so my great Grandfather. My Grandfather was Joshua Liberman. The older son was Jacob Nilus. My Grandfather Rabbi Joshua Liberman got a position in Majszegola as a chazan or Cantor a sircumsision man and a and . Michael when he finished the Yeshiva or Talmudic academy, got (ordained) as a Rabbi, a Shoykhet (kosher kill animals). He could slaughter animals according to the Judaic laws. My Grandfather had a very beautiful voice and got a position as a Cantor in Majszegola twenty kilometers from Wilno and the surrounding area. Joshua made a nice living performing all different aspects of his profession, because most Rabbis could not perform everything Joshua services were in constant demand in all the surrounding towns. He also was not afraid of the government "catchers" who sometimes kidnap a son and pressed them in the army. Michael attended the Yeshiva academy in Wilna. Unexpectedly, Grandfather's Joshua wife died. The Rabbi from Gusodary, introduced Rabbi Joshua to my Grandmother, Frieda Jankelewich from Gosudary. They married, after ten years of marriage a son, Boris David (my father) was born. My grandfather performed the circumcised his own son.

That was a Mitcva (a good deed) and a blessing. I was very young when my Grandfather died. My father Boris David Liberman was born in Majszegola in 1895 and my aunt Fejgele was born in 1905. The closest high school was in Wilna. At the time a doughtier could not live along, so my Grandfather wanted to move to Wilna so she could attend high school. He went to the chif Rabbi and ask him for his blessing or approval the move. The Rabbi would not give his blessing and did not approve the move. The Rabbi said there are no jobs. My Grandfather said Rabbi I have a job. The Rabbi said show me you can hold knife and I will tell you. This in after my Grandfather worked and performed thousand of religious circumcisions.

My Grandfather said, Rabbi I will show you if you will swear on your beard and paises, that if I will do it right, you will say it is right; and if I do it wrong you will tell me it is wrong with it. "No my child I can't do it because promised that I would not approve you changing places. They can never fine a Rabbi with as much talent

as yours. "My Grandfather was very disappointed. They moved to Wilna. Fejgele was a brilliant student her marks were always the highest in 1928 she finished the Jewish Real high school and at the Wilna University. Fejgele finished the Jewish Real Gymnasium with a golden diploma. The teacher sad to her Fejgele if I could I would give you a 6 not all fives. I have a student like you the first time, and I teach school for 37 years. My Grandfather got a working position as a Rabbi. Michael the older son finished the Yeshiva, and got a job in a small community to be a Hebrew teacher to a family which had sons, and doughtier. He worked for the Goldblats family for a few years and fall in love with their doughtier Shifra. Hi married and lived in Sudervia. Rabbi Michael Liberman had a small store and did ritual slodering of animals according of the Jewish religion. They had twelve children, three doughtier and nine sons. Rikle, Breinke, and Libke. After living for many years in Sudervia when the children got in their teens my aunkle and his family moved to Wilno. They bought a house four places to the right from aurs. Opened a grocery store and my aunkle Michael worked as a shejchet. My aunkles children were very diferent from as. They were very shy and not friendly. They dressed like peasants. Had any friends. Rikle married a very nice neighbor, the wedding was in the bigges place in Wilnoof course it was strikly kosher. All aur friends and relatives came.

I Was really a very special occasion. Rikle married a very nice Jung men from our St They were religious people like my uncle and at that time in our St mostly everyone was very religious and after three years she had three children. The oldest doughtier Shoshana was four years old and the next son when he was born Rikle and her mother Shifra had children at the same time. My aunt was forty eight and her doughtier Rikle was twenty three in 1939 when the Natzi hordes invaded Poland many soldiers were killed, and their bodies were in the River Wisla and Wiljia. Jews on Saturday always cooked fish. The fish eat the died bodies and many people got Typhus Rikle eat the fish and died of Typhus she was pregnant with the fourth child.

Shifre the grandmother never invaded the children to her house to eat or wash the up. The children all three waked from the father's house to his stepmother which helped to take care of the children. Mrs. Shifre Liberman was a cold hurtles person. three houses from Shifre. lived her sister Masza Kessel she never went to see her or invited her for tea. Shifre was dressed in black long dresses. She and her children were not friendly people, maybe that has came from living in a village. I never spoke to her she was my aunt only Rabbi Michael and Rabbi Mejer came to aure house The children did not have friends. In the house was a long black table, my uncle was at the had of the table siting surrounded by all nine sons, iven the four year one was already studding the bible. They had no bicycles no toys no recreation. No sledding no skates. They just went to school, wore plain cloth the dresses looked like peasant from the village Shifra never had a smile on her face She was very tall tin and never had a friend. Shifra had very nice features. Now I think maybe having so many children took aunt the life from my aunt. The work was done by Shifra and the many children. In their house was no help. At that time a made cost ten zlotys a month. The second doughtier Brani married had three children. Married a business men, and had a paint store two kilometers from as. She her children husband and lost more then hundred forty eight members. Lost was also my aunts Zeldas Jezierski gifted son which study Tora with a famous Rabbi. Zelda smart gifted

doughtier Rosa survived the war in the partisans. Rosa Jezierski was in Ghetto and a wealthy Jewish men came to her, and sad. Rosa I entrust you my son , If anybody will survive you will of cause be the one, all the neighbor's knew that she was very smart.

When her mother died of cancer Rosa was eleven years old at the cemetery she cried and spoke mother all the flowers came now out of the ground and you go in the ground, her mother died in May. When Rosa mother died she went into business , in the military as a glazer she put all the windows in the military bases in a time when the anti Semitism was at highest point, in Poland. Rosa was very succesful made money and went into giving money on interest and supported the whole family. Her father was in the same bissiness but working in the military he started drinking with them. He remarried had a baby girl and died in 1942 in Ponary with all of his family and four year old doughtier. On the Kalwariska St all the neighbors new the gifted Rosa. Neighbor Mr. Katz gave Rosa money for a gun , When you had a gun you were excepted to the partisan unit. Rosa her younger brother Joshua and the young men entrusted to her survived the war jut because of Rosa intelligent. The young men entrosted to Rosa married her Mr. Katz's and Rosa had three children , 2 sons and a doughter My father Boris Liberman visited her in Canada. In Canada Rosa made a business was very susesfull . After a few years Rosa died of canser same diseas her mother died off. Her hasband remierried . My frend tolled me her older son died also from canser. I wrote to Rosas younger brother and he did not answer me. We lost contact. Joshua or Iske the name after rabbi Joshua Liberman, only surviving male grandchild lives in Canada. This is his address Izusky 30 Grancrest west Kildron Winnipeg 8NB.

My mother's father and mother came to Wilna from Witebsk when Wilna was under the Czar. My grandfather Noach Berkowich Roginkin married the beautiful Esther Levit the money lenders doughter. Even she was very beautiful the groom which was a Yeshiva student and a bukkipper got a very nice dairy. Soon they came to Wilna he bought a brick house with ten rooms , and opened a store. In store was my grandmother Esther he warked in a factory as a bukkiper and at that time made a very nice living. People from around wood came to him to write letters and petitions. They had four doughtiers and one son. Friday night the store was clothed , and my granfather wood take the keys and hide them. He was afraid if a frend or same person wood aske my grandmother for an item she could not say no. On the table was allowed to sel or give madication for the stomach, or an aspirin.

I, Juljia Liberman Fradkina Gejdenson, was born in the beautiful sophisticated city of Wilno, also called the Jerusalem of Lithuania. I had a two grandmothers and four aunts. Now it is the capital of Lithuania with many different nationalities. We Jews lived separated lives with our friends and relatives. We, as Jews, were never recognized for our achievements. Through the years, the city had different names. Under Russians occupation, it was called Wilna. In 1918, it was called Vilnius. In 1919, it was called Wilno, when the Polish overtook the city from Lithuania. In 1939, when the Russian invaded and divided part of Poland with the Nazi thugs, Wilno was given to Lithuania by the Communist government. The Lithuanian people had little control over the government and were ruled by the Communists. In Wilno, where I grew up and lived, the language was Polish. But in the city there also lived many different nationalities, Polish, Lithuanian, Jews and Russians. The White Russians

were the largest minority. We called them Staro wiers (old belief). They ran away from the communist government after the Russian Revolution. There was a small minority of Frenchmen, Swedes and Tartars, who fought for the Polish government. In appreciation of the Tartars, the Polish named a street after them, Ulica Tatarska (Tartar Street), which was next to the main street. Germans nationals were leftover from 1914 when Germany occupied Wilno. There also resided a small number of Karaitas, who was a splinter from the Jewish religion. The Karaitas did not eat pork, celebrated the Jewish holidays, intermarried with the Poles and had a temple with a half moon on Zwierzyniecka Ulica (Zwierzyniecka Street), it meant the place of the wild. Near the wide large River Wiljia was the clinic for pregnant women of Dr. Sedlic, where my cousin was born. Ekros from the Dr. Sedlic clinic was a large beautiful trees and gardens with flowers. In the beginning of Zwierzyniecka St was the Levins green houses in which grown the first cucumbers, tomatoes, eggplant.

In 1900, the population was small. All kinds of animals lived in the woods. As the population increased and houses started to be built, they cut out the big trees near the beautiful grand Wiljia which runs through the city. Wilno was surrounded by mountains. Some mountains were just sand and gravel. Behind my house, there was a beautiful mountain surrounded with flowers and wheat fields. When the wind blew, the mountains looked like waves on the ocean.

To the right of us lived the Kasowski family and Mrs. Malatt. She was an old lady of ninety-five years, who could compose poetry in minutes if you gave her a topic. She had asthma and my mother and I would always applying Banki (glass cups that are stuck to the back and produces heat and steam treatments) to her back. Before Penicillin, Banki were used routinely. They were applied with a cotton on a stick to suck the air out, the stick is dunked in alcohol. Kasowski's daughter Basia was my mother's friend. Her granddaughter was a bookkeeper. She worked in Hotel Europe. Wherever Mrs. Kasowski's daughter Basia would come from the city to visit, she brought three kinds of coffee and goodies for her grandmother Mrs. Malatt. My mother and Basia would drink the coffee and talk about fashion. Basia was a very stylish dresser. My mother was also interested in fashion and was always elegantly dressed. The fashion of the day was a black suit and a hat. Mr. Kasowski married Basia's mother because she was a wealthy maiden. She owned two houses. She was not good looking, She was very tall, Skippy and always wore dark dingy dresses. She was a nice person, but looked like a witch. Mr. Kasowski was an intelligent man they did not have anything in common. They lived in one house and rented the other. In the rented house lived Mr. Mrs. Perucki. They had a son they were good looking people and good neighbors. They also had a daughter Stasia the same age as I was she was very big and fat. Had very large feet very big had large eyes mouse and looked like a circus clown.

Mr. Kasowski was a college student and worked as a bookkeeper. Mrs. Kasowski had a butcher store, but was a lousy business-woman. She would write in a book that the woman in a red dress owed her three dollars, and the woman in a green dress owed her five. She would get the customers so mixed up or she completely forgot to collect from them at all. She did not know from which customers to collect. Finally, Mrs. Kasowski had to quit the business of selling meat entirely. Whatever her husband made she would lose in the business.

She also had a son. He was drafted into the Polish army and died fighting the Nazi thugs. The daughter-in-law and Basia were saved because they were working for the Elctrit Company. In 1939, when the Russian and the German Nazi thugs occupied and divided Poland, the Communist Government stole the company from Wilno and moved the entire Company to Minsk. Basia and her sister-in-law survived the war because they were evacuated to Siberia as employees of the Electrit Company. After the war in 1945, Basia returned to us in Wilno. She stayed a couple weeks and then left for Poland and eventually Israel. My mother and I sent them help when they first came to Israel. We sent her clothes, a white coat and new blouses. She said, now I am a lady again. She asked us for money that we did not have at that time. Basia had a cousin in Israel and we asked her why the cousin was not helping her. She got angry and did not write any more. All over the world they believed that all Americans have a lot of money.

Beyond the Kasowski's were our other neighbors. An old wooden house in which many poor working people lived. In the next house lived a very poor Jewish family Arele. They were not very smart people and were always poorly dressed. The Nazi thugs murdered their whole family of six. The youngest was only four years old. The next neighbor was a Jewish blacksmith and his wife. They had a live-in working man. When the old blacksmith went to the bathroom, the worker murdered his boss. The wife sold the blacksmith shop to the workman who murdered her husband. There was a trial but he was not convicted.

After the Arele house was a mountain. On the top of the mountain lived the Levine family, a mother, a father, one son and five daughters. One was married and had a very good looking six year old son who had shoulder length brown curly hair like Shirley Temple. She survived the Ghetto and the Stuthoff concentration camp. Her husband and child were murdered during the war. In the apartment where she lived for ten years, a Polish family, who had been working with the Nazis, moved in. She could not bear the sorrow and went crazy and died in Vilnius state hospital for the insane.

The Levine's rented the house from the Lukasewich family (Polish Catholics). The Lukaszewicz daughter was six feet tall, wore men's clothes and always wore a cape. She looked very different from the rest of the population. She was a piano teacher.

Her sister, Jadwiga, always came to my mother's business to complain about all the trouble she was having from her twelve children. She would call them bastards. All the children were very good people, but they knew that the mother was rich from her stone and gravel business. She would say, "Berkovina, please give a me pound of honey and a glass of beer to sooth my nerves. I cannot live with those bastards." All her children were judges and always came to the mother for money and she would get aggravated. Her husband, a very tall skinny man, was a carriage maker for the wealthy people. At that time, in the city of Wilno, were just very few cars, and the wealthy would ride in the beautiful carved gilded carriages.

After Lukasewoch came the Kozupski family (Polish Catholics). They were known for having a great garden with many flowers. She had one married daughter. When she had the first child, it was born with a split lip. She did not wanted to take her

home, so the grandmother took the child. My mother would buy vegetables for her grocery store business.

The street ended at a beautiful orchard and forest, which belonged to a count. He had a hundred acres of woods and fields with all kinds of greenery and a hundred cows.

My house was picture book perfect, with a long drive to the hills.

There also lived Filipowa, a Polish Catholic widow who had two daughters. One was very good looking and married a Polish officer and had one son, Tadeusz. During the war, she did not behave like a Polish officer's wife. She kept bed with a Gestapo man. The other daughter, Mania, had one son. When the son died, she became very bitter and mean. After ten years without children, she had three daughters. Everyone wondered where these children came from and thought that she had stolen them. Her husband Jan drank a lot, but was a very fine furniture maker.

Directly under the mountain, a retired policeman was in the process of building his house. They rented one of my mother's houses for over a year, until their house was ready. When I was 12 years old, my mother sent me to ask for the rent money they would pay at the end of the each month. I came to their house and their dog was barking and the lady of the house asked me why don't I came in. I told her I am afraid of the dog. She said, "don't be afraid of my dog, it does not suck Jewish blood." I said, "so let it suck Polish blood." She came running to my mother to complain about my fresh mouth. Children in that time did not speak this way to adults. My mother said you should not have said that. The same lady was happy when the Nazis invaded Wilno. As anti-Semites, they loved when the Nazis first took over. This lady quickly changed her mind when the Nazis took their only child, a beautiful daughter to be a prostitute for the military. The daughter never came back to live in the neighborhood.

Our next neighbor was the Delatycki family. One day, right before Passover, we had the cleaning lady in. We came into our house and found a trail of blood over the clean floor. Our dog had eaten half the Delatycki's turkey and brought the rest into the house to hide under the bed. (My mother paid Mr. Delatycki for the turkey.) Mr. Delatycki was a young college man and became a bank president who married a peasant girl. Yentil had land and was from a wealthy family. But she was not compatible to him and was common and a plain Jane, She was a good mother lost her life like the rest of our friend to the Germans atrocities. The Delatycki's son Berke was murdered in one of the Nazi raids. When his sister, Rachel, went to the jail to try to get him out, she was dumped into the same jail herself, the Lukiszki Prison. In 1936, his mother came from the USA to visit him. A man offering to help her with the luggage robbed her at the airport. He stole her luggage, all her clothes and goods she had brought with her. That evening she was cooking when a thief broke into the house and robbed the store of the tobacco.

Rachel had a very caring sister to Sara, who had saved her life many times from the German thugs. My younger son and I visited them in Israel. If I met Rachel on the street, I would not have recognized her. The tall, slim gifted musician and Mandolin player, the girl that often visited my home, was now 20 years later, an old fat elderly, and lifeless woman. She married a very fine man, had a nice house but lost her son to the Arab war when they wanted to throw the Israelis into the sea.

The younger sister Sara was quick-witted, a very good person and was my brother's age. Both sisters survived the German concentration camps and now live in the State of Israel. Sara and her husband visited us ten years ago. When Sara was in the Stuthoff concentration camp, she would fetch warm soup for the rest, although that meant getting hit with the stick for approaching the line. My girl friend Ida would say, "I don't want the soup." And Sarah would say, "I will get it for you don't do it, you will get hit from the German Nazis too many times."

Sara has three children. She remarried a Canadian man after her first husband passed away. Sara's daughter, who lives in Chicago came to study in the United States and now has a Ph.D. Rachael has 2 children, a son and a daughter. The son had to have his spleen removed and was not accepted into the Israeli army. He went to court to get an exception made. He was finally accepted into the army and was wounded and did not survive because of the lack of his spleen. He died serving his country. Now after all the turmoil of her life, Rachael has all the turmoil of her beloved country of Israel.

Next to the Delatyckis lived the Rachmiel family, a father, mother, four sons and one daughter, Mira. Mira survived in horrible circumstances. She gave birth to a daughter on Christmas night in a trench. She put the child under the door of a Polish couple who was childless. They were good Christian people of whom there were very few. The lady took the baby to live with them and called her Maria. When Mira was freed from the Nazis thugs, she did not want the child back. Upon the insistence of my father and with the help of the police, the Polish family finally gave back the child. She had blond hair, like the mother and father and was very beautiful. I did not understand the mother. Once she had the child back, she did not take care of her. She finally died at ten months. Mira was the only one to survive.

The next house over lived my uncle, Michael Liberman. They originally came from Sudervia. Sudervia was about eighteen kilometers from Wilno. They had twelve children, three daughters and nine sons. They bought the house and opened a grocery store. The wife and the children worked in the store. He prayed and did ritual slaughter according to the Jewish law and of course went to synagogue three times a day. He was fanatically religious and wore the long black coat. This family was the only family who did not associate with anybody else in the neighborhood. One son, Mejer Liberman also became a Rabbi. If he came over for a visit to our house, he would not dare take a drink of tea or not eat even a cookie. They did not have bicycles, skates or sleds. The boss in the house was the mother. My uncle, Michael, a very religious Jew, would often complain that my father wore a short jacket like the gentiles. He and my father would buy grapes for wine for the Passover holiday.

He was a very quiet man as was his son, Rabbi Mejer, a Cantor and sang with the prestigious Kusowicki choir. Mr. Kusowicki came to sing in Norwich, the town next to us. When the Communists took over, they took Mr. Kusowicki's brothers to the Moscow opera to sing for them. After Stalin died, the Communist restrictions were lifted enough to enable him to immigrate to the United States. They sang and lived in freedom until their death.

Professor Wojciehowski, a Polish Catholic man and also Dean of the Wilno University (close to the correct spelling), lived in Wilno, had a summerhouse in Sudervia, eighteen kilometers away, and would come to discuss the Bible with my

uncle. He would drive down our street in a carriage, wife always by his side. She had a veil on her face to protect against the dust. At that time the roads were completely dirt. Even though our street had cobblestones in the middle, they had dirt for the sidewalks.

On the other side of the street, lived the Zabłudowski family. Malka was a friend of my Grandmother, Esther. Her husband was a Torah writer. "Feldsher" (assistant physician) was a highly educated man and very intelligent. He was about seventy years old. As young ones, we loved to walk and talk with him. His wife would send the daughters eggs and other homemade goodies. Malka was a great cook and could make beer, wine, and all kinds of preserves. She was not a neat person and the house was always a mess.

The daughters were educated. Mejta was a nurse and was married to a high school teacher. Meita married Mr. Boruch Lubocki, a math teacher. Mejta had two sons and a daughter. Boruch, Mejta and their gifted children, Imke and Danke were accepted to the Wilno University. We should not forget that Jews had a quota. Only a small percentage of just the brightest was accepted. Szulamit, another child, could do algebra when she was eight years old. The young men were seventeen and eighteen and attended the Philosophy Faculty University of Wilno. Boruch, Mejta and their gifted daughter were murdered in Ponary, murdered by the German-Lithuanian-Ukrainian collaborators that were in control of the prison and death camps. The two sons, Imke and Danke, were murdered fighting for the Jewish people on the same street.

Sima Zabłudowski and Rabbis Leikin's family were our neighbors.

The Rabbi's son and Sima were both teachers. Sima was very elegant looking and from a good family. When Sima Zabłudowski started dating the Rabbi's son, his mother didn't approve of Sima. Sima would sneak out to date him when his mother went out of town. She would follow Joseph into town. Years ago, the mothers had great influence on just who their child should marry. Very seldom did a child disobey.

The wedding was to take place in Mr. and Mrs. Zabłudowski's house. Mrs. Zabłudowski was an excellent business lady. She was a dealer of all kinds of iron grease, used for wagon wheels; and feathers for pillows. When Sima was to marry, her mother Malka was a beautiful talented lady, but an incredible disorganized housekeeper. My grandmother, Esther was asked to bring our maid for a day.

My good-natured grandmother, of course said yes,. Michalowa, our maid, and her daughter both came to work on the house. Malkalowna, "I don't know how to clean a house like this." It took the women two days for the house to be cleaned. We had to pay double plus lots of convincing that the job could get done. Mr. Liekin even got used to the great disorganization and came to his in-laws for all the holidays. Sima's mother-in-law never approved of Sima and would never stay at her house whenever she came into town, but she could never remember why she did not approve of her. Mr. Leikin was in the Szejnburg concentration camp and was murdered by the German Nazis.

When I returned for a visit after recently being married to my first husband, who was murdered by the Germans, my mother said that I had to pay a social visit to our good friends the Zabłudowski's. I forewarned my husband about the state of her housekeeping was beyond description. No matter what you see you must taste what

Malka gives you. I will say that I am pregnant and cannot eat anything because of nausea. My husband drank the beer Malka offered him. Later he said he could write a book about the house. Mr. Zabłudowski thought the problem was that the house was so old. Mr. Zabłudowski had a brother in America who he asked for help to finance a new house. The brother sent him money. They built a new house. The uncleanness and clatter was just the same. On the right was a barrel of black grease. A little farther was the same junk iron grease for the wheels and on the left was a barrel of feathers. The table was full of stuff; wine, beer, all kinds of preserves, all kinds of bread and Chula cookies. When Sima married her husband, he drank and ate horseradish. It was an immaculately clean house. Joseph Likin could not eat in a house like this. After a while he got used to the disorganization came to his in-laws house and ate on all the holidays. Little did he know that worse things would come his way. The German Nazi thugs put him in the Wilno ghetto. From there he was sent too many concentration camps before he was murdered in Szeinburg. I read in the Jewish Forward that a cross is resting on his grave, put there by mistake. Sima Leikin survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, remarried a survivor, Mr. Dwang. My daughter and her family visited her 12 years ago, in Montreal, Canada. The older son, Abraham Zabłudowski was an artist and was also murdered.

The younger son Rechavem Zabłudowski Amir left Poland, probably, in 1938. He was named after King Solomon's son. I met him in the USA in Boston 15 year ago. He was Israel's Ambassador General Consul. He wanted to meet me in 1953, but I could not meet him because I was pregnant with my younger son Joshua, now called Ike. Rechavim Amir now lives in Israel. And so the German thugs took care of the Zabłudowskis and the gifted Lubocki brothers and all their families were murdered. Ms Boruch Lubocki the gifted matematic teacher was killed in Szenburg Germany. In the Jewish Forwards was written then on the graves are crosses.

Next to the Zabłudowskis lived the Milikowski family. Mr. Milikowski was a bookkeeper in the Pupko Company. They had a library of 2000 books. Mr. Milikowski, his wife Freda, their daughter Ida and two sons were also murdered in Ponari near Wilno by the educated cultural Nazis with their collaborators..

Next to the Milikowski's lived the Krapiwnik family of nine people. One daughter Malka, was my aunt's friend. She lived with her husband and two sons on Troki Street and had a fruit store. She was in the Wilno ghetto and when the Nazis took her to Ponari to be murdered, she jumped from the truck and came back to the ghetto a few weeks later. The whole family was eventually murdered.

After the Krapiwnik's lived the Gurvich family, a father, mother and their beautiful daughter. They were murdered in Ponary where the German murdered 100,000 Jewish people. The two sons, Kopeck and Meszke, survived the concentration camps. After they were liberated and suffering from extreme tuberculosis (TB), they were sent to the Swiss country to recover. They immigrated to Israel in 1972. My younger son and I visited them. One was a school principal and the other was an artist and painter. Both married and died very young and left two widows and 3 children. Messke took us around Tel Aviv. Kopke was my brother's best friend. They went to the same Hebrew school. After school, he would often come to our house to eat. They were poor. The father worked in a factory but there often was very little work.

Next to them, lived the Goleszeika Family. Very strange looking red-haired man. He was very tall and constantly spit on the floor. My mother was worried about me catching TB from them. I was never allowed to walk barefoot. The two sons survived the war. But as they were coming home from hiding, the Polish white partisans murdered them..

In my house, anybody could come to eat and sleep for free. At my grandmother's house and my mother's house, there was always a collection of relatives and poor people. One time I came home and my mother and aunt were arguing with my grandmother. My grandmother allowed a young lady with Trachoma, a contagious disease of the eye that could cause blindness, stay in her home. She had her own food, but just needed a place to sleep. My mother and aunt were afraid that we would get infected. The medication was free and she just needed lodging. She stayed a month, got cured and nobody else was infected. She and her family went back to their lives until they were murdered by the Majsegołn.

After the Russian revolution my grandmother, Esther the beautiful, let a whole family of Russian Jews (a father, mother and three sons) who ran away from the Communist government stay in her house. He was called Hirsze from Petersburg. Hirsze was a broad shouldered man with big whiskers, a red face and blond gray hair. To make money, he would buy and sell big sturgeon or salmon, put it on his head and sell it to Sztrals Café on the main street. He was a sight to see balancing his big fish on his head. They were once wealthy business people who lived in Moscow and now had to be on charity. The wife got sick and died in an insane hospital. You had to be a first class businessman to live in Moscow. All three sons eventually married. The father of the family started drinking. In winter, he would sleep in the house. In summer, he would sleep in the barn. He was often so drunk that he would wet his pants. He would also drink 10 glasses of tea at a time and sing Tra Tata and wipe his brow with a towel. The older son would come every two weeks to visit my grandmother. He had a store with military cloths. German thugs murdered the whole family.

Next neighbor and our friends were the Zupraner family. Kivel Joseph Zupraner was very handsome and distinctive looking, six feet one or two inches tall with very expressive blue eyes and grayish hair. Kivel's wife, Sonia, was a very good housekeeper and an excellent cook from a prominent family. They had a son Iske, an Agronomy engineer, who finished the University of Wilno. The mother was hoping he would marry a rich bride. He was even taller and more handsome than the father and did not look like a Jew. He fell in love with a poor student from the University, a very good-looking blond Jewish girl from Lida, 150 miles from Wilno, and moved there. The mother was very disappointed. The younger daughter was Rachel. She was blond and very fair, good natured and a little cross-eyed. She was the same age as my brother. She died 2 days before being freed from the Stuthoff concentration camp. She was 21 years old.

The older daughter was Dorka, my girl friend. She was very interested in clothes. No matter how many clothes her mother made for her, it was never enough. She had long black hair, a figure like a model, and went to Ox high school. She was separated from her boyfriend. They were both murdered in Stuthoff.

Sometimes my mother would tell me I needed new clothes. I hated to go to the dressmaker. The dressmaker would say to me, "I cannot fit anything on a

board! What's the matter, your mother is such a nice lady, and doesn't she give you food to eat. Let the dress gather a lot and hide your bones and I will make a big bow in front of your bony neck."

The Nazi raiders came to the house and asked to see Iske. His wife was told said that the German authority wants to see your passport. They took him away and murdered him the next day. The daughter-in-law, a Polish teacher, could not fathom that the cultured Germans murderers would kill such a proper, good-looking young gentleman. He could have lived on the Polish side because his blond looks could easily hide a Jewish identify. His father, Kivel Yosel, went to the police station to plead for his son. He did not return either. The tall strong men were identified as Jews to the German catchers by the Lithuanian and Ukrainian Police. 15,000 went to their death in the first few months in just this manner.

My friend Dorka was taken to the Ghetto and later to a smaller concentration camp along with my parents. They had to dig peat moss from the bogs in their bare feet. In the Rzesza concentration camp she fell in love with a doctor. (I knew his name but now cannot remember.) They were

both separated and murdered after the German thugs worked them to death.

Sonia Zupraner's beautiful daughter, last name Trojanowska, went into the ghetto. Her mother-in-law did not let her stay with her in the ghetto.

Sonia was sent to Ponary and in one of the ghetto surrounding that houses 21 and 22 had to gather for work nearest to the gate the daughter-in-law went to work for the German Nazis in Porubanek, an airfield. Among the Nazi beasts were very few good people. A German Vermacht soldier brought her food. One day he came and told her not to go to the ghetto tonight. They were planning to kill her. He told her to hide under the boards. But don't tell anyone what I said. If you do, I will be murdered also. She hid under the lumber when they came for her. The next day she went with the other slaves to the ghetto. Since she was blond and beautiful, she tore off the yellow star that all Jews had to wear under Nazi slavery. She ran to hide out with to a Polish Professor from Wilno University. He was involved in the Polish underground and she stayed with him during the war. Occasionally, she even dared go outside. One time a student that she knew recognized her. The student said, "Are you not a Jew?" And she answered boldly, "Do I look Jewish? Here is my passport. I am related to such and such priest," a priest that was known for being a big anti-Semite. The student believed her and she went back into hiding. The rest of the time she did not dare to go outside until the Nazis capitulated.

After the war Sera Zupraner Trojanowska one of our neighbors who lost her husbands to the Nazi catchers was now living on Wilenska Street. She would come to our house to eat. The Communist government arrested her lover and sent him to Siberia. The next time I saw her she had gotten fatter and I asked if she was pregnant. She didn't respond and soon had a daughter. She was teaching school and on her wall were pictures of Jesus. I asked her why these pictures were on your wall. She said my students don't know that I am Jewish. She told me that her students were constantly telling her that too many Jews were saved from the Nazis. From the original population of 100,000 Jews was probably 25 or 30 left. I was told she had 2 more children from the same man, when the Russians let him go.

The Zupraners had a very lovely house. My mother helped to sell the house to a wealthy Polish man. She got 100,000 rubles for the Zupraner family. The money did not last long. She sold the in-law's house because the Nazis had murdered the whole family. When we were 14 or about 15 years old, Dorka and I would pick cherries from their cherry trees. Later we took out the pits with a pin and Sonia Zupraner and the maid would make the most delicious preserves for the winter. They were cooked a long time, 2 pounds of cherries and 2 pounds of sugar. At the Zupraner house all the pots were copper and the house had very beautiful grounds.

Next to the Zupraners was a mountain. Behind a long driveway there lived Achichefski. Achichewski would sell vegetables to my mother and would flowers.

Mrs. Archisewski had a daughter and a son. He was in the last semester of medical school and came home and told her he was in love and the girl is a Lithuanian young lady. Over my dead body will you marry a 'clump.' The Polish did not like Lithuanian people even though they were Catholics. A 'clump' meant they walked in wooden shoes. He took the gun and shot himself. Next morning, Mrs. Archiszewski worked in her flower garden, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I was probably ten years old but I never forgot the tragedy.

After Archiszewski, lived the Miranski family, mother, father, two sons and five daughters. Mr. Miranski was a very gentle man and a custodian of the synagogue. He was very pious and would go to pray and performed some religious ceremonies. The synagogue cleaning woman was Polish. The synagogue was near a small pond. When Mr. Miranski came to the synagogue one particular morning, he found a cross on the bench. He took a stick to lift the cross and threw it in the pond. As a very religious Jew, he was afraid to touch it. Next day, the cleaning lady came to clean the synagogue and could not find her cross. She went to the police and told them the Jews stole her cross. Mr. Miranski was taken to the police station, interrogated and ruffed up. "You God-damn Jew, what did you do with the cross?" they asked. I dared not touch it, he said, so I took a stick and threw it into the pond. You know it is against our religion. Mr. Miranski was thrown in the Lukiszki jail as if he were a dangerous criminal. His only interest in life was praying and making a living by working. He was in jail for probably a year or so. The biggest Jewish attorneys worked on his release and finally had him freed. The case was written up all over the world, even in America. As a pious man could not eat the food in jail because he was strictly kosher. Mr. Miranski's wife also suffered as did the whole family.

The son Percec was a writer and belonged to the young Jewish writers club. He also belonged to the Bunt, an organization different that the majority of young people belonged to the Zionist organization. Shomer, Hatzair and Betar were the other sons. The Miranski daughters were very good looking. Rasza was tall and had a beautiful figure and hair. She looked like Ava Gardner. She did not need make up on the skin and was of perfect height.

On our street lived middle class families. Rasza's grandfather was a very nice man but was a cobbler. The Zupraner's son fell in love with Rasza. Mrs. Zupraner sent away the son to France to separate him from the cobbler's grand daughter. She was heart broken. She finally found another young man, married and had a beautiful daughter Esia and lived very well.

Mr. Miranski forgot about the jail and the Polish court. Percec married and had a very nice wife who was pregnant. Base, a gifted portrait painter was married to a nice husband and had a boy eight years old. Two of his other children, Masza and Ita were not married. All were murdered by the Nazi's except Perec and his family. He left Wilno and was in Russia. He eventually immigrated to Canada. My older son visited him there.

The next episode is not describable and not believable. In 1939 the German Nazi bastards invaded Poland. My beautiful Wilna was bombed and burned by the Germans Nazi Luftwaffe. The planes bombed and burned the city without mercy. They needed more space for their uber mentszen. That meant the higher class educated thug hoodlums. So much bombing and burning was not enough. Next the Nazi thugs divided the spoils of war with the Communist Molotov Stalinist Regime. During this time a Mr. and Mrs. Dave Milchiger lived on our street. He was big and strong, had big shoulders and looked like a boxer. He was always happy. He had a very nice wife Rachel. They had a tavern and lodging. They did not have children so they always played with my girl friend Ida's little sister. His wife got pneumonia and suddenly died. He was called David without children. One year after his wife's death he married an elderly lady. It was a surprise to all the people that his wife had a little girl. His dream was fulfilled, but not for long. They were taken to the ghetto, next to a small concentration camp. All three, mother, father and their daughter were slaughtered in Ponary.

Next to the Zupraners, lived the Brother of Kive-Joseph. The family was very wealthy. They had a big store with a lot of customers and a very large yard. They could afford to send their very good-looking sons to France to study. One was an engineer and the other studied at the Sorbonn. They sent away their son because they did not like that he fell in love with a girl, Rasza Miranski, whose grandfather was a cobbler. They married and were all murdered with their families in France. I heard that one daughter survived. I don't know if this is true.

The next house was Benjamin Zupraner, a man that looked like a movie star. He was tall and had perfect features. He was my girl friend's father. Mrs. Zupraner was not tall and not good looking, but a very nice person, always with book in the hand. He married her because he received a big dowry. She was from Lodz, a big Polish city. She would only converse with my mother. The other people were not educated or sophisticated enough for her. Their son Bumke belonged to Beitar, an organization which held the belief that the Jewish people had to fight to get Israeli's land back from the its invaders. Szomer Hatzair was an organization that believed just through work and immigration we will get our ancestral land back. Bumke went to Israel . He married and had a family. I was told he died a few years ago.

My redheaded friend Basia was a very nice person who also belonged to the Beitar. She fell in love with a student from my school. He immigrated to Israel and would have waited for her to come. But the German murderers had a different plan for her. Basia, her father and mother were thrown out of their comfortable, highly orderly peaceful house. The Jews were marched through the middle the street with guns and the Polish people cheered and threw insults. Basia and her father worked for the Nazis on Porubanek, building and logging lumber. After one year, in

hunger and disappointment and sorrow they came back to the ghetto. The Gestapo surrounded the houses and knocked on the doors. All men had to report to the gate in ten minutes. The house was surrounded with German Ukraine Lithuanian Nazi collaborators. They screamed, knocked with the guns right and left. Basia, in a minute's time cut her red hair, put on a pair of pants, and went to the gate with her father as a man. This transport was for men only. They rode in the train for a week, slept on the boards, and had little food. When they came to the concentration camp they were told to undress. Their clothes and shoes and whatever little possessions they had were taken away. When they saw that she was a girl, they separated her from her father whom she went to protect. She survived the Sztuthoff concentration camp with a few of my friends from our Wilkomierska Ulica Street. (I should say Ukmerges. When the communist gave Wilno to Lithuania, they changed the name of the street.) Basia's father and mother were murdered by the higher-class people. They called themselves UBER MENCH. (We the people of the Bible were Under Mench.) After Basia was freed, she immigrated to Israel. She had a brother and a boy friend prior to the war. When she came to Israel, the brother was there but the boy friend had married someone else. He divorced the first wife, from which there was a daughter, and married my friend Basia. Her husband Abraham was a dentist. She had two children, a daughter who married a doctor and the son who was a dentist. But the Nazi thugs took away Basia's strength. She died very young. My younger son Ike and I visited her in 1971 and she died shortly after that.

Past the Benjamin Zupraner family, lived a Polish family. He was a lower class hoodlum. In 1919, the first Polish troops came to Wilno after defeating the Lithuanians. A Polish legionnaire wanted to hit my father. He said to the legionnaire "Chatka moja Matka," this house is my mother's and you cannot touch the Rabbi's son. But little the German murderers murdered our people of the bible.

The Riva Braine family lived in the next house. They had five daughters. I will start from the youngest, Rosa Beba, who was already married. She was dark skinned and good looking and had a beautiful baby boy. When the German murderers started stripping and shooting the people in our street, everybody ran to the mountains. Beba came to my house from the hills with the lovely year old boy in a white coat. They were so scared from the bombs her nerves were fared. The date was 21 June 1941. The UBER MENCH, the higher-class people took care of Jewish people. They murdered Beba with her husband and her beautiful one-year son and the older exotic looking sister, Cecia. They also murdered Mr. and Mrs. Bullock whose occupation was a mill owner and wealthy man. He also owned 2 brick homes, a grand- piano on which we all liked to play. The new house had two stories. They rented it as a store and a tavern.

In the tavern worked a waitress that always wore loud colors and rouge on her face. Our dog which was always very tame did not like her or was frightened by the loud colors and once bit her leg. We had to keep the dog in for to see if rabies developed. We had the dog for ten years. He once murdered a turkey but never touched anyone human except that waitress. My mother had to pay her some money for the injuries to the leg.

The sisters who survived, Riva and Luba Belicki were hidden by decent Polish people. The youngest survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, but lost her husband and came to America. She visited us at our house fifteen years ago.

The next neighbors were the Mr. and Mrs. Jochelsons, very fine and rich people who had two children. The children got sick and died. After ten years they had two more children a boy and a beautiful curly haired girl. Mr. Jochelson lent money to people for interest and had a store. The Nazi Germans took care of them also. They were all murdered in Ponary with their beautiful curly-haired children, six and eight.

After the Jochelsons was a narrow railroad and the military had a weapons depot. Behind this was a house with friendly Polish people. Their daughter and I were friends. I cannot remember their name at this time.

To the right there was a grand pond and a beautiful field with all kinds' wild flowers and other vegetation. In Wilno we called it air long steps of grass (a certain species). On the Jewish holiday of Shavuot, we would collect the grass and flowers and scatter it on the floor and around the house.

After the beautiful grand pond was a Lithuanian man who opened a bathhouse. Before that one existed, my grandmother and I had to walk a mile and a half to get to the bath house. Jache was an old lady and she had a big oven, Every Jew was orthodox at that time. Jews didn't cook on Saturday. One old lady cooked for the whole neighborhood. Everybody would bring their food to her home on Friday, before sundown. We would pay her half a dollar and pick up dinner on Saturday, either twelve or one o'clock. You had to have a special wire to pick up and bring the pot home or use a special handkerchief to carry it that was blessing by the rabbi. On Saturday, the Sabbath, according the Jewish law, no one cooked, even to put things in the oven or turn on the electric lights. We would bring the cholant (a meat dish) to the Jaches. We would pick it up at twelve o'clock on Saturday at the cost twenty or thirty groszy or cents. When we had guests we would cook in the big oven in the house. We lit the oven Friday night and took it out Saturday morning. Michalowa, our Catholic maid for many years, turned on the oven.

The next neighbor was the Pupko warehouse. My mother purchased groceries for her store. It was a big two-store complex of houses. On the second floor my fraternal Aunt Fejgele Liberman, Sahra Itchkowith and Brajna Kessels ran a kindergarten and a four-grade school. The street was probably two kilometers long and had a church at one end with a little hill called the hill of Jesus. Polish people walked on their knees to be forgiven for their sins. They have plenty of them.

On the other side across from my house, next to the Krapiwniks' lived David Kagan, his wife, son and daughter, Papa. Mr. Kagan ran away from the Communists. Mr. Kagan was called the Bolshevik. While he came to Wilno with the Communist forces, he never returned to Russia. He opened an iron store, got married to Lea and had two children. He was tall and very impressive and a very good man. After renting awhile, he built a house across from our house. The house was very modern and had a bath with running water.

Papa Kagan wore very modern clothes. His daughter Paja fell in love with a young man who did not meet her parent's approval. She had many wonderful men who greatly desired her. Everyone knew that she had made a poor choice. She had two

wonderful daughters. The Nazis murdered Paja her mother and children. Mr. David Kagan went to his death and took with him the electric tea pot, he still did not see anymore his wife his daughter and his grandchildren he still believed that the Nazis keep them on some work,

When the Nazi thugs divided Poland in 1940 with the Communist, they gave Wilno to Lithuania, our Catholic Polish neighbors were now suddenly not Polish, but Lithuanian.

Stephan our neighbor went to visit some relatives in Lithuania. He came back and told my mother, "Pani Berkowa they are killing Jews in the streets of Wilno and in all Lithuania." When my mother heard the news from Stefan. My mother went across the road to tell the Kagans. He got angry and called my mother a panic maker.

In Zenia's house was a mother father a very beautiful twenty year old daughter (a Russian family), who escaped from the Communist in 1919. They were very fine people who lived from selling gold peace and hoped that the Communist government would fall soon and they can return home to Russia. After Zuni's lived the chimneysweeper's family. We called him the Caiman. This meant the chimney sweeper. The Caiman passed away his wife and daughter and son lived next to Zenia's. Feige own a large house with many renters. She had house and a very large yard. She also had a little store. Her son went to Uruguay to get married.

She had a daughter who married a bad man who would always hit her. They finally got divorced. The old chimneysweeper's wife, daughter and their relatives were all murdered in Ponari.

The old chimneysweeper's wife had tenants. One family was a Jewish man, a truck driver, his very beautiful wife and their five children. She would come to my mother's store for groceries. When she got sick my mother was always ready to help. When my mother came to their house she could not believe what she saw. In these people's home was practically no furniture. A few boards served as a bed for the five children. When Dr. Jashpan came to the sick lady he told my mother, "Why are you here? Do you want to get sick also. This is

In 1940, the border between Lithuania and Wilno was removed. A mother, father and a bunch of relatives came to visit the sick lady. They were all very well dressed and were able to help them with furnishings.

The small blond lady ran away from the house because her mother and father were against her marriage to a truck driver. But none of these trivialities would matter for long. Nazis thugs murdered them all.

After the chimneysweeper, lived Abraham the Boltz. They had seven children. Abraham the Boltz was a very good-looking man. He was enlisted in the Kings Unit, only a special and select few were taken. The daughters were very good students. One was a nurse and she was called to a sick man's home, the famous writer Urge Nachalnik. He courted and married her.

Next to the chimneysweeper lived the Kassel family, nicknamed, the Boltz because they were very tall, They were all very poor. Mrs. Boltz was from a wealthy family. When she got married, she was given a very expensive fur coat. She covered her first child with the expensive coat since they had nothing else. She and Mr. Boltz did not agree on many things. After every year in the military he would come home for a week or two. After a year he would come and she would introduce him to

another child. "This is Kusik, this is Media, this is Ruben, this is Esther, this is Chaff, and this is Bejla." He got in his head that Bejla his last was not his. The whole street has good laugh from this. Bejla was the one of all the other children that looked most like him. She was very tall with blond hair and perfect features, just like him. The whole marriage they argued that she was not his. The younger son would always run to the drugstore to buy aspirin for the mother's headaches. When the nurse, Etta married a famous writer, she took her sister, Bejla to Otwocek, a beautiful city near the ocean. Now there was less tension in the house. The writer also helped them out financially. The mother, father and five of the ten children and grandchildren were all murdered. Two daughters survived the Stuthoff concentration camp.

Esther had married a man who was crazy, just like her father. He was also obsessed with infidelity that had no substance in reality. She was destined to relive her own father's obsession toward her mother. She divorced him. The divorce caused him to get on the roof, jump off and kill himself. They had three children who survived the war and live in California.

Her older sister, Chaja Kassel the other one that survived Stuthoff, and had one son and had a very good marriage

Mr. Jankl Winerman built a beautiful wooden house, had a store and was a violin virtuoso. He had a wife, son, and if I remember correctly two daughters. Mr. Weinerman's wife was a sister to Mr. Jentl Delatycki. They also had land in the country used as a dairy.

When Malka Weinerman was young girl, a dog bit her. It took many years for her to get sick. Eventually she died of rabies. Mr. Weinerman mourned a year. He married a very nice lady. The UBER MENCH, Nazi murderers, murdered the virtuoso and his whole family a son two girls 8 and 14 years.

The next-door neighbors to the Winermans were the Gliks, a father, mother, son and daughter. They dealt with rags and made a meager living. They were very good looking people, blue-green eyes and very beautiful features. The son, Hirszke Glik, worked in Pupkos daughters iron store.

The Pupkos, because they were very rich, were arrested by the Russians and sent to Siberia. They all survived the war. After being freed from Russians in 1945, he came back to Wilno, to his house in the middle of the night and dug out gold and valuables.

I

Mrs. Pupkos daughter, was a stingy millionaire. The writer Hirsz Glick wrote poetry in his spare time. He was a member of Young Wilno writers' group. He wrote the famous poem that became a national anthem, "Don't Say you go the Last Way, and we be back. The mother, father and daughter were murdered in Ponary. Hirszke was taken to the concentration, camps tried to escape and was shot to death by the Gestapo German murders.

The next neighbors were the Libiski family who had a grocery store. There was a mother, father, two daughters and two sons. The Libiski's were in the ghetto when they saw that half the Jews were already murdered off by the Gestapo and their collaborators. They made a plan to flee to the woods and build a bunker. Some decent Polish people gave those shovels and they dug out a bunker in the woods and hid until they could get away. This saved their lives, for a while.

There were the five Miranski sister, Basia, Etta Ita ,Masha, Rasza and her four year daughter, her husband, Hirsz Weirnerman was a great figure skater and sportsman. Ita Libiski, her sisters two brother they were a large family of eighteen people. When you needed to go out you had to remove a tree, to hide the bunker from the Germans informers. Windows were made from bottles from soda. Occasionally they had to go out for food. An old white Russian told the Gestapo their hiding place. They were surrounded and pulled out and beaten. This was told to my mother by a Polish man. "A beautiful young lady was murdered. She was shot holding her four year old child." The bullet hit the child's body first and the same bullet went through and shot the mother.

My girl friend Ita and her brother were taken to the Gestapo. The rest of the people ran and were shot to death. When they brought Ita and her brother Hirsh to the Gestapo they started hitting the brother with their bayonets. They demanded to know who gave them the shovels to dig the bunker. If they told them, they would send them back to the Ghetto. If they would tell them who gave them the shovels, they would have murdered the innocent Polish people. Because they did not tell them, the Nazi thugs hit the brother without mercy. Ita started crying and they started bludgeoning her also. She was a blond girl and not as skinny like I was at twenty years old. When they Polish neighbors saw her taken to the Ghetto her color of the hair changed and she was black and blue.

At that time, Polish people were hiding my parents. A Polish person told my mother and father that they saw lying on the grass in the woods very beautiful young women embracing a four or five year old child, both were shot through. That was the Miranski daughter, Razz and her good-looking daughter. If the Libiski, the Wingman, the Koopers, the other families would tell who gave them the shovels the Polish people the good one would be killed. And tell the Jewish people to leave their barn, and hiding places. They wanted to protect their families. This understands for hiding a Jew the Nazis would kill and burned the whole village.

The Nazi thugs wanted to take to the Gestapo the youngest Miranski daughter Ita .She and her boyfriend did not want to go with them and started running. They were shot to death as they ran.

When the Gestapo brought Ita Libiski to the Gestapo she found her baby sister there. In the Gestapo worked a Jewish collaborator, Nioma. He was blond and tall. He thought the German would not kill him. They even gave him a free pass to walk the streets to look for Jews. One day he came to the Gestapo and Ita's little sister, probably nine years old, called out his name. He said to the Libiski sister how you come her. She tolled him that her older sister is also here The Gestapo collaborator thug said, "what are you doing here " The child told them that her sister was also here. He took them away from the Gestapo and brought them back to the Ghetto. Ita was taken to the Stutthoff Concentration camp. After painful years and freezing up her toes, she was freed. The little sister, Beila, was murdered.

Guess what happened to the Naomi. The Nazi's murdered him after he did their dirty work.

The Winermans had four daughters and a son Monia The beautiful daughters Cilia, Roacha, Debie were all were murdered. Monia Winerman survived the war and died

last year. We wrote to each other and talked over the phone. Monia left two daughters who lived in Florida. I wish I would have their addresses.

In between lived another family. He was a truck driver. His wife was Mrs. Libiski's sister they had a little girl probably four years old. I remember he one went with his truck and a load of merchandise into the stream and had to be pulled out by a special machine. The educated Germans murdered them also.

Next to the Wienermans lived the Winners. They had two sons and one beautiful daughter, Golda. They moved to our street, toward the beginning of the war, only after their business went bankrupt. Ruben was blond, very good looking and gifted university student. He had to give up his studies under the circumstances. When the Lithuanians took over Wilnius, in a few weeks he could speak Lithuanian. When the Nazi thugs made the ghetto the whole Jewish people were taken to the ghetto and later to a small concentration camp. Jewish people that worked digging peat moss. This was very hard work. Some people had no shoes and worked barefoot. The peat moss was very wet.

In the labor camp Ruben job was, also to answer the phone because he spoke Lithuanian and the Nazi Commandants did not. On one particular day he Ruben Winerman had just intercepted a message on the telephone and went white as a ghost, he met my mother. Ruben, he was pale and shaken, he was bending down, and she asked Ruben what happened. He told her that he had just received the news that all the Jews in the three peat moss camps were to be shot.

To the left on my St lived the beautiful Bencianowski family. Ms Bencianowski was a daughter of the Levins. The Levins and the Bencianowskis lived in a very nice place, with many working people. The Levins had a very large green house and the gardens were filled with the first cucumbers, eggplants and fields of strawberries. They were a large wealthy, well-established family. The Levins all were murdered.

The Bencianowskis mother, father and daughter were murdered. One very good looking son, fifteen, survived the concentration camps. The older son was saved working with peasants, doing field work. He survived by the slightest of chances. When the peasants were going to bathe themselves, once a week, he wore pants while he bathed to hide the fact he was circumcised. He told them he was embarrassed to undress. That was his luck. He visited us fifty years ago on the farm where we live. We lost contact with the brothers. The older one is probably now seventy-five, the younger one probably sixty-five. I would like to know what happened to them in their lives.

Our next neighbor down the street was the Dunki family. She was a widow who had three daughters and three sons. She pretended to be wealthy but had very little. She would put up very fancy plates, but there was not much there. They would put up a big front and to pretend to be rich. The oldest son was married and had a very good looking wife. My girl friend's father would play cards with them. After a while the wife had a daughter who looked like my girl friend's daughter, with eyes that crossed a little. In our St everybody gasped that the daughter that Mr. Donski had was not from her husband but from Mr. Zupraner. the Donskis were w shady business people. By our cousins, who lived, in Majszegola had a tragedy happened. His son was thirteen years old on Saturday and was playing outside with the boys. A Polish boy

came out with a rifle and declared that, "I have to kill a Jew." and shot him death. My cousin was very sick with grief when he lost his son. He got very depressed and could not do business. He gave the Dunks son five hundred zlotys to buy the lumber for his business. He never repaid him the money. I was in my friend Dorkas house when two detective came in and asked for Iske Zupraner .

and Mr. Zupraner sad this is my son. Munia Dunski and his younger brother went to the store and bought suits. They said they were the sons of Kivel Joseph Zupraner when two Policemen came in and said, "your son bought two suits and did not pay for them." My girl friend's father asked what did they look like and they said two very thin dark young men. Kivel Joseph said this is my son. He was blond and tall. He knew who had done the crime.

One daughter Mira Charmac was married to a drug store owner. They had two sons. She was so extravagant. In a few years she brought the business to bankruptcy . The druggist was a very nice man and not like the Dunksis he killed himself. he was not used to Owen money, ant not to pay for what he bought.

The next daughter, Chava married and had a very bad husband. When they were in the ghetto he did not support the children. Chava was freed from Stuthoff. She lost her two sons. She remarried another man after the war. Her first husband also survived. She could not forget that when the children did not have bread he did not help his own children. He was good looking and he remarried. I visited Chava in New York. She married a fine man but the war cost her the lives of two sons, eight and ten.

Mula Dunski was saved by nice Polish Catholic people. W we were freed Mula would came to my Mother's house to eat and would swear that he will see his wife. We thought that he was mad, because she did not came to Wilno. We tough she was death. When he left Wilno and came to Poland, he found his wife she was saved from Stuthoff concentration camps. They lived in New York and then left for Israel. In Polish there is a word, the wolf drawn to the wild. He went into, not nice business. He and his wife are dead now. The rest of the Dunks family, all the brothers and sisters and their children, were murdered by the Nazi German's and their collaborators.

Next door to the Dunksis, at Ukmerges 112 was my Aunts Fejgele Liberman Jankielewich Solomon. They had a wonderful long house with an orchard in front. And the also build a new house. The neighbors were not very nice. When my uncle wanted to make a fence, they demanded money from my uncle. My aunt Fejgele Jankielewich Salman lived in the middle of the city on Makeover Utica. Or St. The street was where the richer people lived. She had two sons Joshua, seven and Ruben, four. When the Communist occupied Wilna. They sent my uncle to Siberia. She let the custodian's son live in her apartment so he could say that he was Polish to protect her. She knew that Thursday and Friday the peasant rode through the streets and you could buy food from the wagons, milk, vegetables, fish. Anything you need for the house. She came to Wilkomierska St. a Polish woman told the Germans that she was Jewish. He slapped her across the face and told her to run to her house. My Aunt could speak German, France Habra Jewish , at the time of the Nazi murderess it did not help. Across from my Aunt Fejgele's house lived a Polish captain. He brought a house from an expensive builder, did not have children and always talked to my aunt

about her beautiful two sons. At this time, the whole population knew that the Germans had already slaughtered fifteen thousand Jews in Ponary. He asked her if she wanted to give him the children. He told her, "if you survive the war, I will give you back the children." As brilliant and intelligent as she was she replied, "but I will not give them to anybody else." She gave him all the valuables she had. The German Nazi thugs brought her in the second Wilno Ghetto. Then to the Lukiszki Jail. They were there for three days without food or water. The screams from the children were undesirable to the thugs so they would shout in the air to quiet the children. For a cup of water Jews had to pay in gold and diments. After three days they murdered her with the whole population of the second ghetto in Ponary where I would sometimes go on picnics.

You can have adduction a no common sense. This applied to many Jews. A friend of my father's who was not educated did the most brilliant thing. As soon as the murder of Jews began in Wilna, she converted her children to Catholicism and gave her children away to Catholic people, they all survived the war and saved their children, emigrated to USA had another child. One daughter is a lawyer and is married. Mr. and Mrs. Golomb had a business in New York and later moved to Florida. Mr. Golomb went swimming one day and drowned. His wife died recently of old age.

My aunt's home and the house on Makowa Street in Wilno was still standing after the war and had people living there. In 1945, on the front of the building, my cousins' names were still present where they used to scrawl their names in a childish manner, with some old pens. These beautiful intelligent people were murdered with thousands of others without being guilty of any crime.

This Rabbi Kessel and Levine's daughter was murdered just because she believed in the Old Testament. The next building was the Synagogue. We had a small synagogue with a highly respectful and most learned Rabbi. The Rabbi had a wife who was the daughter of a rabbi. The German Nazi thugs murdered the Rabbi's daughter and her husband. One son Bere- Leib survived. He was hidden by a nice Lithuanian Catholic couple.

The Nazi monsters came to the Synagogue and gathered ten Jews. The wife and Rabbi and my friend was hiding on the potato pach. But if the mother calls as she said a gentleman is looking for you he went out from his hiding place and looked at the ugly looking dressed in lather tugs and they gathered our Rabbi Kessel, the Levin brother and my friend Hirsz Winerman and Mojsze Gurwich and his brother. There were five or six other whom I don't remember their names. This was also the Rabbi's pond were Mr. Miranski went to jail for throwing the cross into the pond. It was a very common occurrence for Jewish people to have their windows broken by the gentile population. If there was rallying, we had to carry all the Torahs and all other religious items such as holy bibles. The thugs told the Rabbi to undress. They told the Rabbi, to take off his skull cap. When he did not do it or he did not understand, they pierced him with his sword. You dirty Jew take of the hand from your had and surrounded with the huddling thugs and the lowest of the lowest kind, and bandied lust when the Jews had to burn their Synagogue and their bibles.

The Rabbi prays and speak softly, please save what you can. Safe the holly bibels, save the Torahs. The fire is high the Torahs and the synagogue is burning. Jews sing loud. One Polices hoodlum wanted to throw Hirsh Glik in the fire. But he is strong and in

a second he threw the hoodlum to the ground Hirsh Winerman the sportsman the gymnast the skater pushes the other hoodlums almost into the fire. They threw stones at the naked Jews. They also threw dishes at the Jews the broken dishes from the Rabbis' house. The peasants threw coal and fire flee in our eyes. You God damn Jews sing and dance. Each hoodlum had thrown a stick at the Rabbi. the Rabbis body is pierced and burned. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon Hirs Glick talked to the Winerman maybe we can flee to the Levin's garden or maybe if we run they will shoot us it will be better then being burned alive. At that same time a taxi stopped and two German officers get out and say why do you make a spectacle like this. You can do it at night. If you want to burn Jews you can do it in the woods, but not in the middle of the day. The Rabbi and his burned body went to a neighbor's house of Mr. Benjamin Zupraner The hoodlums left their pray. The neighbor was a Jewish Grodzienski, a wealthy and highly educated family.

The Grodzienski had two daughters, one lived in Paris and another daughter, and a tall, intelligent young lady married Bere Leib Kassel, the gifted son of Rabbi Kessel who was an engineer. They had a baby boy. Like all Jews were thrown out of their homes into the Wilno ghetto. In a few weeks they were being marched threw the Wilno St. to Ponary. The Young Grodzienski Kessel with her one year old son on hire hands pushed out her husband Bere Leib on the sidewalk. She said you can save yourself I have a child. Beer Lib went to the village and meet a very nice Lituvenian peasant. He ask him what did your father do. He said my father was a Rabbi and my mother was a Rabbi's daughter. The Lithuanian peasant save his. Bere Leibs wife she could not speak Jewish and did not look Jewish. She, her child and the whole family died from the barbaric German Nazi thugs. The sister who lived in Paris also was murdered in Ponary near Wilno. She came to Wilno on vacation. The Grodzienski house was surrounded with a beautiful garden and many different flowers. They also had a telephone which was not camion at that time in Wilno.

As a child, I would always go near the Grodzienski house on the way to my Aunt's house. This way was a shortcut to my aunt's house near the Wiljia River. My maternal Aunt and Uncle Fejgele and Motel Szejniuk had a soda factory and I liked to look at the suds as the bottles were being filled. The Szejnik family was all murdered. The old lady, Mrs. Bette Matauzon Szejniuk was thrown in a truck and brought to Ponary that was told to me by their haus helper. She was thrown on a trucks were many old and disabled people who were murdered. The old and disabled they did not shoot them, they were thrown in the pit alive and suffocated.

Abraham and Bettie Szejniuk lived in America, made some money and went back to Wilno and set up a soda factory The Szejniuks had three daughters and two sons and has a good life. He educated his children he was 80 years ago. The older daughter, Lisa Evenckik married a very fine men, she was pregnant. The white Polis Legionary came and demented money. The Szejniuks gave them the money which they have. In few weeks they came again and demented money they did not have any more. They took Mr Evenchik and breed alive. The older son, Ichak was named after his father. Ichak always lived with the grandfather. .

It is a Jewish custom to name a child after the closed dead relative.

The second daughter Debbie went to the Jewish Real Gymnasium Jewish Gymnasium. Suddenly, unforeseen tragedy struck the good looking daughter Debbie.

She was arrested and sent to Lukiszki prisons. She became a communist slapped a policeman and torn a Polish flag She was a year in jail and beaten up very badly in Poland. Policemen can get away with anything in some countries when they arrest people. Especially communism was banned in Poland After a year in jail, the parent paid a bribe to the Polish authorities and they sent her away to the Soviet Republic at very big expense. The other daughter Sera had done the same thing, and also had Communist literature in the factory Sera fought with the Policeman. tore down the Polish flag and was sent back to the same prison. She took neighbors boat and sailed there the river and came home In half an hour, the police arrested her. And send her to Lukishki prison From all this trouble, the mother got sick with a nerve disorder and capped the face with her hand. She sat in the chair and look out at the pictures of her beautiful daughter who is now in prison in a strange land. She didn't know that one was death of Tuberculosis The other will be soon be in prison Now her daughter was in Stales gulag as a laborer for Stalin, the henchmen. The older son Israel could not make a living in Palestine. A cousin invited him to Paris. He became a furrier, came to Wilno married a very nice young lady, and had one son who was a pianist. When the Russian laws became more liberal, the brother Israel went to visit the sister. He did not recognize her. In front of him stood an old gray woman. Not the healthy blond strong sister who spoke about Freedom for all people.

Motel the younger son, married his sweetheart from high school Fejgele Roginkin and had a son Nioma. He left Poland for Paris and lived in Paris with his wife and son until after the war. When the Nazi Germany invaded France he enlisted in the France Foreign Legion. When the German army defeated France he came back to Paris. When the Gestapo came to arrest him, he ran away and was found dead in a field.

The wife, Fannie hotel and were not registered. Fannie told her son that he was not Jewish. He could play with the other children because no one would suspect that he was Jewish because he was blond. One day someone told Aunt Fagie and told her that the Gestapo were looking for Jews. She took the son, Nioma and went to a restaurant and ordered a coffee. A young French lady asked her if she was Jewish. She told her she was not. Don't be afraid, she said I am from the resistant. I will give you a house address when the time will be right. My Aunt Fejgele took her son and went to an address. They took her in. After waiting a week, she wanted to leave. The people from the resistant told her you go where we send you. You cannot live that place.? In ten days she and her son went through the Pyrenees Mountain to Spain. Spain accepted them. She lived there until the war ended. She came to the USA and became an American citizen. She went back to Spain and remarried a fine Jewish man by the name of Adolph Fridman. When he died she lived five more years and then came to my house to live in CT for eight years. She died at 92 years. All the first husband's relatives, who were a very big family, were murdered by the Nazis Germans and their collaborators.

Wilkomierska St. which is now called Urkmerges. My family lived at the end of the St. The St. was 2 miles long and where I lived was called Regatta. My St had 160 houses.

Nearby lived the family the Pupko family, which were very rich business people. They had a very large building that was rented to a bakery, a school and their grocery

distribution sold to smaller stores. My mother would buy groceries from them. They were very frugal, when they ate a herring, the head was left for the maid, the tail for the helper. And they would eat the middle. When the Communist came to Vilna, they send them to Siberia. The whole family survived. just the wife died in Siberia of breast cancer. After the war Noson their older son came and dug out same gold which was hidden in their shed. They all left for Israel. I visited them in 1971.

In 1945 my mother went to Warshawa, and brought my girl friend, Ita Libiski; who survived the biting from the Gestapo, the Lukiszki jail Stuthoff concentration camp to our appartement in Lodz where we were living with intention to immigrate to the USA. She stayed with us for three months and my father arranged the marriage to Noson Pupko. Ita Libiski worked for the Pupko company as a helper to Mr. Milikowski the head bookkeeper. The Pupko family did not approve of the marriage because Ita's grandfather was a cobbler. When Ita and Noson Pupko married, they went to Israel where Noson had a younger brother. Before the Hitler war the mother Mrs. Serha Pupko wanted to lure the son back from Israel. She wrote him a letter that she was crawling ill, so he came back stayed a couple weeks and left for Israel back home where he has a wife and children. He was a very fine fellow. The people were tough business people not great charity givers. When the Jewish writer, Hirsch Glik, worked in the Pupko's daughter's iron store, for Chanukah the wealthy boss gave the poor writer a potato grater worth twenty cents. What does a young man of eighteen need a potato grater. The whole street and all the neighbors talked about the stinginess of the Pupkos.

Next to the Pupkos was a drug store. A very fine man and his wife who were also slaughtered. They had a garden where they hid their money in the potato patch. When the gentile neighbors started digging in the potatoes they dug out the savings which the druggist worked for fifty years.

On our street lived Rachmiel the cruet had. He was a very good looking man. Started dealing pigs hair and skins from animals. My mother said to him that he will be a bad husband. I remember the big discussion. He married a fine young lady, who could not have children.

When she served him the meal with two plates, a plate and an underplate he called her bad names. She lived a very bad life. When the holocaust began, he wanted to hide. My father knew that he had accumulated a great deal of money. He asked my father for a place to hide. My father told him he would tell him a location only if he would take the wife. My father said after the war you could leave her. Now you have to keep her safe. He did not want to take her. He wanted to take his lover. My father did not give him the place. He died in the Stuthoff concentration camp a few days before they were freed. He the lover and the wife died also. Then there lived a family. The wife and the husband had different lovers. But when danger came the husband saved the wife and his children. His family and lover were all in the same hiding place. He died ten years ago. He always stayed in touch with my mother. He remarried three or four times.

On Wilkomierska Street at Number 27 lived my friend, Rochele Goldman with her mother, father and sister. This was a big apartment house the people were all higher yeners. This was a very nice intelligent family. They were all murdered.

On the same street lived my mother's friend Esther A? She had a very nice candy store. Her husband was the director of the Jewish theater. They all perished.

An arranged marriage took place for my Grandmother and Grandfather. My grandmother, Esther and Noah Berkowich Roginkin were born in Mogilev, Russia. In 1900 they were married. . My grandmother's father had a small private, bank. He would borrow money and made loans for interest. He found for his son a beautiful daughter, Esther, a nice Jewish. A dowry was made. He was and with the dower they came to Vilna and opened a store. My grandfather went to work in a factory as a manager and made a big salary for that time. My grandmother Esther had five children. In 1914 my grandfather died from a ruptured appendicitis which left my Grandmother Esther with 5 small children to raise, the youngest was five years old. She worked in a store and had good customers. One, Mr. Drozd, was very nice to her. It was in 1914 and the Germans occupied Wilno and it was hard to buy food.

But Mr. Drozd would sell her the provisions that she needed. The oldest daughter, Mirca, finished a commercial school and was working in a the office of Berger and Signage. A very good-looking woman like my Aunt was noticed by the mother of a neighborhood young man. He wanted to marry her. She did not like him. He, FIRST Mery Solmonson could not speak Russian and was not sophisticated. He was very gifted in business and was a good artist. Because of finances of the family my Grandmother said she had to marry him. My Grandmother gave them money to come to the USA. They settled in Revere, MA.

?Their was a son, Samuel, who was forced to emigrated to America. The sister and brother in the USA lost contact. My grandmother also had 3 other daughters, my aunts.

When the Nazi thugs had possession of the house, Aunt Feige Roginkin Fridman lost the addresses of Mery Roginkin Solomon,? who had two children. A son, Nathan Solomsonson, was inducted in the United State Military. He was an air force pilot during the war. During one of his many bombing runs over Germany, his plane was shot down. He was captured and became a USA prisoner of war. In the Nazi prisoner of war camp he hid his Jewish identify. Other American prisoners who stated that they were of German-American ancestry where immediately shot. In the thirteen months, he had lost a hundred pounds. When he was freed by the Russians, they gave the dehydrated soldiers something to drink. This was Russian spirits and burned his throat badly. When the war ended, they gave him to the American forces. The military sent him to England to recuperate.

The whole time that my aunt had been in the USA, she managed to save for her son, five thousand dollars. With this nest egg, which was a great deal of money, he and a good army friend bought a small business in River Beach, Mass. He became a very wealthy businessman. He met a very beautiful young lady and married her and had two children, a daughter Jamie and a son Peter. Now Peter runs the business. Jamie got married and divorced and lives in her Grandmother's house. Mr. and Mrs. Solmonson loved to travel and did so all their lives. Grace is now eighty-three and still living in Swampscott, Mas. Her daughter, lives near by.

Another niece, Jackie, married to Bert a very nice young man. They have two daughters and one son. The daughters are married, both are teachers very beautiful girl. One has two children the another was married recently. The son lives in Florida. Mini's son has one daughter she also was married a year ago.

My Aunt Fejgele Roginkin, the youngest of my Grandmother's 5 children was always a very difficult person. She always was self-centered her whole life. Her room was stacked with Hollywood magazines. You have to remember this was in the 1930. She slept until twelve o'clock in the morning, and went to bed two or three in the morning. She had to have parties. and there were clothes and coats of different color she would by schuss? always a size too small. The customers who came to the store hated her. When they asked for a glass or a fork she would not answer them. She put a pair of shoes and a cotter ? took one and threw it on a buffet. She was always going to the dressmaker. ? machine smashing. In Poland, the winters were very cold, much colder than in the USA. She never wore boots. She always had to waive ? her nose and always made noise ? with her throughout. She had a coat made by Mr. Bilewich, which cost sixty zlotys tremendous and extravagant amount. She always had to buy stockings, hat bands lounge ? . She went to Gymnasium Ralis, a Jewish high school because she was very smart.

A young man, Motel Szejniuk fell madly in love with her. She was going with him and also another man, at the same time. She made a date with a young man a hundred miles from our city. When the young men came to the house to pick her up on a date, she was would not there. She would stand many men up. He was a business man from Lid. He had a brush factory. She said, I forgot, I have a different appointment. My Mother and my Grandmother were always embarrassed. Finally she had to settle for and marry, Motel Szejniuk., when she was twenty-eight years old and too, old for any one else to marry her.

The husband adored her and bought her every thing she wanted. They lived in a brand new, 4-bedroom house, in the newest style. They had a gramophone, so she liked a pattifone. She had a Persian lamb coat with a special Armenia collar.

Her husband had a factory from soda. She got pregnant and had a baby boy. She had him by cicerian after ten of days of intense labor. At the boy's circumcision she came home and could not walk. In the house they had a maid just for the baby. When my Mother first saw the baby she was frightened by how ugly the child was. He was so deformed and black and blue. They called Dr Sedlic who told them that in a week's time the baby would look normal. Everything did straighten out just as the doctor had said. He had had rickets and with vitamins and very good food he did finally straightened out and started walking

He turned out to be a nice blond looking child like his father.

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My great Grandfather, David Boris Nilus was born in Gusodary, Lithuania. The country was occupied by the Czar of Russia . When a person had two sons, one had to serve in the army for 25 years, starting at age twelve. The Czar's government would send the soldier's far away from home. Places such as the Ural

region or Siberia. Those regions would be inaccessible to anyone else but the army. But the worst fear of army service was that a son would be forced to eat not kosher food; if that was not bad enough, there was all the possibility that he would be converted to the Greco-Orthodox religion. It did not take long for a twelve year old removed from all family ties to be quickly converted. It was easy to bribe the official who were very corrupt, so my great Grandfat paid the Czar's official a large sum of money to change one son's last name from Nilus to Liberman. My grandfather was Joshua Liberman. He finished the Yeshiva or Talmudic academy, got (ordained) as a Rabbi, a Cantor Moel, and a Shejchet (kosher kill animals). He could slaughter animals according to the Judaic laws. Had a very beautiful voice and got a position as a Rabbi, Hazan or Cantor in Majszegola twenty kilometers from Wilna and the surrounding area. He married and had one son Michael and 3 daughters, Sara Zeld, and Rosa Joshua made a nice living performing all different aspects of his profession, because most Rabbis could not perform not do everything. His services were in constant demand in all the surrounding towns. He also was not afraid of the government "catchers" who sometimes kidnap an only son and press them in the army. Michael attended the Yeshiva academy in Wilna. Unexpectedly, Grandfather's Joshua wife died. The Rabbi from Gosudary introduced Rabbi Joshua to my Grandmother, Frieda Mary Jankelewich, from Gosudary. They married, after ten years of marriage a son Boris David (my father) was born. My grandfather performed the circumcised his own son. That was a Mitcva (a good deed) and a blessing. My father Boris David Liberman was born in Majszegola in 1895 he was schooled in the house with a special tootor in the ralgious Hibru way, my aunt Fejgele was born in 1905. After finishing pubic school, she wanted to go to high school. The closest high school was in Wilna. At the time a doughtier could not live along, so my Grandfather wanted to move to Wilna so she could attend high school. He went to the chiff Rabbi in Wilna for his blessing. The Wilna Rabbi did not approve the move. The Rabbi said there are no jobs. My Grandfather said Rabbi I have a job. The Rabbi said show me you can hold knife and I will tell you. If you can get the jub in Wilna. This in after my Grandfather performed thousand of religious circumcisions. My Grandfather said, Rabbi I will show you if you will swear on your beard and paises, that if I will do it right, you will say it is right; and if I do it wrong you will tell me it is wrong with it. "No, my child I can't do it because promised that I would not approve you changing places. They can never fined a Rabbi with as much talent as yours. "My Grandfather was very disappointed.

They moved to Wilna. Fejgele went to the Jewish Real Gimnazium. She was a brilliant student her marks were always the highest in high school In 1928 she went to the University in Wilno. From now on I will write Wilno with an o While the government chenged from Russia to Lithuvenia to Poland that the way to wright Wilno. Fejgele finished the Jewish Real Gymnasium with a golden diploma. The teacher sad to her Fejgele if I could I would give you a 6 not all fives. I have a student like you the first time, and I teach school 40 years. My Grandfather got a working position as a Rabbi. Michael the older son finished the Yeshiva, and got a job in a small community to be a Hebrew teacher to a family which had sons, and doughtier. He worked for the Goldblats family for a few years and fall in love with their doughtier Shifra. Hi married her and lived in Sudervia. Rabbi Michael

Liberman had a small store and did ritual slaughtering of animals according to the Jewish religion. They had twelve children, three daughters and nine sons. Rikle, Breinke, and Libke. After living for many years in Sudervia, when the children got in their teens my aunt and his family moved to Wilno. They bought a house four places to the right from ours. Opened a grocery store and my aunt Michael worked as a shechit. My aunt's children were very different from us. They were very shy and not friendly. They dressed like peasants. Rikle married a very nice neighbor. the wedding was in the biggest place in Wilno of course it was strictly kosher. It was really a very special occasion. Rikle married a very nice young man from our St. They were religious people like my uncle and at that time in our St. mostly everyone was very religious and after four years she had three children, The oldest daughter Shoshana was four years old and the next son when he was born Rikle and her mother Shifra had children at the same time. My aunt was forty eight and her daughter Rikle was twenty three in 1939 when the Nazi hordes invaded Poland many soldiers were killed, and their bodies were in the River Wisla and Wilja. Jews on Saturday Jews always cooked fish. The fish eat the died bodies and many people got Typhus Rikle eat the fish and died of Typhus she was pregnant with the fourth child. Shifra the grandmother never invited the children to her house to eat or wash them up. The children all three went from the father's house to his stepmother which helped to take care of the children. Mrs. Shifra Liberman was a cold hearted person. Across the St. lived her sister Masza Kessel she never went to see her or invited her for tea. Shifra was dressed in black long dresses. She and her children were not friendly people, maybe that has come from living in a village. I never spoke to her she was my aunt only Rabbi Michael my uncle and Rabbi Mejer my cousin came to our house. The children did not have friends. In the house was a long black table, my uncle was at the head of the table sitting surrounded by all nine sons, even the four year one was already studying the bible. They had no bicycles no toys no recreation. No sledding no skates. They just went to school, wore plain clothes the dresses looked like peasant from the village Shifra never had a smile on her face She was very tall thin and never had a friend. Shifra had very nice features. Now I think maybe having so many children took away the life from my aunt. The work was done by Shifra and the many children. In their house was no help. At that time a maid cost ten zlotys a month. The second daughter Brani married had three children. Married a business man, and had a paint store two kilometers from us. She her children husband and all their family was murdered by the German Nazi hords. More than hundred forty eight members. Lost was also my aunt's Zeldas Jezierski gifted son which study Tora with a famous Rabbi. Zelda smart gifted daughter Rosa survived the war in the partisans. Rosa Jezierski was in Ghetto and a wealthy Jewish man came to her, and said. Rosa I entrust you my son, if anybody will survive you will of course be the one, all the neighbor's knew that she was very smart. When her mother died of cancer Rosa was eleven years old at the cemetery she cried and spoke mother all the flowers came now out of the ground and you go in the ground, her mother died in May Rosa was eleven years old. When Rosa mother died she went into business, in the military as a glazer she put all the windows in the military bases in a time when the anti Semitism was at highest point, in Poland. Rosa was very successful made money and went into lending money on interest and supported the whole family. Her

father was in the same business but working in the military he started drinking with them. He remarried had a baby girl and died in 1942 in Ponary with all of his family and four year old daughter. On the Kalwariska St all the neighbors knew the gifted Rosa. Neighbor Mr. Katz gave Rosa money for a gun. When you had a gun you were accepted to the partisan unit. Rosa her younger brother Joshua and the young men entrusted to her survived the war just because of Rosa intelligent. The young men entrusted to Rosa married her Mr. Katz's and Rosa had three children, 2 sons and a daughter My father Boris Liberman visited her in Canada. In Canada Rosa made a business was very successful. After a few years Rosa died of cancer, the same disease her mother died off. Her husband remarried. My friend told me her older son died also from cancer. I wrote to Rosa's younger brother and he did not answer me. We lost contact. Joshua or Iske the name after Rabbi Joshua Liberman, only surviving male grandchild lives in Canada. This is his address Izusky 30 Graceland West Kildron Winnipeg 8NB.

My mother's father and mother came to Wilna from Gomel when Wilna was under the Czar. My grandfather Noach Berkowich Roginkin married the beautiful Esther Levit the money lender's daughter. Even she was very beautiful the groom which was a Yeshiva student and a bookkeeper got a very nice daughter. Soon they came to Wilna he bought a brick house with ten rooms, and opened a store. In store was my grandmother Esther he worked in a factory as a bookkeeper and at that time made a very nice living. People from around would come to him to write letters and petitions. They had four daughters and one son. Friday night the store was closed, and my grandfather would take the keys and hide from my grandmother Esther. He was afraid if a friend or some person would ask my grandmother for an item she could not say no. On the table was allowed to sell or give medication for the stomach, or an aspirin. He was the Gabbai of the synagogue when he was thirty years old. This was very seldom when a young man was installed in a position of honor. When my grandfather Noach was thirty-eight years old, he died of appendicitis. My Grandmother Esther was a widow with five children.

I, Julia Liberman Fradkina Gejdenson, was born in the beautiful sophisticated city of Wilno, also called the Jerusalem of Lithuania. I had a two grandmothers and four aunts. Now it is the capital of Lithuania with many different nationalities. We Jews lived separated lives with our friends and relatives. We, as Jews, were never recognized for our achievements. Through the years, the city had different names. Under Russian occupation, it was called Wilna. In 1918, it was called Vilnius. In 1919, it was called Wilno, when the Polish overtook the city from Lithuania. In 1939, when the Russian invaded and divided part of Poland with the Nazi thugs, Wilno was given to Lithuania by the Communist government. The Lithuanian people had little control over the government and were ruled by the Communists. In Wilno, where I grew up and lived, the language was Polish. But in the city there also lived many different nationalities, Polish, Lithuanian, Jews and Russians. The White Russians were the largest minority. We called them Staro wiery (old belief). They ran away from the communist government after the Russian Revolution. There was a small minority of Frenchmen, Swedes and Tartars, who fought for the Polish government. In appreciation of the Tartars, the Polish named a street after them, Ulica Tatarska (Tartar Street), which was next to the main street. Germans

nationals were leftover from 1914 when Germany occupied Wilno. There also resided a small number of Karaitas, who was a splinter from the Jewish religion. The Karaitas did not eat pork, celebrated the Jewish holidays, intermarried with the Poles and had a temple with a half moon on Zwierzyniecka Ulica (Zwierzyniecka Street), it meant the place of the wild. Near the wide large River Wiljia was the clinic for pregnant women of Dr. Sedlic, where my cousin was born. Ekros from the Dr. Sedlic clinic was a large beautiful trees and gardens with flowers. In the beginning of Zwierzyniecka St was the Levins green houses in which grown the first cucumbers, tomatoes, eggplant.

In 1900, the population was small. All kinds of animals lived in the woods. As the population increased and houses started to be built, they cut out the big trees near the beautiful grand Wiljia which runs through the city. Wilno was surrounded by mountains. Some mountains were just sand and gravel. Behind my house, there was a beautiful mountain surrounded with flowers and wheat fields. When the wind blew, the mountains looked like waves on the ocean.

To the right of us lived the Kasowski family and Mrs. Malatt. She was an old lady of ninety-five years, who could compose poetry in minutes if you gave her a topic. She had asthma and my mother and I would always applying Banki (glass cups that are stuck to the back and produces heat and steam treatments) to her back. Before Penicillin, Banki were used routinely. They were applied with a cotton on a stick to suck the air out, the stick is dunked in alcohol. Kasowski's daughter Basia was my mother's friend. Her granddaughter was a bookkeeper. She worked in Hotel Europe.

Wherever Mrs. Kasowski's daughter Basia would come from the city to visit, she brought three kinds of coffee and goodies for her grandmother Mrs. Malatt. My mother and Basia would drink the coffee and talk about fashion. Basia was a very stylish dresser. My mother was also interested in fashion and was always elegantly dressed. The fashion of the day was a black suit and a hat. Mr. Kasowski married Basia's mother because she was a wealthy maiden. She owned two houses. She was not good looking, She was very tall, Skippy and always wore dark dingy dresses. She was a nice person, but looked like a witch. Mr. Kasowski was an intelligent man they did not have anything in common. They lived in one house and rented the other. In the rented house lived Mr. Mrs. Perucki. They had a son they were good looking people and good neighbors. They also had a daughter Stasia the same age as I was she was very big and fat. Had very large feet very big had large eyes mouse and looked like a circus clown.

Mr. Kasowski was a college student and worked as a bookkeeper. Mrs. Kasowski had a butcher store, but was a lousy business-woman. She would write in a book that the woman in a red dress owed her three dollars, and the woman in a green dress owed her five. She would get the customers so mixed up or she completely forgot to collect from them at all. She did not know from which customers to collect. Finally, Mrs. Kasowski had to quit the business of selling meat entirely. Whatever her husband made she would lose in the business.

She also had a son. He was drafted into the Polish army and died fighting the Nazi thugs. The daughter-in-law and Basia were saved because they were working for the Elctrit Company. In 1939, when the Russian and the German Nazi thugs occupied

and divided Poland, the Communist Government stole the company from Wilno and moved the entire Company to Minsk. Basia and her sister-in-law survived the war because they were evacuated to Siberia as employees of the Electrit Company. After the war in 1945, Basia returned to us in Wilno. She stayed a couple weeks and then left for Poland and eventually Israel. My mother and I sent them help when they first came to Israel. We sent her clothes, a white coat and new blouses. She said, now I am a lady again. She asked us for money that we did not have at that time. Basia had a cousin in Israel and we asked her why the cousin was not helping her. She got angry and did not write any more. All over the world they believed that all Americans have a lot of money.

Beyond the Kasowski's were our other neighbors. An old wooden house in which many poor working people lived. In the next house lived a very poor Jewish family Arele. They were not very smart people and were always poorly dressed. The Nazi thugs murdered their whole family of six. The youngest was only four years old. The next neighbor was a Jewish blacksmith and his wife. They had a live-in working man. When the old blacksmith went to the bathroom, the worker murdered his boss. The wife sold the blacksmith shop to the workman who murdered her husband. There was a trial but he was not convicted.

After the Arele house was a mountain. On the top of the mountain lived the Levine family, a mother, a father, one son and five daughters. One was married and had a very good looking six year old son who had shoulder length brown curly hair like Shirley Temple. She survived the Ghetto and the Stuthoff concentration camp. Her husband and child were murdered during the war. In the apartment where she lived for ten years, a Polish family, who had been working with the Nazis, moved in. She could not bear the sorrow and went crazy and died in Vilnius state hospital for the insane.

The Levine's rented the house from the Lukasewich family (Polish Catholics). The Lukaszewicz daughter was six feet tall, wore men's clothes and always wore a cape. She looked very different from the rest of the population. She was a piano teacher.

Her sister, Jadwiga, always came to my mother's business to complain about all the trouble she was having from her twelve children. She would call them bastards. All the children were very good people, but they knew that the mother was rich from her stone and gravel business. She would say, "Berkovina, please give me a pound of honey and a glass of beer to sooth my nerves. I cannot live with those bastards." All her children were judges and always came to the mother for money and she would get aggravated. Her husband, a very tall skinny man, was a carriage maker for the wealthy people. At that time, in the city of Wilno, were just very few cars, and the wealthy would ride in the beautiful carved gilded carriages.

After Lukasewoch came the Kozupski family (Polish Catholics). They were known for having a great garden with many flowers. She had one married daughter. When she had the first child, it was born with a split lip. She did not want to take her home, so the grandmother took the child. My mother would buy vegetables for her grocery store business.

The street ended at a beautiful orchard and forest, which belonged to a count. He had a hundred acres of woods and fields with all kinds of greenery and a hundred cows.

My house was picture book perfect, with a long drive to the hills.

There also lived Filipowa, a Polish Catholic widow who had two daughters. One was very good looking and married a Polish officer and had one son, Tadeusz. During the war, she did not behave like a Polish officer's wife. She kept bed with a Gestapo man. The other daughter, Mania, had one son. When the son died, she became very bitter and mean. After ten years without children, she had three daughters. Everyone wondered where these children came from and thought that she had stolen them. Her husband Jan drank a lot, but was a very fine furniture maker.

Directly under the mountain, a retired policeman was in the process of building his house. They rented one of my mother's houses for over a year, until their house was ready. When I was 12 years old, my mother sent me to ask for the rent money they would pay at the end of the each month. I came to their house and their dog was barking and the lady of the house asked me why don't I came in. I told her I am afraid of the dog. She said, "don't be afraid of my dog, it does not suck Jewish blood." I said, "so let it suck Polish blood." She came running to my mother to complain about my fresh mouth. Children in that time did not speak this way to adults. My mother said you should not have said that. The same lady was happy when the Nazis invaded Wilno. As anti-Semites, they loved when the Nazis first took over. This lady quickly changed her mind when the Nazis took their only child, a beautiful daughter to be a prostitute for the military. The daughter never came back to live in the neighborhood.

Our next neighbor was the Delatycki family. One day, right before Passover, we had the cleaning lady in. We came into our house and found a trail of blood over the clean floor. Our dog had eaten half the Delatycki's turkey and brought the rest into the house to hide under the bed. (My mother paid Mr. Delatycki for the turkey.)

Mr. Delatycki was a young college man and became a bank president who married a peasant girl. Yentil had land and was from a wealthy family. But she was not compatible to him and was common and a plain Jane, She was a good mother lost her life like the rest of our friend to the Germans atrocities. The Delatycki's son Berke was murdered in one of the Nazi raids. When his sister, Rachel, went to the jail to try to get him out, she was dumped into the same jail herself, the Lukiszki Prison. In 1936, his mother came from the USA to visit him. A man offering to help her with the luggage robbed her at the airport. He stole her luggage, all her clothes and goods she had brought with her. That evening she was cooking when a thief broke into the house and robbed the store of the tobacco.

Rachel had a very caring sister to Sara, who had saved her life many times from the German thugs. My younger son and I visited them in Israel. If I met Rachel on the street, I would not have recognized her. The tall, slim gifted musician and Mandolin player, the girl that often visited my home, was now 20 years later, an old fat elderly, lifeless woman. She married a very fine man, had a nice house but lost her son to the Arab war when they wanted to throw the Israelis into the sea.

The younger sister Sara was quick-witted, a very good person and was my brother's age. Both sisters survived the German concentration camps and now live in the State of Israel. Sara and her husband visited us ten years ago. When Sara was in the Stuthoff concentration camp, she would fetch warm soup for the rest, although that meant getting hit with the stick for approaching the line. My girl friend Ida would say, "I don't want the soup." And Sarah would say, "I will get it for you don't do it, you will get hit from the German Nazis too many times."

Sara has three children. She remarried a Canadian man after her first husband passed away. Sara's daughter, who lives in Chicago came to study in the United States and now has a Ph.D. Rachael has 2 children, a son and a daughter. The son had to have his spleen removed and was not accepted into the Israeli army. He went to court to get an exception made. He was finally accepted into the army and was wounded and did not survive because of the lack of his spleen. He died serving his country. Now after all the turmoil of her life, Rachael has all the turmoil of her beloved country of Israel.

Next to the Delatyckis lived the Rachmiel family, a father, mother, four sons and one daughter, Mira. Mira survived in horrible circumstances. She gave birth to a daughter on Christmas night in a trench. She put the child under the door of a Polish couple who was childless. They were good Christian people of whom there were very few. The lady took the baby to live with them and called her Maria. When Mira was freed from the Nazis thugs, she did not want the child back. Upon the insistence of my father and with the help of the police, the Polish family finally gave back the child. She had blond hair, like the mother and father and was very beautiful. I did not understand the mother. Once she had the child back, she did not take care of her. She finally died at ten months. Mira was the only one to survive.

The next house over lived my uncle, Michael Liberman. They originally came from Sudervia. Sudervia was about eighteen kilometers from Wilno. They had twelve children, three daughters and nine sons. They bought the house and opened a grocery store. The wife and the children worked in the store. He prayed and did ritual slaughter according to the Jewish law and of course went to synagogue three times a day. He was fanatically religious and wore the long black coat. This family was the only family who did not associate with anybody else in the neighborhood. One son, Mejer Liberman also became a Rabbi. If he came over for a visit to our house, he would not dare take a drink of tea or not eat even a cookie. They did not have bicycles, skates or sleds. The boss in the house was the mother. My uncle, Michael, a very religious Jew, would often complain that my father wore a short jacket like the gentiles. He and my father would buy grapes for wine for the Passover holiday.

He was a very quiet man as was his son, Rabbi Mejer, a Cantor and sang with the prestigious Kusowicki choir. Mr. Kusowicki came to sing in Norwich, the town next to us. When the Communists took over, they took Mr. Kusowicki's brothers to the Moscow opera to sing for them. After Stalin died, the Communist restrictions were lifted enough to enable him to immigrate to the United States. They sang and lived in freedom until their death.

Professor Wojciehowski, a Polish Catholic man and also Dean of the Wilno University (close to the correct spelling), lived in Wilno, had a summerhouse in

Sudervia, eighteen kilometers away, and would come to discuss the Bible with my uncle. He would drive down our street in a carriage, wife always by his side. She had a veil on her face to protect against the dust. At that time the roads were completely dirt. Even though our street had cobblestones in the middle, they had dirt for the sidewalks.

On the other side of the street, lived the Zabłudowski family. Malka was a friend of my Grandmother, Esther. Her husband was a Torah writer. "Feldsher" (assistant physician) was a highly educated man and very intelligent. He was about seventy years old. As young ones, we loved to walk and talk with him. His wife would send the daughters eggs and other homemade goodies. Malka was a great cook and could make beer, wine, and all kinds of preserves. She was not a neat person and the house was always a mess.

The daughters were educated. Mejta was a nurse and was married to a high school teacher. Meita married Mr. Boruch Lubocki, a math teacher. Mejta had two sons and a daughter. Boruch, Mejta and their gifted children, Imke and Danke were accepted to the Wilno University. We should not forget that Jews had a quota. Only a small percentage of just the brightest was accepted. Szulamit, another child, could do algebra when she was eight years old. The young men were seventeen and eighteen and attended the Philosophy Faculty University of Wilno. Boruch, Mejta and their gifted daughter were murdered in Ponary, murdered by the German-Lithuanian-Ukrainian collaborators that were in control of the prison and death camps. The two sons, Imke and Danke, were murdered fighting for the Jewish people on the same street.

Sima Zabłudowski and Rabbis Leikin's family were our neighbors.

The Rabbi's son and Sima were both teachers. Sima was very elegant looking and from a good family. When Sima Zabłudowski started dating the Rabbi's son, his mother didn't approve of Sima. Sima would sneak out to date him when his mother went out of town. She would follow Joseph into town. Years ago, the mothers had great influence on just who their child should marry. Very seldom did a child disobey.

The wedding was to take place in Mr. and Mrs. Zabłudowski's house. Mrs. Zabłudowski was an excellent business lady. She was a dealer of all kinds of iron grease, used for wagon wheels; and feathers for pillows. When Sima was to marry, her mother Malka was a beautiful talented lady, but an incredible disorganized housekeeper. My grandmother, Esther was asked to bring our maid for a day.

My good-natured grandmother, of course said yes,. Michalowa, our maid, and her daughter both came to work on the house. Michalina "I don't know how to clean a house like this." It took the women two days for the house to be cleaned. We had to pay double plus lots of convincing that the job could get done. Mr. Liekin even got used to the great disorganization and came to his in-laws for all the holidays. Sima's mother-in-law never approved of Sima and would never stay at her house whenever she came into town, but she could never remember why she did not approve of her. Mr. Leikin was in the Szejnburg concentration camp and was murdered by the German Nazis.

When I returned for a visit after recently being married to my first husband, who was murdered by the Germans, my mother said that I had to pay a social visit to our

good friends the Zabłudowski's. I forewarned my husband about the state of her housekeeping was beyond description. No matter what you see you must taste what Malka gives you. I will say that I am pregnant and cannot eat anything because of nausea. My husband drank the beer Malka offered him. Later he said he could write a book about the house. Mr. Zabłudowski thought the problem was that the house was so old. Mr. Zabłudowski had a brother in America who he asked for help to finance a new house. The brother sent him money. They built a new house. The uncleanness and clatter was just the same. On the right was a barrel of black grease. A little farther was the same junk iron grease for the wheels and on the left was a barrel of feathers. The table was full of stuff; wine, beer, all kinds of preserves, all kinds of bread and Chula cookies. When Sima married her husband, he drank and ate horseradish. It was an immaculately clean house. Joseph Liken could not eat in a house like this. After a while he got used to the disorganization came to his in-laws house and ate on all the holidays. Little did he know that worse things would come his way. The German Nazi thugs put him in the Wilno ghetto. From there he was sent too many concentration camps before he was murdered in Szeinburg. I read in the Jewish Forward that a cross is resting on his grave, put there by mistake. Sima Leikin survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, remarried a survivor, Mr. Dawang. My daughter and her family visited her 12 years ago, in Montreal, Canada. The older son, Abraham Zabłudowski was an artist and was also murdered.

The younger son Rechavem Zabłudowski Amir left Poland, probably, in 1938. He was named after King Solomon's son. I met him in the USA in Boston 15 year ago. He was Israel's Ambassador General Consul. He wanted to meet me in 1953, but I could not meet him because I was pregnant with my younger son Joshua, now called Ike. Rechavim Amir now lives in Israel. And so the German thugs took care of the Zabłudowskis and the gifted Lubocki brothers and all their families were murdered. Ms Boruch Lubocki the gifted mathematic teacher was killed in Szeinburg Germany. In the Jewish Forwards was written then on the graves are crosses. Next to the Zabłudowski lived the Milikowski family. Mr. Milikowski was a bookkeeper in the Pupko Company. They had a library of 2000 books. Mr. Milikowski, his wife Freda, their daughter Ida and two sons were also murdered in Ponary near Wilno by the educated cultural Nazis with their collaborators... Next to the Milikowski lived the Krapiwnik family of nine people. One daughter Malka, was my aunt's friend. She lived with her husband and two sons on Troki Street and had a fruit store. She was in the Wilno ghetto and when the Nazis took her to Ponary to be murdered, she jumped from the truck and came back to the ghetto a few weeks later. The whole family was eventually murdered. After the Krapiwnik's lived the Gurvich family, a father, mother and their beautiful daughter. They were murdered in Ponary where the German murdered 100,000 Jewish people. The two sons, Kopeck and Mejszke, survived the concentration camps. After they were liberated and suffering from extreme tuberculosis (TB), they were sent to the Swiss country to recover. They immigrated to Israel in 1972. My younger son and I visited them. One was a school principal and the other was an artist and painter. Both married and died very young and left two widows and 3 children. Messed took us around Tel Aviv. Kopke was my brother's best

friend. They went to the same Hebrew school. After school, he would often come to our house to eat. They were poor. The father worked in a factory but there often was very little work.

Next to them, lived the Goleszeika Family. Very strange looking red-haired man. He was very tall and constantly spit on the floor. My mother was worried about me catching TB from them. I was never allowed to walk barefoot. The two sons survived the war. But as they were coming home from hiding, the Polish white partisans murdered them..

In my house, anybody could come to eat and sleep for free. At my grandmother's house and my mother's house, there was always a collection of relatives and poor people. One time I came home and my mother and aunt were arguing with my grandmother. My grandmother allowed a young lady with Trachoma, a contagious disease of the eye that could cause blindness, stay in her home. She had her own food, but just needed a place to sleep. My mother and aunt were afraid that we would get infected. The medication was free and she just needed lodging. She stayed a month, got cured and nobody else was infected. She and her family went back to their lives until they were murdered by the Majsezgola

After the Russian revolution my grandmother, Esther the beautiful, let a whole family of Russian Jews (a father, mother and three sons) who ran away from the Communist government stay in her house. He was called Hirsze from Petersburg. Hirsze was a broad shouldered man with big whiskers, a red face and blond gray hair. To make money, he would buy and sell big sturgeon or salmon, put it on his head and sell it to Sztrals Café on the main street. He was a sight to see balancing his big fish on his head. They were once wealthy business people who lived in Moscow and now had to be on charity. The wife got sick and died in an insane hospital. You had to be a first class businessman to live in Moscow. All three sons eventually married. The father of the family started drinking. In winter, he would sleep in the house. In summer, he would sleep in the barn. He was often so drunk that he would wet his pants. He would also drink 10 glasses of tea at a time and sing Tra Tata and wipe his brow with a towel. The older son would come every two weeks to visit my grandmother. He had a store with military cloths. German thugs murdered the whole family.

Next neighbor and our friends were the Zupraner family. Kivel Joseph Zupraner was very handsome and distinctive looking, six feet one or two inches tall with very expressive blue eyes and grayish hair. Kevel's wife, Sonia, was a very good housekeeper and an excellent cook from a prominent family. They had a son Iske, an Agronomy engineer, who finished the University of Wilno. The mother was hoping he would marry a rich bride. He was even taller and more handsome than the father and did not look like a Jew. He fell in love with a poor student from the University, a very good-looking blond Jewish girl from Lida, 150 miles from Wilno, and moved there. The mother was very disappointed. The younger daughter was Rachel. She was blond and very fair, good natured and a little cross-eyed. She was the same age as my brother. She died 2 days before being freed from the Stuthoff concentration camp. She was 21 years old.

The older daughter was Dorka, my girl friend. She was very interested in clothes. No matter how many clothes her mother made for her, it was never enough. She

had long black hair, a figure like a model, and went to Ox high school. She was separated from her boyfriend. They were both murdered in Stuthoff. Sometimes my mother would tell me I needed new clothes. I hated to go to the dressmaker. The dressmaker would say to me, "I cannot fit anything on a board! What's the matter, your mother is such a nice lady, and doesn't she give you food to eat. Let the dress gather a lot and hide your bones and I will make a big bow in front of your bony neck."

The Nazi raiders came to the house and asked to see Iske. His wife was told said that the German authority wants to see your passport. They took him away and murdered him the next day. The daughter-in-law, a Polish teacher, could not fathom that the cultured Germans murderers would kill such a proper, good-looking young gentleman. He could have lived on the Polish side because his blond looks could easily hide a Jewish identify. His father, Kivel Yodel, went to the police station to plead for his son. He did not return either. The tall strong men were identified as Jews to the German catchers by the Lithuanian and Ukrainian Police. 15,000 went to their death in the first few months in just this manner.

My friend Dora was taken to the Ghetto and later to a smaller concentration camp along with my parents. They had to dig peat moss from the bogs in their bare feet. In the Rzesza concentration camp she fell in love with a doctor. (I knew his name but now cannot remember.) They were

both separated and murdered after the German thugs worked them to death.

Sonia Sprayer's beautiful daughter, last name Trojanowska, went into the ghetto. Her mother-in-law did not let her stay with her in the ghetto.

Sonia was sent to Ponary and in one of the ghetto surrounding that houses 21 and 22 had to gather for work nearest to the gate the daughter-in-law went to work for the German Nazis in Porubanek, an airfield. Among the Nazi beasts were very few good people. A German Overmatch soldier brought her food. One day he came and told her not to go to the ghetto tonight. They were planning to kill her. He told her to hide under the boards. But don't tell anyone what I said. If you do, I will be murdered also. She hid under the lumber when they came for her. The next day she went with the other slaves to the ghetto. Since she was blond and beautiful, she tore off the yellow star that all Jews had to wear under Nazi slavery. She ran to hide out with to a Polish Professor from Wilno University. He was involved in the Polish underground and she stayed with him during the war. Occasionally, she even dared go outside. One time a student that she knew recognized her. The student said, "Are you not a Jew?" And she answered boldly, "Do I look Jewish? Here is my passport. I am related to such and such priest," a priest that was known for being a big anti-Semite. The student believed her and she went back into hiding. The rest of the time she did not dare to go outside until the Nazis capitulated.

After the war Sera Zupraner Trojanowska one of our neighbors who lost her husbands to the Nazi catchers was now living on Wilenska Street. She would come to our house to eat. The Communist government arrested her lover and sent him to Siberia. The next time I saw her she had gotten fatter and I asked if she was pregnant. She didn't respond and soon had a daughter. She was teaching school and on her wall were pictures of Jesus. I asked her why these pictures were on your

wall. She said my students don't know that I am Jewish. She told me that her students were constantly telling her that too many Jews were saved from the Nazis. From the original population of 100,000 Jews was probably 25 or 30 left. I was told she had 2 more children from the same man, when the Russians let him go.

The Zupraners had a very lovely house. My mother helped to sell the house to a wealthy Polish man. She got 100,000 rubles for the Zupraner family. The money did not last long. She sold the in-law's house because the Nazis had murdered the whole family. When we were 14 or about 15 years old, Dorka and I would pick cherries from their cherry trees. Later we took out the pits with a pin and Sonia Zupraner and the maid would make the most delicious preserves for the winter. They were cooked a long time, 2 pounds of cherries and 2 pounds of sugar. At the Zupraner house all the pots were copper and the house had very beautiful grounds. Next to the Zupraner was a mountain. Behind a long driveway there lived Achichefski. Achichewski would sell vegetables to my mother and would flowers. Mrs. Archisewski had a daughter and a son. He was in the last semester of medical school and came home and told her he was in love and the girl is a Lithuanian young lady. Over my dead body will you marry a 'clump.' The Polish did not like Lithuanian people even though they were Catholics. A 'clump' meant they walked in wooden shoes. He took the gun and shot himself. Next morning, Mrs. Archiszewski worked in her flower garden, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I was probably ten years old but I never forgot the tragedy.

After Archiszewski, lived the Miranski family, mother, father, two sons and five daughters. Mr. Miranski was a very gentle man and a custodian of the synagogue. He was very pious and would go to pray and performed some religious ceremonies. The synagogue cleaning woman was Polish. The synagogue was near a small pond. When Mr. Miranski came to the synagogue one particular morning, he found a cross on the bench. He took a stick to lift the cross and threw it in the pond. As a very religious Jew, he was afraid to touch it. Next day, the cleaning lady came to clean the synagogue and could not find her cross. She went to the police and told them the Jews stole her cross. Mr. Miranski was taken to the police station, interrogated and ruffed up. "You God-damn Jew, what did you do with the cross?" they asked. I dared not touch it, he said, so I took a stick and threw it into the pond. You know it is against our religion. Mr. Miranski was thrown in the Lukiszki jail as if he were a dangerous criminal. His only interest in life was praying and making a living by working. He was in jail for probably a year or so. The biggest Jewish attorneys worked on his release and finally had him freed. The case was written up all over the world, even in America. As a pious man could not eat the food in jail because he was strictly kosher. Mr. Miranski's wife also suffered as did the whole family.

The son Percec was a writer and belonged to the young Jewish writers club. He also belonged to the Bunt, an organization different that the majority of young people belonged to the Zionist organization. Shomer, Hatzair and Betar were the other sons. The Miranski daughters were very good looking. Rasza was tall and had a beautiful figure and hair. She looked like Aver Gardner. She did not need make up on the skin and was of perfect height.

On our street lived middle class families. Rasa's grandfather was a very nice man but was a cobbler. The Zupraner's son fell in love with Rasza. Mrs. Zupraner sent away the son to France to separate him from the cobbler's grand daughter. She was heart broken. She finally found another young man, married and had a beautiful daughter Esia and lived very well.

Mr. Miranski forgot about the jail and the Polish court. Percec married and had a very nice wife who was pregnant. Base, a gifted portrait painter was married to a nice husband and had a boy eight years old. Two of his other children, Massac and ITA were not married. All were murdered by the Nazi's except Perec and his family.

He left Wilno and was in Russia. He eventually immigrated to Canada. My older son visited him there.

The next episode is not describable and not believable. In 1939 the German Nazi bastards invaded Poland. My beautiful Wilna was bombed and burned by the Germans Nazi Luftwaffe. The planes bombed and burned the city without mercy. They needed more space for their umber menses. That meant the higher class educated thug hoodlums. So much bombing and burning was not enough. Next the Nazi thugs divided the spoils of war with the Communist Molotov Stalinist Regime. During this time a Mr. and Mrs. Dave Milchiger lived on our street. He was big and strong, had big shoulders and looked like a boxer. He was always happy. He had a very nice wife Rachel. They had a tavern and lodging. They did not have children so they always played with my girl friend Ida's little sister. His wife got pneumonia and suddenly died. He was called David without children. One year after his wife's death he married an elderly lady. It was a surprise to all the people that his wife had a little girl. His dream was fulfilled, but not for long. They were taken to the ghetto, next to a small concentration camp. All three, mother, father and their daughter were slaughtered in Ponary.

Next to the Zupraners, lived the Brother of Kive-Joseph. The family was very wealthy. They had a big store with a lot of customers and a very large yard. They could afford to send their very good-looking sons to France to study. One was an engineer and the other studied at the Sorbonne. They sent away their son because they did not like that he fell in love with a girl, Rasza Miranski, whose grandfather was a cobbler. They married and were all murdered with their families in France. I heard that one daughter survived. I don't know if this is true.

The next house was Benjamin Zupraner, a man that looked like a movie star. He was tall and had perfect features. He was my girl friend's father. Mrs. Zupraner was not tall and not good looking, but a very nice person, always with book in the hand. He married her because he received a big dowry. She was from Lodz, a big Polish city. She would only converse with my mother. The other people were not educated or sophisticated enough for her. Their son Bumke belonged to Beitar, an organization which held the belief that the Jewish people had to fight to get Israeli's land back from the its invaders. Szomer Hatzair was an organization that believed just through work and immigration we will get our ancestral land back. Bumke went to Israel. He married and had a family. I was told he died a few years ago.

My redheaded friend Basia was a very nice person who also belonged to the Beitar. She fell in love with a student from my school. He immigrated to Israel and

would have waited for her to come. But the German murderers had a different plan for her. Basia, her father and mother were thrown out of their comfortable, highly orderly peaceful house. The Jews were marched through the middle the street with guns and the Polish people cheered and threw insults. Basia and her father worked for the Nazis on Porubanek, building and logging lumber. After one year, in hunger and disappointment and sorrow they came back to the ghetto. The Gestapo surrounded the houses and knocked on the doors. All men had to report to the gate in ten minutes. The house was surrounded with German Ukraine Lithuanian Nazi collaborators. They screamed, knocked with the guns right and left. Basia, in a minute's time cut her red hair, put on a pair of pants, and went to the gate with her father as a man. This transport was for men only. They rode in the train for a week, slept on the boards, and had little food. When they came to the concentration camp they were told to undress. Their clothes and shoes and whatever little possessions they had were taken away. When they saw that she was a girl, they separated her from her father whom she went to protect. She survived the Sztuthoff concentration camp with a few of my friends from our Wilkomierska Ulica Street. (I should say Unmerges When the communist gave Wilno to Lithuania, they changed the name of the street.) Basia's father and mother were murdered by the higher-class people. They called themselves UBER MENCH. (We the people of the Bible were Under Munch.) After Basia was freed, she immigrated to Israel. She had a brother and a boy friend prior to the war. When she came to Israel, the brother was there but the boy friend had married someone else. He divorced the first wife, from which there was a daughter, and married my friend Basia. Her husband Abraham was a dentist. She had two children, a daughter who married a doctor and the son who was a dentist. But the Nazi thugs took away Basia's strength. She died very young. My younger son Ike and I visited her in 1971 and she died shortly after that.

Past the Benjamin Zupraner family, lived a Polish family. He was a lower class hoodlum. In 1919, the first Polish troops came to Wilno after defeating the Lithuanians. A Polish legionnaire wanted to hit my father. He said to the legionnaire "Chatka moja Matka," this house is my mother's and you cannot touch the Rabbi's son. But little the German murderers murdered our people of the bible. The Riva Braine family lived in the next house. They had five daughters. I will start from the youngest, Rosa Beba, who was already married. She was dark skinned and good looking and had a beautiful baby boy. When the German murderers started stripping and shooting the people in our street, everybody ran to the mountains. Beba came to my house from the hills with the lovely year old boy in a white coat. They were so scared from the bombs her nerves were fared. The date was 21 June 1941. The UBER MENCH, the higher-class people took care of Jewish people. They murdered Beba with her husband and her beautiful one-year son and the older exotic looking sister, Cecia. They also murdered Mr. and Mrs. Bullock whose occupation was a mill owner and wealthy man. He also owned 2 brick homes, a grand- piano on which we all liked to play. The new house had two stories. They rented it as a store and a tavern.

In the tavern worked a waitress that always wore loud colors and rouge on her face. Our dog which was always very tame did not like her or was frightened by the

loud colors and once bit her leg. We had to keep the dog in for to see if rabies developed. We had the dog for ten years. He once murdered a turkey but never touched anyone human except that waitress. My mother had to pay her some money for the injuries to the leg.

The sisters who survived, Riva and Luba Belicki were hidden by decent Polish people. The youngest survived the Stuthoff concentration camp, but lost her husband and came to America. She visited us at our house fifteen years ago.

The next neighbors were the Mr. and Mrs. Jochelsons, very fine and rich people who had two children. The children got sick and died. After ten years they had two more children a boy and a beautiful curly haired girl. Mr. Jochelson lent money to people for interest and had a store. The Nazi Germans took care of them also. They were all murdered in Ponary with their beautiful curly-haired children, six and eight.

After the Johansson was a narrow railroad and the military had a weapons depot. Behind this was a house with friendly Polish people. Their daughter and I were friends. I cannot remember their name at this time.

To the right there was a grand pond and a beautiful field with all kinds wild flowers and other vegetation. In Wilno we called it air long steps of grass (a certain species). On the Jewish holiday of Shavuot, we would collect the grass and flowers and scatter it on the floor and around the house.

After the beautiful grand pond was a Lithuanian man who opened a bathhouse. Before that one existed, my grandmother and I had to walk a mile and a half to get to the bath house. Jache was an old lady and she had a big oven, Every Jew was orthodox at that time. Jews didn't cook on Saturday. One old lady cooked for the whole neighborhood. Everybody would bring their food to her home on Friday, before sundown. We would pay her half a dollar and pick up dinner on Saturday, either twelve or one o'clock. You had to have a special wire to pick up and bring the pot home or use a special handkerchief to carry it that was blessing by the rabbi. On Saturday, the Sabbath, according the Jewish law, no one cooked, even to put things in the oven or turn on the electric lights. We would bring the cholant (a meat dish) to the Jaches. We would pick it up at twelve o'clock on Saturday at the cost twenty or thirty grosz or cents. When we had guests we would cook in the big oven in the house. We lit the oven Friday night and took it out Saturday morning. Michalowa, our Catholic maid for many years, turned on the oven.

The next neighbor was the Pupko warehouse. My mother purchased groceries for her store. It was a big two-store complex of houses. On the second floor my fraternal Aunt Fejgele Liberman, Sahra Itchkowith and Brajna Kessels ran a kindergarten and a four-grade school. The street was probably two kilometers long and had a church at one end with a little hill called the hill of Jesus. Polish people walked on their knees to be forgiven for their sins. They have plenty of them. On the other side across from my house, next to the Krapiwniks' lived David Kagan, his wife, son and daughter, Papa. Mr. Kagan ran away from the Communists. Mr. Kagan was called the Bolshevik. While he came to Wilno with the Communist forces, he never returned to Russia. He opened an iron store, got married to Lea and had two children. He was tall and very impressive and a very good man. After renting

awhile, he built a house across from our house. The house was very modern and had a bath with running water.

Papa Kagan wore very modern clothes. His daughter Paja fell in love with a young man who did not meet her parent's approval. She had many wonderful men who greatly desired her. Everyone knew that she had made a poor choice. She had two wonderful daughters. The Nazis murdered Paja her mother and children. Mr. David Kagan went to his death and took with him the electric tea pot, he still did not see anymore his wife his daughter and his grandchildren he still believed that the Nazis kept them on some work,

When the Nazi thugs divided Poland in 1940 with the Communists, they gave Wilno to Lithuania, our Catholic Polish neighbors were now suddenly not Polish, but Lithuanian.

Stephan our neighbor went to visit some relatives in Lithuania. He came back and told my mother, "Pani Berkowa they are killing Jews in the streets of Wilno and in all Lithuania" When my mother heard the news from Stefan. My mother went across the road to tell the Kagans. He got angry and called my mother a panic maker.

In Zenia's house was a mother father a very beautiful twenty year old daughter (a Russian family), who escaped from the Communists in 1919. They were very fine people who lived from selling gold peace and hoped that the Communist government would fall soon and they can return home to Russia. After Zuni's lived the chimney sweeper's family. We called him the Caiman. This meant the chimney sweeper The Caminar passed away his wife and daughter and son lived next to Zenia's Feige own a large house with many renters. She had house and a very large yard. She also had a little store. Her son went to Uruguay to get married.

She had a daughter who married a bad man who would always hit her. They finally got divorced. The old chimney sweeper's wife, daughter and their relatives were all murdered in Ponari.

The old chimney sweeper's wife had tenants. One family was a Jewish man, a truck driver, his very beautiful wife and their five children. She would come to my mother's store for groceries. When she got sick my mother was always ready to help. When my mother came to their house she could not believe what she saw. In these people's home was practically no furniture. A few boards served as a bed for the five children. When Dr. Jashpan came to the sick lady he told my mother, "Why are you here? Do you want to get sick also. This is

In 1940, the border between Lithuania and Wilno was removed. A mother, father and a bunch of relatives came to visit the sick lady. They were all very well dressed and were able to help them with furnishings.

The small blond lady ran away from the house because her mother and father were against her marriage to a truck driver. But none of these trivialities would matter for long. Nazis thugs murdered them all.

After the chimney sweeper, lived Abraham the Boltz. They had seven children. Abraham the Boltz was a very good-looking man. He was enlisted in the Kings Unit, only a special and select few were taken. The daughters were very good students. One was a nurse and she was called to a sick man's home, the famous writer Urge Nachalnik. He courted and married her.

Next to the chimneysweeper lived the Kassel family, nicknamed, the Boltz because they were very tall, They were all very poor. Mrs. Boltz was from a wealthy family. When she got married, she was given a very expensive fur coat. She covered her first child with the expensive coat since they had nothing else. She and Mr. Boltz did not agree on many things. After every year in the military he would come home for a week or two. After a year he would come and she would introduce him to another child. "This is Kusik, this is Media, this is Ruben, this is Esther, this is Chaff, and this is Bejla." He got in his head that Bejla his last was not his. The whole street has good laugh from this. Bejla was the one of all the other children that looked most like him. She was very tall with blond hair and perfect features, just like him. The whole marriage they argued that she was not his. The younger son would always run to the drugstore to buy aspirin for the mother's headaches. When the nurse, Etta married a famous writer, she took her sister, Bejla to Outwore, a beautiful city near the ocean. Now there was less tension in the house. The writer also helped them out financially. The mother, father and five of the ten children and grandchildren were all murdered. Two daughters survived the Stuthoff concentration camp.

Esther had married a man who was crazy, just like her father. He was also obsessed with infidelity that had no substance in reality. She was destined to relive her own father's obsession toward her mother. She divorced him. The divorce caused him to get on the roof, jump off and kill himself. They had three children who survived the war and live in California.

Her older sister, Chaja Kassel the other one that survived Stuthoff, and had one son and had a very good marriage

Mr. Jankl Winerman built a beautiful wooden house, had a store and was a violin virtuoso. He had a wife, son, and if I remember correctly two daughters. Mr. Weiner man's wife was a sister to Mr. Jentl Delatycki. They also had land in the country used as a dairy.

When Malka Weiner man was young girl, a dog bit her. It took many years for her to get sick. Eventually she died of rabies. Mr. Weiner man mourned a year. He married a very nice lady. The UBER MENCH, Nazi murderers, murdered the virtuoso and his whole family a son two girls 8 and 14 years.

The next-door neighbors to the Waterman's were the Gils, a father, mother, son and daughter. They dealt with rags and made a meager living. They were very good looking people, blue-green eyes and very beautiful features. The son, Hirske Glik, worked in Pupkos daughters iron store.

The Pupkos, because they were very rich, were arrested by the Russians and sent to Siberia. They all survived the war. After being freed from Russians in 1945, he came back to Wilno, to his house in the middle of the night and dug out gold and valuables.

I

Mrs. Pupko daughter was a stingy millionaire. The writer Hirsz Glick wrote poetry in his spare time. He was a member of Young Wilno writers' group. He wrote the famous poem that became a national anthem, "Don't Say you go the Last Way, and we be back. The mother, father and daughter were murdered in Ponary. Hirske

was taken to the concentration; camps tried to escape and were shot to death by the Gestapo German murders.

The next neighbors were the Libiski family who had a grocery store. There was a mother, father, two daughters and two sons. The Lipinski's were in the ghetto when they saw that half the Jews were already murdered off by the Gestapo and their collaborators. They made a plan to flee to the woods and build a bunker. Some decent Polish people gave those shovels and they dug out a bunker in the woods and hid until they could get away. This saved their lives, for a while.

There were the five Miranski sister, Basia, Etta Ita, Masha, Rasza and her four year daughter, her husband, Hirsz Weinerman was a great figure skater and sportsman. Ita Libiski, her sisters two brother they were a large family of eighteen people. When you needed to go out you had to remove a tree, to hide the bunker from the Germans informers. Windows were made from bottles from soda. Occasionally they had to go out for food. An old white Russian told the Gestapo their hiding place. They were surrounded and pulled out and beaten. This was told to my mother by a Polish man. "A beautiful young lady was murdered. She was shot holding her four year old child." The bullet hit the child's body first and the same bullet went through and shot the mother.

My girl friend Ita and her brother were taken to the Gestapo. The rest of the people ran and were shot to death. When they brought Ita and her brother Hirsh to the Gestapo they started hitting the brother with their bayonets. They demanded to know who gave them the shovels to dig the bunker. If they told them, they would send them back to the Ghetto. If they would tell them who gave them the shovels, they would have murdered the innocent Polish people. Because they did not tell them, the Nazi thugs hit the brother without mercy. Ita started crying and they started bludgeoning her also. She was a blond girl and not as skinny like I was at twenty years old. When they Polish neighbors saw her taken to the Ghetto her color of the hair changed and she was black and blue.

At that time, Polish people were hiding my parents. A Polish person told my mother and father that they saw lying on the grass in the woods very beautiful young women embracing a four or five year old child, both were shot through. That was the Miranski daughter, Rasa and her good-looking daughter. If the Libiski, the Wingman, the Koopers, the other families would tell who gave them the shovels the Polish people the good one would be killed. And tell the Jewish people to leave their barn, and hiding places. They wanted to protect their families. This understands for hiding a Jew the Nazis would kill and burned the whole village.

The Nazi thugs wanted to take to the Gestapo the youngest Miranski daughter Ita. She and her boyfriend did not want to go with them and started running. They were shot to death as they ran.

When the Gestapo brought Ita Libiski to the Gestapo she found her baby sister there. In the Gestapo worked a Jewish collaborator, Nioma. He was blond and tall. He thought the German would not kill him. They even gave him a free pass to walk the streets to look for Jews. One day he came to the Gestapo and Ita little sister, probably nine years old, called out his name. He said to the Libiski sister how you come her. She tolled him that her older sister is also here The Gestapo collaborator thug said, "what are you doing here " The child told them that her sister was also

here. He took them away from the Gestapo and brought them back to the Ghetto. Ita was taken to the Stuthoff Concentration camp. After painful years and freezing up her toes, she was freed. The little sister, Beila, was murdered. Guess what happened to the Naomi. The Nazi's murdered him after he did their dirty work.

The Winermans had four daughters and a son Monia the beautiful daughters Cilia, Rocha, Debie were all were murdered. Monia Winerman survived the war and died last year. We wrote to each other and talked over the phone. Monia left two daughters who lived in Florida. I wish I would have their addresses.

In between lived another family. He was a truck driver. His wife was Mrs. Libiski's sister they had a little girl probably four years old. I remember he one went with his truck and a load of merchandise into the stream and had to been puled out by a special machine .The educated Germans murdered them also.

Next to the Wienermans lived the Winners. They had two sons and one beautiful daughter, Golda. They moved to our street, toward the beginning of the war, only after their business went bankrupt. Ruben was blond, very good looking and gifted university student. He had to give up his studies under the circumstances. When the Lithuanians took over Wilnius, in a few weeks he could speak Lithuanian. When the Nazi thugs made the ghetto the whole Jewish people were taken to the ghetto and later to a small concentration camp. Jewish people that worked digging peat moss. This was very hard work. Some people had no shoes and worked barefoot. The peat moss was very wet.

In the labor camp Ruben job was, also to answer the phone because he spoke Lithuanian and the Nazi Commandants did not. On one particular day he Ruben Winerman had just intercepted a message on the telephone and went white as a ghost, he met my mother. Ruben, he was pale and shaken, he was bend done, and she asked Ruben what happened. He told her that he had just received the news that all the Jews in the three peat moss camps were to be shot.

To the left on my St lived the beautiful Bencianowski family Ms. Bencianowski was a doughtier of the Levins. The Levins and the Bencianowskis lived in a very nice place , with many working people. The Levins had a very large green house and the gardens were filled with the first cucumbers, eggplants and fields of strawberries. They were a large wealthy, well-established family. The Levins all were murdered.

The Bencianowskis mother, father and daughter were murdered. One very good looking son, fifteen, survived the concentration camps. The older son was saved working with peasants, doing field work. He survived by the slightest of chances. When the peasants were going to bathe themselves, once a week, he wore pants while he bathed to hide the fact he was circumcised. He told them he was embarrassed to undress. That was his luck. He visited us fifty years ago on the farm where we live. We lost contact with the brothers. The older one is probably now seventy-five, the younger one probably sixty-five. I would like to know what happened to them in their lives.

Our next neighbor down the street was the Dunski family. She was a widow who had three daughters and three sons. She pretended to be wealthy but had very

little. She would put up very fancy plates, but there was not much there. They would put up a big front and to pretend to be rich. The oldest son was married and had a very good looking wife. My girl friend's father would play cards with them. After a while the wife had a daughter who looked like my girl friend's daughter, with eyes that crossed a little. In our St everybody gasped that the daughter who Mr. Dunski had was not from her husband but from Mr. Sprayer. the Dunks were w shady business people. By our cousins, who lived, in Majsegora had a tragedy happened. His son was thirteen years old on Saturday and was playing outside with the boys. A Polish boy came out with a rifle and declared that, "I have to kill a Jew." and shot him death. My cousin was very sick with grief when he lost his son. He got very depressed and could not do business. He gave the Dunks son five hundred zlotys to buy the lumber for his business. He never repaid him the money. I was in my friend Dorkas house when two detective came in and asked for Iske Zupraner . and Mr. Zupraner sad this is my son. Munia Dunksi and his younger brother went to the store and bought suits. They said they were the sons of Kivel Joseph Zupraner when two Policemen came in and said, "your son bought two suits and did not pay for them." My girl friend's father asked what did they look like and they said two very thin dark young men. Kivel Joseph said this is my son. He was blond and tall. He knew who had done the crime.

One daughter Mira Charnac was married to a drug store owner. They had two sons. She was so extravagant. In a few years she brought the business to bankruptcy . The druggist was a very nice man and not like the Dunks he killed himself. he was not used to Owen money, ant not to pay for what he bought. The next daughter, Chava married and had a very bad husband. When they were in the ghetto he did not support the children. Chava was freed from Stuthoff. She lost her two sons. She remarried another man after the war. Her first husband also survived. She could not forget that when the children did not have bread he did not help his own children. He was good looking and he remarried. I visited Chava in New York. She married a fine man but the war cost her the lives of two sons, eight and ten.

Mula Dunksi was saved by nice Polish Catholic people were freed Mula would came to my Mother's house to eat and would swear that he will see his wife. We thought that he was mad, because she did not came to Wilno. We tough she was death. Saved from Stuthoff concentration camp they lived in New York and then left for Israel. In Polish there is a word, the wolf drawn to the wild. He went into, not nice business. He and his wife are dead now. The rest of the Dunks family, all the brothers and sisters and their children, were murdered by the Nazi German's and their collaborators.

Next door to the Dunks, at Ukmerges 112 was my Aunts Fejgele Liberman Jankielewich Solomon. They had a wonderful long house with an orchard in front. And the also build a new house. The neighbors were not very nice. When my uncle wanted to make a fence, they demanded money from my uncle. My aunt Fejgele Jankielewich Salman lived in the middle of the city on Makeover Utica. or St. The street was where the richer people lived. She had two sons Joshua, seven and Ruben, four. When the Communist occupied Wilna. They sent my uncle to Siberia. She let the custodian's son live in her apartment so he could say that he was Polish

to protect her. She knew that Thursday and Friday the peasant rode through the streets and you could buy food from the wagons, milk, vegetables, and fish.

Anything you need for the house. She came to Wilkomierska St. a Polish woman told the Germans that she was Jewish. He slapped her across the face and told her to run to her house. My Aunt could speak German, French, Hebrew, Polish, at the time of the Nazi murderers it did not help. Across from my Aunt Fejgele's house lived a Polish captain. He bought a house from an expensive builder, did not have children and always talked to my aunt about her beautiful two sons. At this time, the whole population knew that the Germans had already slaughtered fifteen thousand Jews in Ponary. He asked her if she wanted to give him the children. He told her, "if you survive the war, I will give you back the children." As brilliant and intelligent as she was she replied, "but I will not give them to anybody else." She gave him all the valuables she had. The German Nazi thugs brought her in the second Wilno Ghetto. Then to the Lukiszki Jail. They were there for three days without food or water. The screams from the children were undesirable to the thugs so they would shout in the air to quiet the children. For a cup of water Jews had to pay in gold and diamonds. After three days they murdered her with the whole population of the second ghetto in Ponary where I would sometimes go on picnics. You can have adduction a no common sense. This applied to many Jews. A friend of my father's who was not educated did the most brilliant thing. As soon as the murder of Jews began in Wilna, she converted her children to Catholicism and gave her children away to Catholic people, they all survived the war and saved their children, emigrated to USA had another child. One daughter is a lawyer and is married. Mr. and Mrs. Golomb had a business in New York and later moved to Florida. Mr. Golomb went swimming one day and drowned. His wife died recently of old age.

My aunt's home and the house on Makowa Street in Wilno was still standing after the war and had people living there. In 1945, on the front of the building, my cousins' names were still present where they used to scrawl their names in a childish manner, with some old pens. These beautiful intelligent people were murdered with thousands of others without being guilty of any crime. This Rabbi Kessel and Levine's daughter was murdered just because she believed in the Old Testament. The next building was the Synagogue. We had a small synagogue with a highly respectful and most learned Rabbi. The Rabbi had a wife who was the daughter of a rabbi. The German Nazi thugs murdered the Rabbi's daughter and her husband. One son Bere- Leib survived. He was hidden by a nice Lithuanian Catholic couple.

The Nazi monsters came to the Synagogue and gathered ten Jews. The wife and Rabbi and my friend was hiding on the potato patch. But if the mother calls as she said a gentleman is looking for you he went out from his hiding place and looked at the ugly looking dressed in leather tugs and they gathered our Rabbi Kessel, the Levin brother and my friend Hirszt Winerman and Mojsze Gurwich and his brother. There were five or six other whom I don't remember their names. This was also the Rabbi's pond where Mr. Miranski went to jail for throwing the cross into the pond. It was a very common occurrence for Jewish people to have their windows broken by the gentile population. If there was rallying, we had to carry all the Torahs and all

other religious items such as holy bibles. The thugs told the Rabbi to undress. They told the Rabbi, to take off his skull cap. When he did not do it or he did not understand, they pierced him with his sword. You dirty Jew take of the hand from your had and surrounded with the huddling thugs and the lowest of the lowest kind, and bandied lust when the Jews had to burn their Synagogue and their bibles. The Rabbi prays and speaks softly, please save what you can. Safe the holly bibles save the Torahs. The fire is high the Torahs and the synagogue is burning. Jews sing loud. One Polices hoodlum wanted to throw Hirsh Glik in the fire. But he is strong and in a second he threw the hoodlum to the ground Hirsh Winerman the sportsman the gymnast the skater pushes the other hoodlums almost into the fire. They threw stones at the naked Jews. They also threw dishes at the Jews the broken dishes from the Rabbis' house. The peasants threw coal and fire flee in our eyes. You God damn Jews sing and dance. Each hoodlum had thrown a stick at the Rabbi. The Rabbis body is pierced and burned. At that same time a taxi stopped and two German officers get out and say why you make a spectacle like this. You can do it at night. If you want to burn Jews you can do it in the woods, but not in the middle of the day. The Rabbi and his burned body went to a neighbor's house of Mr. Benjamin Zupraner The hoodlums left their pray. The neighbor was a Jewish Grodzienski, a wealthy and highly educated family.

The Grodzienski had two daughters, one lived in Paris and another daughter, and a tall, intelligent young lady married Beer Leib Kassel, the gifted son of Rabbi Kessel who was an engineer. They had a baby boy. Like all Jews were thrown out of their homes into the Wilno ghetto. In a few weeks they were being marched threw the Wilno St. to Ponary. The Young Grodzienski Kessel with her one year old son on hire hands pushed out her husband Bere Leib on the sidw ouk. She sad you can safe you self I have a child . Beer Lib went to the village and meet a very nice Lituvenian peasant . He ask him what did your father do. He said my father was a Rabbi and my mother was a Rabbi's daughter. The Lithuanian peasant save his. Bere leis wife she could not speak Jewish and did not look Jewish. She, her child and the whole family died from the barbaric German Nazi thugs. The sister who lived in Paris also was murdered in Ponary near Wilno. She came to Wilno on vacation. The Grodzienski house was surrounded with a beautiful garden and many different flowers. they also had a telephone which was not camon at that time in Wilno.

As a child, I would always go near the Grodzienski house on the way to my Aunt's house. This way was a shortcut to my aunt's house near the Wiljia River. My maternal Aunt and Uncle Fejgele and Motel Szejniuk had a soda factory and I liked to look at the suds as the bottles were being filled. The Szejniik family were all murdered. The old lady, Mrs. Bette Matauzon Szejniuk was thrown on a truck and brought to Ponary. That was told to me by their hauls helper . She was thrown on a trucks were many old and disabled people who were murdered. The old and disabled they did not shoot them, they were thrown in the pit alive and suffocated. Abraham and Bettie Szejniuk lived in America, made some money and went back to Wilno and set up a soda factory The Szejniuks had three daughters and two sons and has a good life. He educated his children he was 80 years ago. The older daughter, Lisa Evenckik married a very fine men, she was pregnant. The white Polisz Legioners came and demented money. The Szejniuks gave them the money

which they have. In few weeks they came again and demented money they did not have any more. They took Mr Evenchik and breed him alive. The older son, Ichak was named after his father. Ichak always lived with the grandfather. .

It is a Jewish custom to name a child after the closed dead relative.

The second daughter Debbie went to the Jewish Real Gymnasium Jewish Gymnasium. Suddenly, unforeseen tragedy struck the good looking daughter Debbie. She was arrested and sent to Lukiszki prisons. She became a communist slapped a policeman and torn a Polish flag She was a year in jail and beaten up very badly in Poland. Policeman can get away with anything in some countries when they arrest people. Especialy communism was baned in Poland After a year in jail, the perence paid a bribe to the Polish authoritys and they sent her away to the Soviet Republic at very big expense. The other doughter Sera had done the same thing, and also had Communist literature in the factory Sera fought with the Policeman. tore down the Polish flag and was sent back to the same prison. She took neighbors boat and sailed there the river and came home In half an hour, the police arrested her. And send her to Lukishki prison From all this trouble, the mother got sick with a nerve disorder and capped the face with her hand. She sat in the chair and lookout at the pictures of her beautiful daughter who is now in prison in a strange land. She didn't know that one was deat of Tuberculosis The other will be soon be in prison Now her doughter was in Stalin's gulag as a laborer for Stalin, the henchmen.

The older son Israel could not make a living in Palestine. A cousin invited him to Paris. He became a furrier, came to Wilno married a very nice young lady , and had one son who was a pianist. When the Russian laws became more liberal, the brother Israel went to visit the sister. He did not recognize her. In front of him stood an old gray woman. Not the healthy blond strong sister who spoke about Freedom for all people.

Motel the younger son, married his sweetheart from high school Fejgele Roginkin and had a son Nioma. He left Poland for Paris and lived in Paris with his wife and son until after the war. When the Nazi Germany invaded France he enlisted in the France Foreign Legion. When the German army defeated France he came back to Paris .

When the Gestapo came to arrest him, he ran away and was found dead in a field.

The wife, ?Fannie hotel and were not registered . Fannie told her son that he was not Jewish. He could play with the other children because no one would suspect that he was Jewish because he was blond. One day someone to Aunt Fagie and told her that the Gestapo were looking for Jews. She took the son, Naomi and went to a restaurant and ordered a coffee. A young French lady asked her if she was Jewish. She told her she was not. Don't be afraid, she said I am from the resistant. I will give you a house address when the time will be right. My Aunt Fejgele took her son and went to an address. They took her in. After waiting a week, she wanted to leave. The people from the resistant told her you go where we send you. You cannot live that place. ? In ten days she and her son went through the Parities Mountain to Spain. Spain accepted them. She lived there until the war ended. She came to the USA and became an American citizen. She went back to Spain and remarried a fine Jewish man by the name of Adolph Fridman. When he

died she lived five more years and then came to my house to live in CT for eight years. She died at 92 years. All the first husband's relatives, who were a very big family, were murdered by the Nazis Germans and their collaborators.

Wilkomierska St. which is now called Remerges . My family lived at the end of the St. The St. was 2 miles long and where I lived was called Regatta . My St had 160 houses.

Nearby lived the family the Pupko family, which were very rich business people. They had a very large building that was rented to a bakery, a school and their grocery distribution sold to smaller stores. My mother would buy groceries from them. They were very frugal, when they ate a herring, the head was left for the maid, the tail for the helper. And they would eat the middle. When the Communist came to Vilna, they sent them to Siberia. The whole family survived. Just the wife died in Siberia of breast cancer. After the war Noson their older son came and dug out some gold which was hidden in their shed. They all left for Israel. I visited them in 1971.

In 1945 my mother went to Warszawa, and brought my girl friend, Ita Libiski; who survived the beating from the Gestapo, the Lukiszki jail Stuthoff concentration camp to our apartment in Lodz where we were living with intention to immigrate to the USA. She stayed with us for three months and my father arranged the marriage to Noson Pupko. Ita Libiski worked for the Pupko company as a helper to Mr. Milikowski the head bookkeeper. The Pupko family did not approve of the marriage because Ita's grandfather was a cobbler. When Ita and Noson Pupko married, they went to Israel where Noson had a younger brother. Before the Hitler war the mother Mrs. Serha Pupko wanted to lure the son back from Israel. She wrote him a letter that she was gravely ill, so he came back stayed a week and left for Israel back home where he had a wife and children. He was a very fine fellow. The People were tough business people not great charity givers. When the Jewish writer, Hirsch Glik, worked in the Pupkos' daughter's iron store, for Chanukah the wealthy boss gave the poor writer a potato grater the worth of twenty cents. What does a young man of eighteen need a potato grater. The whole street and all the neighbors talked about the stinginess of the Pupkos.

Next to the Pupkos was a drug store. A very fine man and his wife who were also slaughtered. They had a garden where they hid their money in the potato patch. When the gentile neighbor started digging the potatoes they dug out the savings which the druggist worked for fifty years.

On our St. lived Rachmiel the cobbler. He was a very good looking man. Started dyeing pig's hair and skins from animals. My mother said to him that he will be a bad husband. I remember the big discussion. He married a fine young lady, who could not have children. When she served him the meal with two plates, a plate and an underplate he called her bad names. She lived a very bad life. When the Holocaust began, he wanted to hide. My father knew that he had accumulated a great deal of money. He asked my father for a place to hide. My father told him he would tell him a location only if he would take the wife. My father said after the war you could leave her. Now you have to keep her safe. He did not want to take her. He wanted to take his lover. My father did not give him the place. He died in the Stuthoff concentration camp a few days before they were freed. He the lover and the wife died

also. Then there lived a family. The wife and the husband had different lovers. But when danger came the husband saved the wife and his children. His family and lover were all in the same hiding place. He died ten years ago. He always stayed in touch with my mother. He remarried three or four times.

On Wilkomierska ST. at Number 27 lived my friend, Rochele Goldman with her mother, father and sister. This was an big apartment house the people were all higher yerners. This was a very nice intelegent family. They were all murdered.

On the same street lived my mother's friend Esther A ? She had a very nice candy store. Her husband was the director of the Jewish theater. They all perished. An arranged marriage took place for my Grandmother and Grandfather. My grandmother, Esther and Noah Berkowich Roginkin were born in Mogilev, Russia. In 1900 they were married. . My grandmother's father had a small private, bank. He would borrow money and made loans for interest. He found for his son a beautiful daughter, Esther, a nice Jewish. A dowry was made. He was and with the dower they came to Vilna and opened a store. My grandfather went to work in a factory as a manager and made a big salary for that time. My grandmother Esther had five children. In 1914 my grandfather died from a ruptured appendicitis which left my Grandmother Esther with 5 small children to raise, the youngest was five years old. She worked in a store and had good customers. One, Mr. Drozd, was very nice to her. It was in 1914 and the Germans occupied Wilno and it was hard to buy food. But Mr. Drozd would sell her the provisions that she needed. The oldest daughter, Mirl finished a commercial school and was working in an office of Berger and Sinaj. A very good-looking woman like my Aunt was noticed by the mother of a neighborhood young man. He wanted to marry her. She did not like him. He, FIRST Merry Solomon could not speak Russian and was not sophisticated He was very gifted in business and was a good artist. Because of finances of the family my Grandmother said she had to marry him. My Grandmother gave them money to come to the USA. They settled in Revere, MA.

? Their was a son, Samuel, who was forced to immigrated to America. The sister and brother in the USA lost contact. My grandmother also had 3 other daughters, my aunts.

When the Nazi thugs had possession of the house, Aunt Fejge Roginkin Fridman lost the addresses of Merry Roginkin Solomon, had two children. A son, Nathan Solomsonson, was inducted in the United State Military. He was an air force pilot during the war. During one of his many bombing runs over Germany, his plane was shot down. He was captured and became a USA prisoner of war. In the Nazi prisoner of war camp he hid his Jewish identify. Other American prisoners who stated that they were of German-American ancestry where immediately shot. In the thirteen months, he had lost a hundred pounds. When he was freed by the Russians, they gave the dehydrated soldiers something to drink. This was Russian spirits and burned his throat badly. When the war ended, they gave him to the American forces. The military sent him to England to recuperate.

The whole time that my aunt had been in the USA, she managed to save for her son, five thousand dollars. With this nest egg, which was a great deal of money, he and a good army friend bought a small business in River Beach, Mass. He became a very wealthy businessman. He met a very beautiful young lady and married her and

had two children, a daughter Jamie and a son Peter. Now Peter runs the business. Jamie got married and divorced and lives in her Grandmother's house. Mr. and Mrs. Solmonson loved to travel and did so all their lives. Grace is now eighty-three and still living in Swampscott Mass. Her daughter lives near by.

Another niece, Jackie, married to Bert very nice young men both are teacher's very beautiful girl. One has two children the was married recently. The son lives in Florida. Mini's son has one daughter she also was married a year ago.

My Aunt Fejgele Roginkin, the youngest of my Grandmother's 5 children was always a very difficult person. She always was self-centered her whole life. Her room was stacked with Hollywood magazines. You have to remember this was in the 1930. She slept until twelve o'clock in the morning, and went to bed two or three in the morning. She had to have parties, there were clothes and coats of different color she would were her shoes a size too small. When the customers would asked for a glass of water or a fork she would not answer them, on was so angree that he thru one shoe on a buffet. She was always going to the dressmaker. In Poland, the winters were very cold, much colder than in the USA. She never wore boots. She always had to were her summer shoes she always had sinus and made noise blowing the nose. She had a coat made by Mr. Bilewich, which cost sixty zlotys tremendous and extravagant amount. She always had to buy stockings, hat bands evening dresses. She went to Jewish Gymnasium high school, young man, Motel Szejniuk fell madly in love with her. She was going with him and also another man, at the same time. She made a date with a young man a hundred miles from our city. When the young men came to the house to pick her up on a date, she was not there. She would stand up many men. He was a business man from Lida. He had a brush factory. She said, I forgot, I have a different appointment. My Mother and my Grandmother were always embarrassed. Finally she had to settle for the Motel Szejniuk an owner of a soda factory. He was a very generous and good men. She married Motel Szejniuk., when she was twenty-eight years old and too, old for any one else to marry her. The husband adored her and bought her every thing she wanted. They lived in a brand new, 4-bedroom house, in the newest style. They had a gramophone, so she liked a pattifone. She had a Persian lamb coat with a special Armenin collar.

Her husband had a factory from soda. She got pregnant and had a baby boy. She had him by cicerian after ten of days of intense labor. At the boy's circumcision she came home and could not walk. In the house they had a maid just for the baby. When my Mother first saw the baby she was frightened by how ugly the child was. He was so deformed and black and blue. They called Dr Sedlic who told them that in a week's time the baby would look normal. Everything did straighten out just as the doctor had said. He had had rickets and with vitamins and very good food he did finally straightened out and started walking

He turned out to be a nice blond looking child like his father.

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In the soda factory in Poland you could not put saccharine in soda, Motel Szejniuk had broken the law and for this he had to go to jail he decided to go to Paris. And in a few years he sent papers for Fejge and her son Nioma and they went to Paris. When they left he was a smart kid of five years old. The Szejniuk family had two maids which worked for them. One was washing the clothes and the other was cleaning the house, many friends came to the house to say good by, and the wash women pretended to cry I am old and my hand are arthritic how will I make a living. And Nioma answered don't worry I will go to Paris become a doctor and I will send you the best medicine or maybe I will make a machine which will wash the cloth. The friends were surprised how smart a five year old can be. My aunt Fejgele lived in Paris till the Nazi murderer ocupaid Paris she fled to Prades France. After the France surrender to the Nazi murderer Fejge husband Motel Szejniuk was from a very good home his father and mother lived in USA and came back because he was very religious Motel Szejniuk went to fight the German in Morrocco. He came to Prades in 1943 when the Natzi murderer started chasing after him hi started running and they found him died in a seller. at beginning wen the Natzi murderer came to Paris his friend a Dr.. Fijalkow want to go back to Poland, Motel Szejniuk sad I will go fight the Nazi murderers I will not go back to the Polish anti-Semites.-Dr Fijalkow went to Wilno his parence lived on Ciasna Street near the Lukiszki jail . he his parence both in the seventies were killed in Ponary Mrs. Bette Natauzon Szejniuk was taken from her home and the German Nazi murderer through her in and many more were in the -truck men women and children. They had a doughter Lisa and her two sons were also killed. They lived near the Wiljia were they had a house and the soda company. I was told this by Mrs. Natauzon Szejniuk maid. The helping hand liked the old lady she was a very good person. In Prades were the Nazi Germans were more linient not like in Paris . Bat after a while the Natzi murderer gainet more control . She lived there without being registered her son Nioma was blond and she told him that he is Polish . He went outside to play with the children, and came with the news that the Nazi German came to pick up the Jews. Fejge my aunt took her son Nioma and went to a café; she was drinking coffee and tears wood steam from her eyes. Two or tree weeks ago her husband came back from Morocco the Nazi bandidt started chasing him he run away but later he was found dead in the treanch. French lady came to her and ask her if she is Jewish. My aunt sad not I am Polish. The French lady was from the French Resistance she handed my aunt a slip off paper with an address were to go. That same evening she had no where to go to sleep. She took her son which was nine years old and went to the address which the French lady gave her. After being two weeks she wanted too leave, the chif off the place said you have to wait for the order when you can go. From here you cannot leave if you want to leave we will kill you. After twenty days she and ten people went at night over the Pyrenees mountains she went to Spain. Franko let the Jews in the Second World War enter Spain. If he did not let the Jewish people in, Hitler bandits wood kill them. She was allowed to live in Barcelona. In 1950 her sister Mary Solomson from Revire Mass sent her papers and she came to America. She lived her five years to get her citizenship .Went back to Barcelona and married a very nice man Adolph Fridman. Her smart son which talked about making a washing

machine, or being a M.D. at five years old for help of the working wash and cleaning lady at five years old, was a big disappointment. He married two times and did not support his children. He died in North Carolina was fat like a pig. What a disappointment, the children are the same like he was, he did not support the family I helped him as much I could. He was lazy and always asks for money. When I came to U.S.A. I brought him a golden watch and a camera. And my aunt Fejge and brought for six person silver forks spoons and knives. My Fathers sister Fejgele the teacher lived on Makowa Street, but had two houses on Wilkomierska St. 112

now Ukmergies. She had married a very nice man Szloma Salman had two sons one Joshua or Iske seven and Rubin four the educated German Nazi killed them, before killing them they kept them three days in Lukiszki jail without food and water. When the children cried the Nazi German would shout in the air, the children would get quiet and started screaming again. My aunt Fejgele was 38, Iske was eight and Rubin was four, I have a picture from My aunt and from Iske I got them from my aunts friend Briena Kessel the Rabbis daughter from Australia, and same from Gita Geller she lived on Zavalna St in Wilno. On Wilkomierska St. or Ukmergies my aunt builds a new house and they had a beautiful orchard and a pond.